



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



3 3433 08175683 9



LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE

~~~~~  
VOL. XLIII.

NOVEMBER 1903 to APRIL 1904  
~~~~~



LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

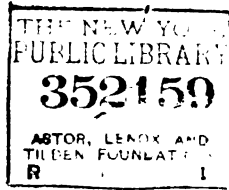
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

NEW YORK AND BOMBAY

1904

All rights reserved

Digitized by Google



LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLIII

AUTHOR OF 'LETTERS FROM THE BALTIC'
 AUTHOR OF 'CHARLES CROWDER'
 AUTHOR OF 'CHRISTINA NORTH'
 AUTHOR OF 'JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN'
 AUTHOR OF 'JOHN HERBING'
 AUTHOR OF 'JOHN WARD, PREACHER'
 AUTHOR OF 'MRS. JENNINGHAM'S JOURNAL'
 AUTHOR OF 'REAR'
 AUTHOR OF 'THE EPIO OF HADES'
 A. B. R. B. A. C. S.
 ADAIR, ALAN
 ADAMS, CHARLTON
 A. F. H. A. K. H. B.
 A. L. A. M. F. B.
 ALLEN, GRANT
 ALLEYNE, F. M.
 ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM
 ALMA, NARA
 AMHERST, HON. ALICIA
 ANDRE, G. G.
 ANSTEF, F.
 ANTRUBUS, C. L.
 ARCHER, WILLIAM
 ARMOUR, MARGARET
 ARNOLD, SIR EDWIN
 AUSTIN, L. F.
 AULD, WILLIAM
 A. DONALD, AXON, W. E. A.
 BAILEY, H. C.
 BALDWIN, MRS. ALFRED
 BALFOUR, CLOTHILDE
 BALL, SIR ROBERT S.
 BALLANTYNE, ARCHIBALD
 BANKS, ELIZABETH L.
 BARKER, H. J.
 BARRINGTON, LENA
 BARTLETT, J. A.
 BATSON, MRS. STEPHEN
 BATESBY, CARYL
 BEALE, MISS
 BECKER, LYDIA E.
 BEDFORD, REV. W. K. R.
 BEECHING, THE REV. C. H.
 BEELY, A. H.
 BELL, A. BELL, A. M.
 BENNETT, ERNEST N.
 BENNETT, REV. HUGH
 BENSON, E. F.
 BENT, J. THEODORE
 BERWICK, JOHN
 BESANT, SIR WALTER
 BETHAM-EDWARDS, M.
 BINDLOSS, HAROLD
 BIRD, REV. GEORGE
 BLACK, MISS CLEMENTINA
 BLACK, WILLIAM
 BLACKWOOD, ALGERNON
 BLAKE, DR. EDWARD
 BLAND, PAULIAN
 BATHURST, CHARLES
 BOVEY, S. M. CRAWLEY
 BOLT, BEN
 BOOTH, EVA GORE
 BOOTH, SIR H. W. GORE
 BOWEN, H. GORTHOPE
 BOYD, CHARLES WALTER
 BOYES, JOHN FREDERICK
 BOYLE, FREDERICK
 BOXTON, LADY M.
 BRADSHAW, G.
 BRAND, CANNOCK
 BRESLIN, J. WILLIAM
 BRINDLEY, RUTH
 BRUCE-ANGIER, CHARLES
 BRUCE, MARY E. L.
 BRYDEN, H. A.
 BUCKLAND, C. T.
 BURROUGHS, JOHN
 BURROW, CHAS. KENNETH
 BUTCHER, MRS.
 BUTLER, CANON
 BYRDE, MARGARETTA
 CAMBRIDGE, ADA
 CARMARTHEN, K.
 CARR, ALICE COMYNS
 CARTER, MISS KATE M.
 CHAPMAN, EDWARD
 CHILD, HAROLD
 CHILTON, E.
 CHOLMONDELEY-PENNEL
 CLARKE, SHELDON
 CLAYTON, EDWARD
 CLAYTON, N. W.
 CLODD, EDWARD
 COBBAN, J. MACLAREN
 COCHRANE, ALFRED
 COCHRANE, A. H. D.
 COGHILL, MRS. HARRY
 COLEMAN, JOHN
 COOK, DUTTON
 COOPER, CHARLES
 CORBETT, JULIAN
 CORK, COUNTESS OF
 CORTFORD, L. COPE
 CORTNEY, W. LOPE

COX, REV. SIR G. W. BART.
 CRAWFORD, F. MARION
 CREED, SYBIL
 CROUGHTON, MRS.
 CROMIE, ROBERT
 CROSTHWAIT, SIR C. H. T.
 DALBY, SIR W. B.
 DART, EDITH C. M.
 DEANE, ANTHONY C.
 DAVIES, MISS C. L. H.
 DEULIN, CHARLES
 DEWAR, G. A. B.
 DIVER, MRS.
 DOBSON, AUSTIN
 DODD, ELLEN
 DUNS, E. DYSON, E.
 EASTLAKE, CHARLES L.
 EASTWICK, JAMES
 E. B. E. I. R. H.
 E. L. P.
 E. G. STANLEY
 EDDAILE, ELLERY
 EVANS, B. G.
 EVANS, SIR JOHN
 EVANS, MARY DOROTHEA
 EVANS, SEBASTIAN
 EYRE, MURRAY
 FARIA RISOM
 FARRAR, ARCHDEACON
 FARRER, J. A.
 FAWCETT, EDGAR
 FENTON, C. J. KIRKBY
 FESTING, MISS GABRIELLE
 FLEMING, MRS. J. M.
 FORTESCUE, HON. J. W.
 FOUNTAIN, PAUL
 FOWLER, MISS EDITH H.
 FOWLER, MISS ELLEN T.
 FOWLER, H. W.
 FRANK, H. C.
 FRANK, M. RICHARD
 FRANKLAND, MRS. PERCY
 FREEMAN, EDWARD A.
 FROUDE, J. A.
 GAMMON, L. M. P.
 GASKELL, LADY C. M.
 GAYE, S. GEORGE, S. A.
 GERARD, DOROTHEA
 GERARD, E.
 GIBBS, MAJOR L.
 GILCHRIST, A. G.
 GODLEY, EVELINE C. MISS
 GOSSE, E. W. GOSSE, P.
 GRAHAM, P. ANDERSON
 GRAYSON, GEORGE
 GREGORY, R. C.
 GRIFFITHS, MISS E. M.
 GRIFFIN, EDMUND
/>
 GUYENNE, H. A. H. C.
 HADEN, CUTHBERT
 HAGGARD, H. RIDER
 HAKE, DR. T. G.
 HALES, J. W. HALL, A. D.
 HAMERTON, P. G.
 HAMILL, MRS.
 HAMILTON, H. H. A.
 HANKIN, ST. JOHN E. C.
 HARDIE, MISS M. B.
 HARDWICKE, W. H.
 HARDY, T. W. HARE, C.
 HARGREAVE, MARY
 HARKER, L. ALLEN
 HARRIES, HY.
 HART, BRET
 HASTIE, BERNARD
 HAWES, REV. H. R.
 HEATHCOTE, M.
 HENDERSON, W. J.
 HERMAN, H. HERVEY, C.
 HICKRY, MISS
 HICKS, W. E.
 HICKSON, MRS. MURRAY
 HILLIER, G. LACY
 HINKSON, MRS.
 HOLDEN, GEORGE
 HOLLAND, HON. LIONEL
 HOPKINS, ANTHONY
 HOPPER, NORA
 HORNE, R. HENGIST
 HORNUNG, E. W.
 HOWELLS, W. D.
 HUBBARD, MRS.
 HUDSON, W. H.
 HUEFFER, FORD M.
 HUMPHREYS, JENNETT
 HUNT, MRS. ALFRED W.
 HUNT, VIOLET
 HUNT, W. H. N.T.
 HUTCHINSON, HORACE G.
 INGELOW, JEAN
 IBBY, A. P.
 IRVING, REV. JOHN
 IRMA, HAROLD
 J. E. G. J. R. E. S.
 JAMES, HENRY
 JEBB, LOUISA
 JEFFERIES, RICHARD
 JEFFERSON, EDGAR
 JESSEY, COUNTESS OF
 JESSOP, GEORGE H.
 JESSOPP, REV. DR.
 JONES, DORA M.

K. KEBBEL, T. E.
 KENDALL, MISS MAY
 KENNEDY, C. W.
 KENT, G. B. ROYLANCE
 KENTON, KEITH
 KEY, MISS B. A.
 KEYSER, A. W. KIDD, D.
 KIPLING, RUDYARD
 KIRKPATRICK, F. A.
 KIRBY, M. B. L. L.
 LANG, ANDREW
 LANG, MRS. ANDREW
 LARKEN, E. P.
 LAUGHTON, J.
 LAWSON, J. H.
 LAYARD, MISS NINA
 LE BRETON, JOHN
 LECKY, W. E. H.
 LECKY, MRS. W. E. H.
 LEE, TERNON
 LEGG, W. HENRIAGE
 LELAND, CHARLES G.
 LEVETT-YEATS, S.
 LITTLEWOOD, P.
 LONGMAN, C. J.
 LORRY, REBECC W.
 LUCAS, ST. JOHN
 LUMMIS, E. W.
 MCCARTHY, JUSTIN
 MACFARLANE, HAROLD
 MACLEOD, W. A.
 MACNAB, FRANCES
 MCPHERSON, J. G.
 MACLITCHIE, DAVID
 MALLINS, H.
 MARTIN, MARY E.
 MANSENG, JESSIE
 MANSTON, AUGUSTUS
 MARCHMONT, ARTHUR W.
 MARRIAGE, CAROLINE
 MARSH, CHAS. FIELDING
 MARSH, RICHARD
 MARSHALL, ARCHIBALD
 MARSHALL, MRS. W. ORD
 MARTIN, MISS A. L.
 MARTIN, MRS. C. J.
 MATHUR, HENRY
 MASON, A. E. W.
 MATTHEWS, BRANDER
 MAX MULLER, MRS.
 MAXWELL, SIR HERBERT
 MERRIMAN, HENRY SETON
 MILLER, W. MILNER, G.
 MOLESWORTH, MRS.
 MONTAGUE, CHARLES
 MOORHOUSE, ESTHER H.
 MORGAN, ALEX.
 MORRIS, EDWARD E.
 MORRIS, LEWIS
 MORRIS, MAY
 MURDOCK, W. L.
 MURRAY, CHRISTIE
 MURRAY, HENRY
 MURRAY, R. F.
 MUSGRAVE, MRS.
 NALL, E. M.
 NANSSEN, DR. FRIDTIOF
 NATHAN, GEORGE I.
 NELSON, W. F.
 NESBIT, E. NEWBOLT, H.
 NICHOLS, J. B. B.
 NOBLE, JAS. ASCROFT
 NOBLE, MRS. W. R.
 NUTTALL, G. CLARKE
 O. R. OAKLEY, VIOLET
 O'DONOGHUE, J.
 OLDFIELD, THE HON. MRS.
 OLIPHANT, MRS.
 OLIVER, WESTWOOD
 ORME, ELIZA
 OVERTON, CANON
 OWEN, SIR R.
 OWEN, E. M.
 OXFORD, JOHN
 PAGET, LIEUT. COL. A. L.
 PAGET, M. C. PALEY, F.
 PALMER, GREVILLE
 PARDEE, R.
 PARKER, HENRY
 PARKER, E. H.
 PARKER, ROBERT WM.
 PARKINSON, C.
 PARK, MRS.
 PARSONS, MRS. C.
 PARSONS, F. M.
 PASTON, G. PAYN, J.
 PAYNE, JOHN ORLEBAR
 PEEL, E. LENOX
 PEEL, W. LAIDLAW
 PENDERED, MARY L.
 PENGUIN, MARY
 PHILLIPS-WOLLEY, G.
 PHILLPOTTS, EDEN
 PIGOTT, WILLIAM
 POLLARD, ALFRED W.
 POLLARD, MRS.
 POLLOCK, W. H.
 POOLE, STANLEY LANE.
 PRICE, MISS E. C.
 PRINCE, EDWARD E.
 PRINSEP, VAL, R. A.
 PROCTOR, RICHARD A.
 PROTHERO, R. E.
 PURTON, WALTER J.

PURVES, JAMES
 RAINSFORD, W. H.
 RAISON, MAJOR
 RAYMOND, WALTER
 REEVE, MRS.
 RICHARDSON, SIR B. W.
 RITCHIE, FRANK
 ROBERTS, CHAS. G. D.
 ROBERTSON, J. D.
 ROBINSON, E. KAY
 BODWAY, JAMES HENRY
 ROMANES, GEORGE J.
 ROOPER, GEORGE
 ROSS, MARTIN
 ROSS, MRS.
 ROSS, PERCY
 ROWAN, M.
 RUSSELL, GEORGE W. E.
 RUSSELL, CLARK
 SALMON, ARTHUR L.
 SCHLOSS, DAVID F.
 SCHOOLLING, WILLIAM
 SCOTT, G. A.
 SCOTT, R. H.
 SELBY, REV. T.
 SHAND, ALEX. INNES
 SHINDLER, R.
 SHIPTON, HELEN
 SHORTER, MRS. CLEMENT
 SHULHAM, E. B.
 SIM, W. A.
 SIMCOX, EDITH
 SIMPSON, MISS VIOLET A.
 SMILES, SAMUEL
 SMITH, CHAS. C. FELL
 SMITH, ELLEN ADA
 SMITH, L. E.
 SNOWDEN, KE'GHLEY
 SOMERSET, ARTHUR
 SOUTHWELL, E. K.
 SOUTHWELL, THOMAS
 STACPOOLE, W. H.
 STEVENSON, R. L.
 STEWART, C. J.
 STIRLING, AMELIA H.
 STIRLING, CHARLES
 STRADLING, ARTHUR
 STRANGE, EDWARD F.
 STRONG, S. ARTHUR
 STUART, ESMÉ
 STURGEON, J. H. J.
 STUTFIELD, H. E. M.
 SULLY, JAMES
 SUMNER, J. R. E.
 SURETT, N.
 TALENTYRE, S. G.
 TAYLOR, E. H.
 TAYLOR, MISS I. A.
 TAYLOR, U. ABEWORTH
 TAYLOR, WELD
 TELLET, ROY
 THACKERAY, F. ST. JOHN
 THOMPSON, ANNIE
 TISWOLDE, C. O.
 TOP-MERCER, C. & L.
 TOMSON, GRAHAM R.
 TONN, V. V.
 TREGGAR, E.
 TRENCH, MISS
 TRENCH, THOS. COOKE
 TREVOR-BATTY, AUBYN
 TREMPER, R.
 TROLOPE, H. G.
 TROLOPE, HENRY M.
 TROLOPE, MISS C.
 TINDALL, JOHN
 YACHELL, H. G.
 VAUGHAN, GAPT. A. O.
 VAUGHAN, REV. JOHN
 VEEL, MARY COLBORNE
 VERNER, SIR EDMUND
 VERNER, LAURENCE
 WALFORD, PERCE
 WALLAS, ADA
 WALLIS, DOROTHY
 WALSINGHAM, LORD
 WATKINS, BASIL
 WARBURTON, CECIL
 WATERSTON, C.
 WATKINS, REV. M. G.
 WATKINS, S. CORNISH
 WATSON, ALFRED E. T.
 WATTS, W. H. S.
 WEBER, F.
 WERNER, MISS
 WEYMAN, STANLEY J.
 W. H. L.
 WHEBER, W. H.
 WHISHAW, FRED
 WHISHAW, MRS. BERNARD
 WHITEFORD, S. T.
 WHITEMAN, GILBERT
 WHITEMAN, BASIL
 WILLINK, H. G.
 WILSON, ANDREW
 WILSON, D. J.
 WILSON, J. ARBUTHNOT
 WILSON, R. G. G.
 WOODS, MARGARET L.
 WOTHERSPON, G.
 WRIGHT, MISS M.
 YOXALL, J. H.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1903.

*Nature's Comedian.*¹

BY W. E. NORRIS.

CHAPTER IX.

RENUNCIATION, FICTITIOUS AND OTHER.

'WELL,' said Dick, with ill-suppressed eagerness, when the two brothers were having their accustomed smoke together that evening, 'of course you haven't looked at *Renunciation* yet.'

Harold laughed. 'Of course I have read it all through, and of course I am delighted with it. Amazed, too, if you'll excuse me for saying so. I didn't give you credit for so much knowledge of this wicked world.'

'I know nothing of the world,' the clerical dramatist declared, while a gratified flush overspread his cheeks; 'perhaps, as a parson, I may claim to know a little about human nature.'

They all make the same claim, poor fellows, upon the same rather comically inadequate ground: it is, after all, natural enough that they should generalise from their limited opportunities of getting at the truth. The Rector of Dunville, however, aided by a singularly straightforward character and a good stock of common sense, was, despite his calling, no very bad judge of mankind. He went on:

'You encourage me more than I had dared to hope.'

'Oh, you mustn't be too much encouraged,' Harold cautioned

¹ Copyright, 1903, by Longmans, Green, & Co.

him; 'I'm far from infallible. Don't be discouraged either, though; the play, when once it has been made into a play, ought, I should say, to have more than a fair chance of success.'

'You don't call it a play as it stands, then?'

'No; it wouldn't act as it stands; it will want a lot of cutting and revision and general knocking into shape. But that is merely technical business; the real difficulty—practically the only one—will be to find a manager willing to accept it. Managers, you see, are apt to be timorous and conservative; they have a strong prejudice in favour of old hands and a deep distrust of beginners. Also there will be another difficulty, perhaps not quite so great, in discovering an interpreter for the principal part.'

'So far as I had any hope connected with the matter,' Dick began, 'I was hoping——'

'Oh, yes, I know you were,' his junior smilingly interrupted; 'that seemed to stare one in the face all through, and I couldn't for the life of me help agreeing with you. Frankly, I should enjoy doing it if I were my own master; but, for many reasons and in many ways, I'm not. What I would suggest is that you should allow me to pull your work to bits and piece it together again with the help of my professional experience, which is worth something. Then I would show the result to Shepherd and take his opinion, which is worth a great deal more than mine. If he decides that it won't do for us, he may yet quite probably be able to place it with somebody else, for he knows every actor and manager in London.'

This good-natured offer was, it is needless to say, gratefully accepted. Harold was in truth good-natured, and if for a moment something akin to jealousy of his elder brother had touched him, he felt nothing of the sort now. Presently he remarked:

'Even if your play is put upon the stage and succeeds, you mustn't, I am afraid, expect to make your fortune by it.'

'You spoke of five or ten thousand pounds,' said Dick.

'With a genuine hit, and including all subsequent provincial and possibly American earnings—yes. That, however, hardly represents the price of the ancestral abode, does it?'

'Oh, dear, no! I shall never myself inhabit the old place; my ambition stops a long way short of that. But every little helps, and I suppose that if I can write a successful play, I can write half a dozen in time.'

'And perhaps support a wife upon your literary earnings as you go on?' suggested Harold, to see what he would say to that.

What he said was, 'Oh, as I told you before, I don't look upon matrimony as a probable event for me.'

'I wonder at that,' Harold declared; 'I should have thought it was in the natural order of things that you should marry, and there are spinsters in the neighbourhood at whom you ought hardly to turn up your nose. A neighbourhood which can boast of Miss Ormond, for one!'

'Do you think,' asked Dick, looking him quietly in the face, 'that Lilian Ormond would take me if I were to ask her?'

'How can I tell?' Harold valiantly returned, though he looked a little confused. 'I know nothing about it.'

Upon this his elder brother clapped him smartly on the shoulder and laughed. 'My dear fellow, I suspect that you know enough about it to preserve you from talking rubbish. Now I'm off to bed.'

In solitude Harold finished his cigar, moved, grateful, even a trifle repentant. He was, as a certain critic of drama had irritated him by stating in print, a gentleman, and this compelled him to acknowledge that his elder brother was rather more of a gentleman than he. But what is one to do in such cases? He could not make Lilian Ormond fall in love with his elder brother, nor could the most high-flown notions of chivalry demand self-sacrifice of him to that extent. Nevertheless, a much less exalted standard of chivalry seemed to put forward other demands, and the worst of it was that he could not quite make up his mind to comply with these. The rough world had perhaps rubbed some of the bloom off him; life and experience had, at all events, taught him some lessons to which, at a pinch, his eyes invariably opened themselves, and although he loved Lilian, his strong inclination was to stop just short of telling her so. There was a romantic side to him and a practical side; it was like being on or off the stage, he sometimes thought. If he found it difficult to recognise his real self, this failure on his part to accomplish a feat which very few of us manage to accomplish under conditions not so bewildering was scarcely to be wondered at.

Lilian, in the course of the next few days, not only gave him no help towards decision, but played her cards (or rather would have played them, had she been aware of being engaged in a game of skill) as badly as possible. Her heart was his, she could no longer doubt that his was hers, and those who like to laugh at her for attributing his reticence to timidity must be allowed to have their laugh. By her way of thinking, he might easily have

reasons for fearing to speak out ; his past was a little against him, his present calling might, in the eyes of some old-fashioned persons, like her father, be a little against him, and it was a good deal his habit to allude to these things. Consequently she did precisely what she ought not to have done, and scared him by creating opportunities. More than once, during their frequent undisturbed colloquies, he was upon the verge of throwing prudence to the winds ; more than once she put a seal upon his lips by divining what was in his mind and letting him see that she divined it. Josephine, meanwhile, made no sign. It was doubtless for a sign from Josephine that he was, consciously or unconsciously, waiting all the time.

This came at length in the shape of a note from one who, for her part, was a fairly skilful card-player. Miss Gardiner wrote to say how sorry she was that a lot of bothering visitors had kept her wearisomely employed 'for the last ever so long,' but that she was now at liberty and that she hoped her correspondent would come out for a ride with her on the morrow. He could ride, she presumed ? Anyhow, the horse that he would find ready saddled for him in the stables at three o'clock had the sobriety of all the judges and bishops in the United Kingdom combined, so that there wouldn't be any riding to do. 'And I want rather particularly to resume a discussion which you will remember that we left in the air,' she concluded.

He remembered very well at what point the discussion referred to had been broken off, and of course he walked across to the Manor at the appointed hour on the following afternoon, despite the fact that he was no more ready now than he had been then to assume a definite attitude. He was, however, pleasantly excited, pleasantly curious to hear anything fresh that the temptress might have to urge upon him. He found her already mounted, and he could not but notice how well she looked on horseback. As a matter of fact, hers was a neat figure, while she had inherited something of her mother's former love and capability for equestrian exercise.

'Are you inclined for a gallop ?' she asked. 'I am, and so are the horses. Suppose we make for the common and take it out of ourselves and them for a quarter of an hour ? It isn't a bit too hot, luckily, and a breather to start with will pave the way for quiet and serious conversation.'

The common to which she alluded was a wide stretch of gorse-covered, unenclosed land, adjoining the park, which had, in by-

gone days, been utilised by many a sporting Dunville as a training ground for steeplechasers. Miss Gardiner, as Harold soon perceived after she had given her mount his head, was no very finished horsewoman ; still, she sat close to her saddle, she flew a couple of banks without hesitation, she was evidently plucky, if her courage was only that of ignorance, and the fresh breeze brought a becoming colour into her cheeks. By the time that she drew rein, her companion had already fallen a little under her spell, although she had scarcely uttered a word. She diffused about her—as in truth she always did more or less—a certain atmosphere of recklessness and adventure which was not unattractive and to which her speech presently fitted itself.

‘Well,’ she asked, ‘have you tossed up yet?’

‘Tossed up?’ he echoed interrogatively.

‘It comes to that, doesn’t it? Heads or tails?—actor or politician? There’s no saying for certain which it ought to be ; so luck must decide.’

‘I thought you were quite certain which it ought to be,’ remarked Harold.

‘So I am ; but you aren’t. Otherwise I should have heard from you before this.’

‘Perhaps you would, and perhaps I am wavering. Anyhow, let us assume that I am, for the sake of the quiet and serious conversation which you promised me just now.’

‘I think,’ said Miss Gardiner consideringly, ‘that the time has come for you to stop wavering. In fact, I may say that I know it has ; for there is very little time left to lose. Decide this afternoon, and I believe you will be returned as Mr. Pemberton’s successor, because in that case my father will do what he can for you, which means a good deal. Personally, I am not much given to wavering, and I am most anxious that you should make your choice in favour of public life ; yet I don’t care to assume sole responsibility in matters which are beyond my control. You see, you may fail, and if you do, that will be your fault, not mine, remember.’

‘Do you know,’ returned Harold, ‘it strikes me that without your assistance I am absolutely bound to fail.’

‘Oh, you’ll have my assistance. That is, provided that you go in for the thing whole-heartedly and with a firm determination to win.’

‘To win what?’ he asked, with a side glance which gave a somewhat wider scope to the question than his tongue was ready to formulate.

She laughed. '*Qui vivra verra*; you don't expect to be Prime Minister to-morrow or even the day after, I suppose. What you and I know—or at least what I know and you ought to know—is that you do possess what is indispensable for victory. Relative helps will probably be added unto you. By me, at all events, if by nobody else.'

If this was not plain speaking, it was surely as near an approach to plain speaking as could be risked! No more than he could expect to become immediately Prime Minister could she offer him her hand and her fortune as stepping-stones towards that eminent office; but, seeing that she was aware of his pecuniary position, did not her words virtually imply such an offer? And then, as though to make an end of any lingering hesitation on his part, she professed to read his thoughts—thoughts which were in truth in his mind, only waiting to be crystallised into shape by the influence which she had somehow established over him.

'You would like to plead that you have had other ideas. I won't call them ambitions, because they are hardly worthy of being dignified by that name; still, they may have endeared themselves to you, and you shrink a little from throwing them overboard. Overboard they must go, though, or you will never rise above your present level, with which it isn't possible that you, being what you are, can be contented—never be Dunville of Dunville Manor, never do anything to the end of your days but skip about the stage, to an accompaniment of vacuous laughter or foolish tears. Doesn't it sometimes occur to you that a comedian is a rather despicable being?'

'Few things occur to me more frequently or more forcibly.'

'Then I needn't any further disparage your profession, which is a decent and suitable one enough, I daresay, for some folk. You see that it isn't suitable for you and that the ideas which you will have to discard are equally unsuitable; I ask no more of you for the present.'

The ideas which he would have to discard! It was an odd way of describing love, honour, and loyalty, if those were the encumbrances to which she so lightly alluded; but no doubt he must either renounce them or Miss Gardiner, with her alluring plan of campaign. It cannot be said that he seriously debated the question; the demands of a given situation were for him so invariably and inevitably of an artistic order that it was really beyond him to spoil this one by a stupid *non possumus*. He

postponed surrender, however, for a moment with the remark that his had from time immemorial been a Tory family.

'Bless your soul!' returned his companion, 'that will only add a piquant flavour to your candidature. In reality there aren't any more Tories; party government is a mere phantom, to which we should no longer cling if we were not such a conservative nation that we hate parting with time-honoured names and shadows, and your coming forward as a Radical means no more than that you advocate certain measures which one ministry or another is bound to introduce eventually. Your object in entering Parliament is to distinguish yourself personally, and it so happens that our side can offer you a far better chance now than the opposite one, which has too comfortable a majority to be crying out for distinguished recruits.'

'Are you sure,' asked Harold, 'that my object in entering Parliament, if I am returned, will be to distinguish myself?'

'Well, *my* object, anyhow, is that you should.'

'Ah!—I am afraid mine will only be to give you what you flatter me by calling yours.'

He accompanied this graceful act of submission by an act of audacity which did not seem likely to be resented. They were riding so close together that it was easy for him to raise her gloved hand to his lips and almost—according to his notions of what is always expected by her sex—obligatory upon him to do so. Nevertheless, it is safe to say that he would have deferred thus respectfully paying homage to Miss Gardiner's charms had he, in time to stop himself, caught sight of a couple of pedestrians who at that moment emerged from behind a thicket and paused just in front of the horses' heads. That Dick and Lilian Ormond, discussing parochial affairs and bent upon some errand of parochial charity, should chance to be crossing the common at a juncture so apparently critical was indeed a striking instance of the impishness of destiny! All the four persons concerned, however, kept their heads and their countenances in a manner which did them credit. Greetings were exchanged, the weather was duly commented upon, Dick said something approving about the condition of the horses, and Josephine hoped that Lilian meant to patronise 'the horrid garden squash' at the Manor next week.

'Your people, I know, wouldn't be seen in such company; but we count upon you to represent them under protest.'

A somewhat awkward encounter passed off without visible

awkwardness ; but Miss Gardiner, as soon as she and her attendant cavalier were out of earshot, broke into a laugh.

'Teach you to display stage manners off the stage!' she remarked. 'But the fact is that you really do require a few lessons.'

It may be that Lilian Ormond also stood in some need of a lesson ; but Dick, pacing by her side, with a heart too full of regret and sympathy and indignation for speech, was left in some doubt as to whether she had received one or not ; for her only observation upon what they had witnessed was :

'I wonder what Josephine could have been saying to your brother to make him kiss her hand. She says such extraordinary things sometimes !'

'That,' Dick could not help rejoining, 'doesn't seem to me to explain or excuse his doing extraordinary things.'

'Oh, but don't you think,' asked the girl, with a laugh which sounded quite natural and betrayed no mortification, 'that he generally does what he is invited to do ?'

'If you mean that it is his nature to be careless and complaisant,' grunted Dick, 'I daresay it is. Such natures are rather dangerous, though—both to those who are blessed or afflicted with them and to others.'

But his own loyal nature caused him at once to be ashamed of disparaging the absent, and he hastened to resume : 'Very likely Harold couldn't help himself ; very likely that demonstration was the most ordinary thing in the world and implied nothing. I know so little of modern society and its ways of going on.'

'I don't think it implied much,' said Lilian placidly.

Did she, perhaps, already know that it could not have implied much ?—or was she assuming more than it was for her peace of mind to assume ? Dick could neither tell nor inquire ; the one thing obvious to him (but indeed this was no fresh discovery) was that the girl whom he secretly loved belonged in heart to his younger brother. Just because he loved her, and because he was sore and apprehensive, it was out of the question for him to put her upon her guard against his younger brother. Because, moreover, he was conscious that he himself must be upon his guard against injustice he went on :

'Anyhow, it is not for me to say a word against Harold's complaisance ; for I have great hopes that I may be going to profit by it. Shall I let you into a profound secret ?'

'Yes, please,' answered Lillian, smiling; 'you know that any secret of yours is safe with me, and you know how delighted I shall be to hear of anything that is likely to turn out to your advantage.'

Oh, yes, he knew all that! He knew that she was fond of him, and he also knew that, if she had been fond of him after a tenderer fashion, she would have been less frank in her assurances of regard. But all his life long he had had to make the best of a bad seat, and a bad seat, as he had often tried to persuade himself, is better than none. So he told her about his play, and was rewarded by her ready sympathy and interest.

'It is certain to be a success!' she unhesitatingly declared.

'Oh, well, I don't know so much about that,' answered the modest author. 'Harold thinks well of it; but he says it will require extensive demolition and reconstruction. He is very good-naturedly going to undertake the job for me, and I daresay when he has done with it, the work will be almost as much his as mine. I think, indeed, that I must ask him to father it for me; my name, with its reverend prefix, could hardly be advertised as that of a playwright, you see.'

'And if it does succeed, will you make a lot of money by it?'

'So he seems to anticipate. Provided, of course, that a really popular success is secured. In that case, I suppose, the profit will be mine, though the credit will be very deservedly his.'

'He will never claim any credit that doesn't belong to him!' said Lillian quickly.

'I don't for one moment mean to insinuate that he will. But the credit of re-modelling the piece will belong to him, and if he makes himself responsible for the authorship, as I hope he will—'

'But of course he won't,' interrupted the girl rather impatiently; 'it would be easy enough, surely, to produce the play under an assumed name! Your brother, at all events, couldn't accept such an equivocal position. This is not amongst the things that he could do because he was invited to do them.'

'I don't see that,' returned Dick musingly; 'why shouldn't he?'

Lillian laughed. 'That it should be for you to ask such a question, and for me to answer it! Well, only because he happens to be an honourable man.'

At that self-same moment Harold, seated beside Miss Gardiner's tea-table, with his elbows on his knees, was making certain fervent replies to certain leading speeches of hers. Yet

he really believed himself to be an honourable man, really believed that women must needs be humoured, and that every earthly situation has its unavoidable exigencies. He had already, for example, gone the length of stating in so many words that Josephine's will would thenceforward be his will.

CHAPTER X.

CUTTING THE PAINTER.

THE Rector of Dunville was not quite like himself at dinner that evening ; his silence and evident preoccupation were not slow to attract the notice of his sister, and might also have been observed by his brother had not the latter been himself a little preoccupied. Conversation flagged until Anne, whose wise rule it was never to ask questions until there was a reasonable probability of receiving intelligible replies, retired for the night ; but no sooner had she done so than Dick, less circumspect than she, blurted out :

‘I say, what were you and Miss Gardiner about when we came upon you this afternoon on the common ?’

‘Let me see,’ answered Harold, with a countenance devoid of guile. ‘As far as I can remember we had been discussing my future career, and I was just thanking her for the kind interest that she seemed to take in it.’

‘H’m !—do you generally kiss people when you thank them ?’

‘Oh, no ; very seldom indeed. But I sometimes kiss their hands—especially when they have gloves on. They like it, and I don’t mind.’

‘I should have thought,’ said Dick, ‘that that sort of thing was rather liable to misinterpretation.’

‘My dear fellow, you wouldn’t think anything so absurd if you reflected upon all the difference that there is between the dignified incumbent of a country parish and a poor player out for a holiday. Besides, Miss Gardiner, as it happens, had more than earned my modest display of gratitude. I was going to tell you all about it, but I really don’t think I can while you continue to look so like a displeased schoolmaster. Suppose we talk about *Renunciation* for a few minutes, instead. Is it your good pleasure that I should hack and slash the MS. ruthlessly until I bring it into line with my notions of what it ought to be ?’

'If you will,' answered Dick, his face clearing a little, 'I shall be as grateful to you as you say you are to Miss Gardiner. By the way, would you, in the event of the piece being played, see any objection to your name being printed as that of the author?'

Harold considered for a moment before replying, 'No; I see none, unless you do. I take it that I shall be, in a manner of speaking, the joint author, and my name, since it happens to be so well known professionally, might give the thing a lift.'

'Just so,' Dick agreed; 'that is quite my own view. You will, as you say, be the joint author, and therefore entitled at least to your half of the honour and glory of which, for obvious reasons, I would rather not claim my share. Only it does seem to follow that you will likewise be entitled to half the pecuniary profits.'

But Harold scouted that suggestion, which in truth offered little temptation to a man of his careless, open-handed proclivities.

'I couldn't think of pocketing a penny that I hadn't earned,' he declared, thus unwittingly confirming—to his hearer's sense—Lilian's estimate of him. 'It isn't in me, I am sorry to say, to write a play, and I am not even sure that it is in me to improve one. However, I can but try.'

Dick, after some demur, refrained from pressing the point. He thought Harold uncommonly generous, and said so. He also began to think (and his being glad to think as much was no small evidence of generosity on his own part) that he had been unjust in suspecting his junior of infidelity. Presently he said, with some hesitation:

'Possibly gain to me might mean gain to you also. That is, if you can see your way, as I so very much wish you could, to playing the leading part in the production.'

Harold smiled and shook his head. 'I, too, wish I could see my way to doing that,' he answered, 'but I am afraid I must say definitely and finally now that I can't. Which brings me to what I was going to tell you when you discouraged me by your forbidding aspect. The fact is—prepare yourself for a slight shock—that I think of abandoning the stage altogether and becoming a candidate for Parliamentary honours in this division.'

Dick's rounded eyes and dropped jaw proclaimed that the shock of such an announcement was anything but a slight one to him. 'So *that* was Miss Gardiner's way of earning your thanks, was it?' he gasped. 'Ah, I see!—I see!'

He evidently saw more in it than a mere offer of Miss Gardiner's friendly offices, which, to be sure, saved time; although the silent, perturbed meditation into which he fell was not reassuring.

'But, Harold,' he presently resumed, in awestruck accents, 'this can only mean that you propose to stand in the interest of the opposition.'

'Well, there is no sin in being a Radical, is there? According to your views, Radicals are in grievous error, I daresay, but they may be honestly mistaken, I suppose.'

'That isn't the question,' returned his brother, looking up suddenly and a little sternly; 'the question is whether *you* are an honest Radical or not.'

'Really,' Harold declared, laughing, 'I shouldn't wonder if I was. I have never been much of a party man; but, upon the whole, my sympathies are a good deal more with the people than with the privileged classes. However, I won't pretend to be enthusiastic about politics. The real truth is that I want to get out of a groove which has begun to weary and disgust me. Parliament and—and Miss Gardiner, if you like, seem to offer me a chance of escape—and I am going to take it.'

The last words were pronounced so resolutely, almost defiantly, that Dick's next query seemed to follow as a matter of course.

'To take both, do you mean?'

'Good gracious! what startling leaps you make towards conclusions! Miss Gardiner is flattering enough to think that I may distinguish myself in the House; but she hasn't yet pushed flattery to the extent that you appear to imagine.'

'I don't know what your resources are,' said Dick bluntly, 'but, from what you yourself have told me, they can't be sufficient to keep you in idleness, much less to enable you to spend what the member for such a constituency as this will be expected to spend. If Miss Gardiner urges you to enter Parliament, that can only be because she is willing to furnish the wherewithal.'

'What you say,' observed Harold tolerantly, 'sounds like common sense; but you may have noticed that action based upon common sense seldom brings men to the front. Life is a game in which one must either play for high stakes or be contented with small earnings. Only you are not to assume, please, that I am playing for the stake of Sir Joseph's settlements.'

Dick hesitated a while before making up his mind to say,

'Candidly, I was under the impression that you had other wishes and hopes.'

'So I have, my dear fellow; lots of others. The more one has the less likely one is to be disappointed, don't you think so? Well, I wanted to be the first to tell you what everybody must hear soon. Don't talk about it until it has become common talk; but perhaps, like a good soul, you will break the news to Anne for me? Anne isn't like you; she has a way of saying nasty things, when startled, and you can't think how much I dislike having nasty things said to me! You might enlighten her to-morrow after breakfast, when I shall be out of the way; for I must go up to London and see Shepherd, who is sure to be very nasty indeed. I can but trust that your play, which I shall take with me, may appease him. Shepherd is a man of business with a receptive mind, and if he scents a promise of success and profit in the thing, he will be as keen about it as if the money were going into his own pocket.'

Thus, not without adroitness, Harold wound up a necessary, but difficult, interview and betook himself to his bedroom, where, having no inclination to sleep, he sat and smoked for another couple of hours. During that time he read through *Renunciation* once more, making numerous excisions, adding words here and there, impressed in an ever increasing degree with the excellence of his brother's work.

'Who would ever have believed that Dick could do this sort of thing?' he ejaculated. 'The beggar must be a genius; there's no accounting for him in any other way. Yet he doesn't, goodness knows, look like one! Now I, who do look like one—at least, so women always give me to understand—could no more have created a single one of these situations than I could preach two sermons a week. I wish I could! I wish I were Dick! It's rather poor fun, somehow, to be myself.'

Never very well satisfied with himself, he was more than usually dissatisfied that night. Josephine's rather irrational contempt for the art in which he excelled, and which he was personally wont to love and despise by turns, had depressed him; he remembered the vast difference which she professed to see between the producers of plays and their interpreters, the former being, according to her, necessarily dowered with some brains, while the latter might be, and often were, neither more nor less intelligent than so many parrots. He was by no means sure that she did not overestimate his own intelligence, by no means sure

that he had not allowed himself to be enticed away from his vocation on a fool's errand. And what, now that he was reluctantly brought face to face with it in the silence of night, was precisely that errand? The acquisition of Dunville Manor at a price which he had already pronounced too high? But he had not yet quite paid that price, although he had, in a manner of speaking, burnt his ships; he had not yet proposed to Josephine, had not yet been openly false in his allegiance to Lilian. There remained the chapter of accidents—that blessed chapter of accidents upon which he had so often relied, and which had more than once enabled him, while running with the hare, to hunt for a while with the hounds. He wanted, in the words of another homely proverb, to eat his cake and keep it. Of course he knew that this was impossible; nevertheless, it is sometimes pleasant to dream of impossibilities, and pleasant dreams always soothed him. So he soon exchanged waking for sleeping ones.

Realities, more or less unpleasant, had to be dealt with on the morrow in Ashley Gardens, where Shepherd, warned by telegram, met him at the moment of his arrival. Shepherd, rendered visibly apprehensive (for he knew his man very well indeed) by a summons which he had not expected, began almost at once:

‘Now, I wonder what fresh notion you have been taking into your head. You haven’t come up to London in order to make arrangements for the winter season, I am quite sure; that wouldn’t be at all like you.’

‘It would not,’ Harold agreed, with a half-apologetic laugh. ‘No, my dear Shepherd, I found out long ago that business arrangements are best left in your very capable hands, and I haven’t the slightest doubt that those which must be undertaken now will be carried through by you as satisfactorily to us both as all our previous transactions have been. Only it makes me awfully sorry to think that they involve the close of our partnership.’

‘The close of our partnership?’ echoed Shepherd, with raised eyebrows.

‘Yes; in a word, I am going to cut the stage. Don’t scold and protest until I have finished. When you have heard me out, you will still think me an ass, I daresay, but you will see at least that I don’t propose to quarrel with my bread and butter for the sake of a trifle.’

Shepherd, when he had heard Harold out, did most emphatically think him an ass, but knew better than to say so. What he

did say, after mentally filling up without difficulty some significant omissions in the other's narrative, was :

'Your plan might sound tempting if there were any guarantee of its coming off ; but, from what you tell me, there seems to be none. You may be defeated at the poll, and then the whole house of cards comes down with a run, doesn't it? Surely it would be wiser to stick to the old love until you are sure of being on with the new!'

'Perhaps it would be, supposing there were time. Only, you see, the General Election will hardly take place before the middle of October, and Moore will soon want to know whether we mean to renew our lease of the theatre or not, won't he?'

Shepherd nodded, stroking his chin reflectively. 'Yes, he wants to know ; in fact, I was upon the point of writing for your authority to renew it. In my opinion, you would do well to renew it ; I don't believe you would lose money in that way. Of course, your being returned to Parliament would oblige you to abandon the stage ; but, with Sandford to take your parts, I imagine that we should be able to keep the house pretty well filled for a few months. Then, in case of failure, a way of retreat would lie open to you.'

But Harold was so far determined as to be impatient of compromises. He clearly perceived, moreover, that the suggested compromise would never work. He could no more explain why it was unworkable than he could dispute the assertion that, with defeat at the poll, what Shepherd had called his house of cards must fall to the ground ; he could not state in plain words that the corner-stone of his plan was the acquisition of Miss Gardiner's fortune, which would not necessarily be denied to him in consequence of an initial failure, nor could he point out how indispensable it was that he should be in a position to inform Josephine of his prompt obedience to her behests.

Delicacy, however, though commendable, was superfluous in dealing with so shrewd a personage as Shepherd, who perfectly understood all that his interlocutor abstained from urging, and likewise understood ere long that further expostulation would be futile.

'Well,' he ended by saying, 'I wish you good luck. But I'm sorry—both for your sake and for my own.'

'It certainly does look like leaving you in the lurch, old man,' Harold compunctionally remarked.

'Oh, don't trouble your head about that ; I am in no danger of having to beg my bread. Moore, for one, asks nothing better

than to pay me a high salary for my services, and I may very likely offer them to him, now that he will have the theatre on his hands again. But I shall regret you as an actor who hasn't his like, or anything resembling his like, in this country, and also—if I may be allowed to say so—as a friend.'

'My dear fellow, you aren't going to lose me as a friend.'

Shepherd smilingly shook his head. 'Our paths are about to diverge,' said he.

'If you call that a reason, you must take a precious narrow view of friendship! To show you how much broader mine is, let me lose no time in asking a favour of you. I want you to read a play by an entirely unknown writer and tell me how it strikes you.'

Shepherd pricked up his ears. 'A play from your own pen?' he asked rather eagerly. 'I have often thought that you might produce one, if you cared to take the trouble.'

'Then you have often appraised the contents of my skull above their value. I can't create; I can only mimic. No; this thing is the work of my elder brother, revised and corrected, as you will see, by me. To my mind it is splendid; but, after all, what do I know? You know better than anybody else in England what can be made to go and what can't; so I shall advise Dick to abide by your verdict, whether it is a disappointing one or not. Take it away with you, anyhow, and let me have an answer as soon as you can. You will want me to stay a few more days in London for the purpose of signing documents and winding matters up generally, I presume.'

'Yes; I shall be glad if you can make it convenient to remain in town a little longer, although there isn't much to be done that I can't do for you. But about the play, you shall have an answer to-morrow morning; I shall not need to give more than a couple of hours, perhaps not as much, to it.'

A great deal of Shepherd's spare time was devoted to the writing of theatrical criticisms for the newspapers, as well as to advising theatrical managers, who held his judgment in high esteem. He had discovered more than one subsequently famous playwright, and in such discoveries he took the delight of a connoisseur or a collector. He was, therefore, quite sincere in declaring that Harold, so far from requesting a favour of him, had conferred one. 'Only,' he was careful to add, 'don't expect encouragement, for I am afraid the chances are against your getting it.'

On the following morning, however, he made his appearance at the breakfast hour with the gratifying announcement that he thought very well indeed of *Renunciation*.

'A most interesting play, admirably written,' said he. 'Your emendations, too, are excellent. I have very little doubt that I can get one of three or four men to accept it; but—I am bound to add that I doubt very much whether any of them is capable of doing justice to the principal part. I needn't point out to you, because I am sure you must have seen, who *is* capable of doing justice to it.'

'Ah! you think so?'

'What else could I think? Why, it is your part!—obviously written for you, and for no other living actor. Don't you feel tempted?'

'I feel immensely tempted, Shepherd, and all the more so because I must turn a deaf ear to the voice of temptation. Nothing is more certain than that *Renunciation* must be renounced by me; somebody else will have to wear my laurels. Moore might play the part, perhaps.'

'After a fashion, yes. With your permission, I will submit it in the first instance to Moore, who is pretty sure at least to think that he can play it, which is something, *faute de mieux*.'

'It is the most and the best that we can do,' Harold declared decisively (for at that moment he suddenly hated the idea of being supplanted by Moore, and he was a little afraid of his impulses). 'I'll write at once to Dick, who will be overjoyed at hearing your report. One more feather in your cap, Shepherd, I hope, and perhaps just a humble sort of a feather in mine. For, when all's said, my emendations *were* judicious, weren't they?'

(*To be continued.*)

‘The Nemesis of Froude.’¹

‘CAN you not leave it alone?’ is a question which Lord Melbourne is said to have asked on appropriate occasions. Sir James Crichton-Browne and Mr. Alexander Carlyle might wisely have put the query to themselves, before reviving the disagreeable controversy about Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle and Mr. Froude. The core of their present grievance seems to be that, in Mr. Froude’s posthumous *My Relations with Carlyle*, the sage appears as ‘a man of transcendent ability, but selfish, overbearing, cruel, and contemptible.’ Now, in the first place, *My Relations with Carlyle* would never have seen the light if Sir James Crichton-Browne and Mr. Alexander Carlyle could have ‘left it alone,’ could have refrained from their attacks on Mr. Froude in their *New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*. Not only Mr. Froude, but poor Mrs. Carlyle suffered severely in that acrimonious work. By way of reply *My Relations* was published.

That little work is a set of notes, pencilled in a note-book, in the isle of Cuba (March 1887). The notes were, necessarily, written from memory, far away from documents, and, perhaps, were composed under the annoyance of a long and wearing controversy. Mr. Froude ended his paper thus: ‘I have written this that those who care for me may have something to rely upon if my honour and good faith are assailed after I am gone.’ It appears that, having relieved his mind by the composition, he never looked at it again, never revised it, never corrected it from documents or checked it by the memories of others, and never showed it to anyone. He locked it up in a despatch-box with some business papers. The tract is thus but a rough draft of an *apologia*.

It follows that we ought to read these notes in the light of Mr. Froude’s other works about Carlyle, if we want to understand

¹ By Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., and Alexander Carlyle. (John Lane.)

his estimate of the sage. But, even in these notes, he asserts that Carlyle's 'real nature was as beautiful as his intellect had been magnificent.'

What higher panegyric can family affection demand? I may be permitted, perhaps, to express sympathy with that emotion in Mr. Alexander Carlyle. To his kindness I owe a knowledge of, and leave to publish, Carlyle's letters to John Gibson Lockhart: letters which, by themselves, attest the essential tenderness, love, and sympathy of Carlyle's character. These qualities appear as conspicuously in many a page of Mr. Froude's books on the great humourist and historian. But there was, as certainly, another side of Carlyle. No princess of fairy tale was ever more sensitive to the crumpled rose-leaf, the pea under a pile of mattresses, than this scholar son of sturdy peasant ancestors.

No child ever cried out louder when hurt than our Stoic philosopher. No man more punctually neglected the duty of 'consuming his own smoke.' None was more frequently forgetful of our obligations to silence and self-restraint in petty matters, though in great matters, like the destruction of the work of years by Mrs. Taylor's cook, he showed himself a philosopher and a true gentleman. Yet he writes fretfully about the trivial sorrow that a long railway journey blackened his shirt collar!

Beyond all doubt he needed Mrs. Carlyle's reminder that he was 'no longer a child.' He was emphatically a very fractious and fretful infant. To keep house for him, Mrs. Carlyle said, was like keeping a mad-house. Of course she exaggerated in her humorous bitter Lowland manner. Nor was this all. Carlyle had not the reticent quality which Sir George Trevelyan praises in Lord Macaulay. When engaged on a book, he was very deeply absorbed in his work. Like other men of letters (*mea maxima culpa*!) he let the companion of his life hear about his work, to an extent enjoyable by few, and unendurable by a nervous ailing woman. It is told of Gauss the great mathematician that, when engaged on a problem, he learned that his wife was dying. 'Tell her to wait till I come,' he replied, so deeply absorbed was he. Mr. Carlyle had not only the physical sensitiveness, but the self-absorption of genius. To the misfortunes of others he was not always so sensitive. He refused with a sneer Mrs. Carlyle's request that he would accompany a frightened and suffering maid to the doctor's house. The absurd cause of her distress, a fly which had entered her ear, not the distress itself, happened to strike him.

Such a man, *ondoyant et divers*, was Mr. Carlyle. Mr. Froude, in his biography, drew the man to the best of his ability. He entertained Carlyle's own theory of biography. The whole truth must be told. 'The biographies of the great men of the past . . . are generally useless. They are idle and incredible panegyrics, with features drawn without shadows, false, conventional, and worthless.' Carlyle's own opinion about biography may be found in his article on Scott. Lockhart had dared to draw the features with the shadows, had shown the weakness with the strength. Beside Sir Walter's high and pure sense of honour he placed the record of his secret and forbidden partnership in trade. He did not hide the odd and unlucky devotion to the Ballantynes. Carlyle applauded Lockhart while the world condemned him. But Mr. Froude's theory of biography, derived from Carlyle, crumbled in his hands. Facts existed, at least in his opinion, which should not all be told. Carlyle was not Scott.

Our authors aver that Carlyle has been 'converted' by Mr. Froude 'into a grotesque monster compounded of strength and weakness, dignity and deformity.' But our authors themselves write freely about Carlyle's 'incongruous way'—for example, his incongruous way of writing 'acid and stinging things about his most eminent contemporaries and private friends.' Now, is it not 'grotesque' that a great spiritual teacher should be an habitual back-biter? We are all, in fact, such grotesque monsters. The 'fears of the brave and follies of the wise' are proverbial.

How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are!

Boswell's Dr. Johnson has been looked on as 'a grotesque monster.' Biography, written on Carlyle's plan, can seldom produce any other result. So far the fault, if fault it be, lies at Carlyle's door.

I shall now take some examples of our authors' method of criticism in detail, trying to avoid their bitter and angry tone. While convinced that they do not consciously 'attempt to mislead readers' (their charge against Mr. Froude), I hope to show that they fall into the very kind of errors of which they accuse Carlyle's biographer. They misquote, they blunder, and out of their blunders they frame charges against the dead.

Let us begin with the matter of Lady Ashburton.

That Mr. Carlyle was not 'in love' with her, that he never dreamed of disturbing her lord's domestic peace, we may feel

certain. He may have written to her 'extravagant letters,' as Mr. Froude says. The Scot, when not extremely reserved, is apt to be surprisingly effusive. 'It was, of course, the purest Gloriana worship,' says Mr. Froude. Our authors observe that he represents Carlyle 'as behaving with detestable meanness in making love to his friend's wife, at the very time when he was accepting favours from that friend's hand.' Mr. Froude does nothing of the kind. We all know what making love to a married woman means. It does not mean 'the purest Gloriana worship,' as of Raleigh to Elizabeth, and it is Gloriana worship that Mr. Froude ascribes to Carlyle. Consequently, it is not 'a sufficient answer' to say that Lord Ashburton read the letters, and 'cannot have thought them offensive.' 'Offensive' they were not. They were 'Gloriana worship' of the purest. As to one phrase, however, of Mr. Froude's, I must conceive that he overlooked its bearing. He writes that Carlyle 'had made Lady Ashburton the object of the same idolatrous homage which he had once paid to her,' to his wife. But Carlyle had made love to his wife, and love is not 'Gloriana worship.' Meanwhile, we know what Mrs. Carlyle came to think of the affair of Gloriana. I mainly agree with our authors in thinking that Carlyle's senile tirades of what he called remorse were occasioned, not by recollection of physical violence on his own part, nor of a lawless love for Lady Ashburton, nor of an alleged infirmity of his own. What he regretted was a series of self-absorbed failures in sympathy, failures to appreciate her degree of illness, and a habit of boring her about the strategy of Frederick the Great. All these 'littles' make a 'mickle,' and Carlyle lamented his old defects of tact and sympathy. Among these were the pedestrian excursions of 'thousands of miles' made to Bath House, when Mrs. Carlyle, as she complains, was ill, 'as sad as death,' and lonely. A man should sacrifice the most harmless enjoyments to a wife in such a condition. Probably Carlyle, too late, repented of missing opportunities of self-sacrifice. Mr. Froude interpreted his regrets otherwise; I only state my impression. But certainly Mrs. Carlyle often took a very serious view of her own wrongs, as she esteemed them. She often, she declares, threatened to leave Carlyle for ever.

In fact, the pair did, on occasions not few, live 'a cat and dog life.' But our authors blame Mr. Froude, as a biographer, for making this fact obvious. A fact it is, no fair mind can blink it. When Mr. Carlyle, bereaved of his wife, came to read her papers he felt what any man of heart would have felt—remorse.

Who could help it? Which of us has no occasion for such an emotion? Carlyle may have exaggerated in his use of the word 'remorse'—he exaggerated in everything—but he must have felt what every man must have felt, in reading Mrs. Carlyle's lamentations. It is highly probable that the garrulous pair to some extent deceived Mr. Froude: the lady by her gibes and complaints; the man by his Titanic exclamations of pain and regret. Mr. Froude was not used to 'a cat and dog life.' He may not always have understood that the dog and the cat were true lovers all their days, though I am certain that this was their estate. Theirs were *amantium iræ*; their letters prove as much. But 'they fought bitter and regular, like man and wife.' Mr. Froude is not to be regarded as a spiteful romancer because he stated the case as he conceived it, and very naturally conceived it: he not being a Lowland Scot, and not having played dog to the cat of any lady.

As to Miss Jewsbury's too notorious tale, I have not perused Sir James Crichton-Browne's esoteric comments in a journal of the profession of healing. But it is not unfair to say that a somewhat grotesque version of Miss Jewsbury's story reached me long ago, and proceeded, not from Miss Jewsbury, but from a very different source, at which I cannot even hint. An illustrious name is not to be dragged into this unhappy problem. I have not the ghost of an opinion on the matter; to me the story is simply an unwholesome mystery. It is certain that many obvious circumstances, as our authors justly remark, appear to give the lie to the tale. Yet I am, for excellent reasons, unable to feel convinced that Miss Jewsbury invented, unaided, what she should never have reported. Miss Jewsbury reiterated her narrative 'in her last illness, when she knew that she was dying.' How do our authors know that Miss Jewsbury 'survived seven years after her revelation'—after this death-bed revelation? As to the first disclosure, Mr. Froude writes 'she did not live long after this.' She lived seven years, it is replied: if so, a slip of memory is pardonable. Our authors, to get their 'seven years,' date from 1873, when Mr. Froude believed that he received the commission to be Carlyle's biographer. But they themselves, following the late Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, date that occurrence in 1877. This date is contested. Mr. Froude believed that the papers for the Carlyle biography were handed to him in 1873, or early in 1874, on what seems good evidence. I do not observe that our authors notice this point. Sir James Stephen states it thus: 'Your

reason was that you remembered observations made by your late wife, who died in February 1874, on matters of personal interest to her contained in the papers.' In any case Miss Jewsbury reiterated her deplorable narrative 'in her last illness, when she knew that she was dying.' I do not accept her story, but I am unconvinced that Miss Jewsbury *invented* it.

As to the celebrated 'two blue marks on the wrist,' they seem wholly unimportant, though it is unlikely that they were caused by one of the insect foes of the great insecticide, a suggestion made by our authors. But Mr. Froude thought the record momentous, and—certainly in no inalignant spirit—desired its suppression, as did the late Mrs. Alexander Carlyle. Had Mr. Froude been a spiteful biographer, he would not, with his theory of the origin of the marks, have tried to veil them in oblivion.

As to Mr. Froude's account of the relations of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, then, it leaves me of the firm opinion that the pair were very dear to each other, but that undeniable faults of temperament and of exaggerative speech caused them to 'torment' (as Mrs. Carlyle says) each other and themselves. Mr. Froude represents Mrs. Carlyle as saying 'mournfully' that her husband 'had taken from her the creed in which she had been bred': her parents professed the Westminster Confession of Faith. Calvinism was perhaps no great loss. But Mr. Froude has elsewhere printed Mrs. Carlyle's own confession that Virgil (almost sainted by the mediæval Church) and other subversive Latin authors (Lucretius perhaps?) 'changed my religion, if I could be said to have one.' Mrs. Carlyle may have given various versions, at various times, of her change in religious opinion. Our authors call her 'a worldly little woman,' and a godless. They add, 'Froude would have us believe that in relation to his wife Carlyle was an iconoclast and a faith wrecker, an atheist of the most blatant type.' Yet, in this very passage, Mr. Froude speaks of 'that confidence which sustained Carlyle in his uncertainties that the Maker of all things would do right. . . . He believed, or thought he believed, in a special Providence.' This is hardly the attitude of blatant Atheism, which Mr. Froude is said by our authors to attribute to Carlyle. What Mr. Froude does say is that Mrs. Carlyle orally attributed to her husband the loss of her faith, while her husband could not induce her to accept his own positive theism. Mr. Froude says that Carlyle believed, or thought he believed, in 'a special Providence.' Our authors say that he 'had a lurking belief in a Particular Providence,' whatever either of these phrases

may mean. And then our authors aver that Mr. Froude wants us to believe that Carlyle 'in relation to his wife' was a most blatant atheist! They ought to be more careful.

There is a good deal of writing about the relative social status of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. They were not equal by birth. We have only to look at the portraits of Carlyle's mother, on one hand—an old peasant woman—and of Mrs. Carlyle's father and mother, who have the dress and air of gentlefolk.

How Carlyle's father could have been the representative of the baronial House of Torthorwald, or Torthorald, I fail to understand. That House, at the end of the sixteenth century, was represented (I think) by an heiress, who married Douglas of Parkhead. He avenged on James Stewart (Arran) of the House of Ochiltree the death of the Regent Morton, and, in turn, was slain by another Stewart in the streets of Edinburgh. I ask, then, how any modern Carlyle could represent the House of Torthorald? I also venture to inform our authors that *bête noir* is not French, and that neither a *cimex lectularius* nor anything else can be designated as a *bête noir*.

As to Mrs. Carlyle's hard household work, probably she liked and grumbled at it; and Mr. Froude may have misunderstood the archaic Annandale frugalities which were carried to Cheyne Row. I do not observe that our authors reject the anecdote about Carlyle's noble sentiments concerning his outworn horse and his sale of the animal for 10*l*. For all that I know, the steed was sold to a kind master and had a happy home. But why *sell* him? Such traits of character are grotesque, are contradictory.

We now come to the perhaps insoluble problem about Carlyle's dealings with his papers in regard to Mr. Froude. It is a question complicated by the oral and documentary instructions of an aged man, no longer firm of purpose or sound of memory. The variations of other memories, with the diverse opinions of eminent lawyers, complicate the puzzle. Our affair is not to allow passion to add to the perplexity.

In 1871, says Mr. Froude, Carlyle brought to him his wife's letters and a copy of his Memoir of her. 'He gave them simply to me. Afterwards he seemed to have forgotten this, for he bequeathed them to me in his Will' (1873). He said, in 1871, 'They are yours to publish or not to publish, as you please, after I am gone.' When Carlyle wrote the Memoir he added a note, forbidding publication. That note Mr. Froude believed to have been orally cancelled by Carlyle. That is Mr. Froude's statement. I hold

it to contain absolutely his honest impression of what occurred. Our authors aver that 'his memory played him false.' It is not, of course, impossible. In another transaction as to Carlyle, Mr. Froude found that his memory *had* 'played him false,' and he expressed his regret with honourable candour. Our authors say: 'If Carlyle made a gift of these papers to him in 1871, it is remarkable that he should specifically bequeath them to him by Will, in 1873.' Mr. Froude also says that Mr. Carlyle 'seemed to have forgotten' the gift of 1871. Is this impossible in an old and grief-stricken man? Apparently, when Mr. Carlyle made his will (February 6, 1873) Mr. Froude had these papers in his keeping. Carlyle says in his Will: 'Of that manuscript my kind considerate and ever faithful friend James Anthony Froude (as he has lovingly promised me) takes precious charge in my stead.' I myself, under correction, understand these words to mean that Mr. Froude, as he himself tells us, was *already* the custodian of the documents. Our authors, on the other hand, say that 'they contain notes by Carlyle dated in 1873.' On February 6, 1873, Carlyle declares in his Will that he is 'for the last four years imperatively forbidden to write further on it, or even to look further into it.' When did he break this imperative prohibition?

Our authors go on: 'It was in that year, 1873, Froude alleges, that Carlyle sent to him in a box a collection of letters, diaries, memoirs, miscellanies of endless sorts, with a request that he would undertake his biography, for which these were the materials, and yet in that very year Carlyle left to his brother John all his manuscripts, except the Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle, given to Froude. . . . At the very moment when Froude represents Carlyle as thrusting papers upon him, and insisting on his undertaking the unsought-for task of composing his biography, Carlyle wrote in his Will: "Express biography of me I had really rather that there should be none."'

At the very moment! Mr. Froude says not a word about any 'very moment.' The Will was made on February 6, 1873, and at no moment more minutely specified than 'two years later' (than 1871) Carlyle sent in 'a box of letters, diaries, memoirs, miscellanies of endless sorts, the accumulations of a life.' Obviously Mr. Carlyle might alter his mind between February 6 and December 31, 1873. Possibly Carlyle now regarded these manuscripts as among the 'other furtherances and elucidations' (of the papers on Mrs. Carlyle) which he bequeathed to Mr. Froude in 1873. The manuscripts left to Dr. John Carlyle (Mr. Froude

says, without his knowledge), 'my other manuscripts,' as Carlyle calls them, are described in the Will as 'with one exception of no moment to me. I have never seen any of them since they were written.' The exception was a sketch of Carlyle's father. To myself it seems that Carlyle altered his mind about a biography of himself, and, whether forgetting the bequest to Dr. John or not, sent some papers to Mr. Froude in 1873.

According to Mr. Froude, '*about* a year before Mr. Carlyle's death,' he learned from the sage that he was to 'give the papers to Mary' (the late Mrs. Alexander Carlyle) when he 'had done with them.'

'Hitherto I had looked on those papers as my own.' Mary, on the other hand, said that the papers had been given to her, *inter vivos*, in 1875, with the consent of Dr. John Carlyle, to whom, in 1873, they had been bequeathed. Mrs. Alexander Carlyle added that, in 1877, she entrusted the papers, or many of them, to Mr. Froude, for purposes of biography. If so, Mr. Froude did not receive all the manuscripts from Carlyle in 1873.

This conflict of memories is very baffling, though I make no doubt, I cannot doubt, that both memories were absolutely honest. Certainly Mrs. A. Carlyle received papers, and many other gifts, from her uncle, in 1875. Mr. Froude writes that, '*about a year*' before Carlyle's death, Carlyle surprised him, 'when we were driving in a carriage,' by saying: 'When you have done with these papers of mine give them to Mary.' Our authors, who rightly insist on meticulous accuracy, print this 'give them *back* to Mary' (my italics). Again, Mrs. A. Carlyle writes that, when she sent to Mr. Froude the papers in 1877, Mr. Carlyle 'told me distinctly that he had taken care I should have them all back again.' It by no means follows that, as our authors aver, Mr. Froude 'was explicitly told, when the first papers were lent to him in 1877, that they were to be restored. Carlyle's own purposes had become vacillating, and his memory, I think, imperfect.

Both Mrs. Carlyle and Mr. Froude agree that (in February 1879—Mr. Froude is vague as to the date) Carlyle spoke to Mr. Froude about sending back the papers, while the two were driving together: Mr. Froude says 'in a carriage'; Mrs. A. Carlyle says 'in a hansom cab.' Mr. Froude honestly conceived that this was the first occasion on which he was told that the papers were to be sent back to Mrs. A. Carlyle.

A year later (February 1880), Mr. Froude wrote to Mrs. A. Carlyle: 'It has long been settled that you were to have the entire

collection when I had done with it.' The year was a 'long' time; quite enough to justify the phrase. Mr. Froude, till 1879, two years before Carlyle's death (February 1881), thought the papers his own, but our authors declare that he was 'at that very time acknowledging that it had been "*long settled*"' that they were to be returned to Carlyle's niece. How can February 1879 be 'the very [same] time' as February 1880, when Mr. Froude wrote the letter cited?

I have not the slightest doubt that Mr. Froude entirely believed, before February 1879, that the Carlyle papers had been given to him, and given by Carlyle—not lent to him by Mrs. A. Carlyle. Our authors appear to admit this. 'Had Froude known how he came to be possessed of all Carlyle's private letters, journals, &c., he would scarcely have boasted as he did in his letter to the *Times* of February 14, 1881, of the trust Carlyle had placed in him.' Very well; Mr. Froude, it seems to be acknowledged, did not know the facts. Again, in February 1881, his memory of February 1879, the date of the driving incident, cannot have been obliterated. But, in February 1881, as in 1887, he wrote to Mrs. A. Carlyle: 'It was not until the year before last [1879] that he [Carlyle] desired me to return them [the papers] to you when I had done with them.' In 1887 Mr. Froude might have thought, by a lapse of memory, that he received the papers of Carlyle in 1873, not in 1877. But it seems certain to me (as in the passage just cited, to our authors) that Mr. Froude, in 1879, did not know that he was receiving the papers from Carlyle's niece. He never heard of it, I conceive, till February 1879. Carlyle himself was probably the cause of all this confusion.

Our authors, in any case, have failed, once again, to quote Mr. Froude accurately. He writes, as to the incident while driving (in a carriage or cab), that it occurred '*about* a year before Carlyle's death.' Our authors put it 'until a year before Carlyle's death.' Mr. Froude's vague phrase, '*about* a year,' really denoted just two years (February 1879 to February 1881) before Carlyle expired. We get the exact date (February 1879) from Mrs. A. Carlyle, but our authors overlook the fact, unconsciously of course, and so try to prove that Mr. Froude was acknowledging that the return of the papers had been '*long settled*' at the very time when he also tells us that he first discovered they were not his own. Yet they publish the right date (February 1879) on page 140, and also on page 86.

In two pages our authors have twice misquoted Mr. Froude,

and have misstated by a year a date which they give themselves on the authority of their own witness. By these means they are enabled to bring their charge against Mr. Froude. But they do not 'attempt to mislead the reader.' Their bias, or some other mental confusion, has led them to misunderstand the case, just as when they accuse Mr. Froude of wishing us to believe that Carlyle was 'a blatant atheist,' when Mr. Froude was, in fact, insisting on Carlyle's belief in a Deity.

I have no space for a discussion of the perplexing questions about ownership in copyrights, and about Mrs. A. Carlyle's failure completely to understand a certain memorandum. To my lay mind the said memorandum was completely unintelligible till I took legal opinion (*Nemesis of Froude*, pp. 130-133). There ensued a discussion in which two eminent legists were on opposite sides, a discussion which I cannot hope to elucidate.

On one other point I must say a few words. Our authors open with a quotation from the *Times*. 'It is said' that Mr. Froude stayed only one day at Hatfield, when he was invited to examine the Cecil archives, for his great *History of England*. I do not know anything about Mr. Froude's stay at Hatfield. But it is absolutely certain that his study of the Cecil Papers, then uncalendared and only accessible in the old and very difficult handwriting, must have been the occupation of many years. With the Spanish Papers—also then unprinted—at Simancas, the Cecil Papers are, throughout, Mr. Froude's chief manuscript sources. The story of his one day's residence at Hatfield is either false or meaningless. The *Times* also said: 'Though he visited Simancas and stayed some time there, it is unquestionable that he learned comparatively little about the records there preserved.'

This I flatly deny.

Mr. Froude presented his transcripts from the Simancas Papers to the British Museum, for the use of other students. Have our authors examined them? If not, how can they accept, without inquiry, a crude remark from a newspaper?

If ever any historian gave demonstrative proof of his absolute honesty, Mr. Froude gave it, when he offered his valuable collections to the country. They enable us, without going to Simancas, to correct some errors in Mr. Froude's own work; especially one error, a slip of the pen in translating a date, which produces a result directly contrary to his own historical bias.

In more than one place, especially in my *History of Scotland*, I have pointed out what I cannot but take to be errors, of method

and detail, in Mr. Froude's handling of his documents. But I found these slips and oversights by comparing the references with authorities which he himself gave. The result has been to convince me that though Mr. Froude, like most if not all historians, was subject to error, he never wilfully and consciously 'attempted to mislead his readers.' The simple truth is that every historian has his conception of his subject, as every scientific inquirer has his hypothesis. By a law of the mind the conception or the hypothesis tends to blind us to the values of contradictory evidence. We may fail to see it, or the force of it. No man can print all the documents in a case. I am very conscious of having omitted to cite evidence contrary to my view, say, of Mary of Guise: the simple fact being that I failed to observe the existence of that record. Friendly historians of Knox, again, have failed to cite evidence which I have—not omitted! But our authors state this human failing thus—in Mr. Froude's case—'giving garbled extracts of documents, and omitting of set purpose such portions of them as did not fit in with his views.' Now, in a crucial part of his *History of England*, Mr. Froude does omit parts of a document which 'do not fit in with his own views.' But I am certain that he omitted the words because he regarded them, he easily might, as surplusage, and as merely obscuring the reader's understanding of the passage. Though my prepossessions as to this matter were the very opposite of Mr. Froude's, I find that I have made the same mistake.

There was an error on the part of the historian, but to talk of 'set purpose' is merely to show ignorance of human nature, and of its unconscious failings when engaged on the delicate task of historical composition. I apply the same measure to what I must reckon as the unconscious errors of the authors of *The Nemesis of Froude*.

A. I.

First o' May.

IT was the first of May, and the village was evidently trying to live up to the day's reputation. The red dawn was yet flaring in the eastern sky, and the thrushes were still at matins, but Larkchurch Street was full of laughter, and from the corner of the lane that goes down to Lanbridge came the shout of revellers.

At this corner there is a well, and this morning it had for bodyguard a youth and a maid armed with boughs of the wild cherry in full bloom. Across the road was a group of maids and men, who shouted and laughed as the pair by the well, dipping their boughs in the water, saluted each new comer with a shower that flashed in the sunshine and left its mark on white linen frocks. No offence was taken at this proceeding by the victims of it, for this was part of the Maying rites—which are sacred—and as the sprinkling was accompanied with the wish, 'A happy May to 'ee!' nothing but good humour was possible.

When a sufficient number had gathered, the pair left the well, and the whole party, armed with twigs of hazel, moved into the village street, and amid shouting and laughter and to the somewhat discordant accompaniment of a concertina and a mouth organ, began to beat the doors of the cottages, until lattices were thrown open, and tousled heads and smiling faces appeared to give and to receive May greetings!

To one door, almost the last in the village, they paid particular attention—that of the house of Honour Huddy, spinster. But all the tow-rowing and beating at the door with switches elicited no response, though they made noise enough to waken the seven sleepers. The leaded lattice remained closed and no sign of life appeared about the house. At length the youthful crowd desisted.

'Her do zleep terr'ble sound!' said one.

'Zo her do, if her be zleeping!' chimed in a second whilst

another gravely contemplated the door and remarked : ' We've a took off a smart lot o' paint ! '

' Zo us have, an' I doubt we've awasted labour. Honour baint at whome or we'd have heerd from her by this. I reckon she'm too smart for us ! '

' I reckon ! ' said another. ' But let's give one more rat-a-tan before we goe, in case. 'Tis most time we were off to the junketing ! ' And so the row commenced anew, and a little more paint flew from the door.

And well beyond the first stile in the fields behind the house Honour Huddy smiled to herself as she heard the hubbub through the still morning air. She was well pleased with herself for having cheated ' they Mayers,' and pausing for a moment or two she watched them as, desisting from their door rapping, they straggled in couples through the long grove of elms behind the church and so to the field path that comes out by ' The Green Bay Tree '—a noted junketing house well up the Axminster Road.

Her own course diverged somewhat from theirs, and was towards a copse that lay in a hollow of Checkridge Farm, well out of the sight of the road and remote from the house and the commonly traversed field path.

By the time she reached her destination the sun was up, the dew was iridescent on bramble and hazel, and the rooks, mated this seven weeks, were clamouring, larks were singing, and somewhere in the copse a blackbird was whistling for his mate. The air was alive with love, with the hum and music of mating things, and as Honour seated herself upon a fallen tree (after spreading a pocket-handkerchief to save her white dress from soiling), a sudden sense of loneliness and of sadness quite alien from this spring morning awoke within her, and she went back in retrospect for thirty years.

Every first of May in those years she had come to this copse on Checkridge Farm to perform the sacred rites due to the month. It was not a frequented place, and only once, and that nine years ago, did she remember having been disturbed by the presence of other May worshippers. But the charm of the retreat lay less in its loneliness than in its associations. Thirty years ago this very morning, as she told herself, she had first come to the edge of the copse for the May rites, and then she had not come alone.

John Whitmore had accompanied her and had wandered round the copse, whilst she dabbled in the wet grass and caught the May dew in which to wash her face—dew that, as all the maids in Arcady know, gives enduring beauty. After that they had gone

to 'The Green Bay Tree' together, to eat cream and jam with bread, later to the club-walking at Axminster, and had come home promised to each other. But there had been a disagreement. John, with the usual haste of men, in pique had married a cousin from Dorchester way, but Honour had not found another man to her liking. John's wife had been dead many years—fourteen years come next Axminster fair—and though Honour and he often met, he had not——

The spinster put the thought from her as an unmaidenly one, and made a brave attempt to shake off her sadness. Then she looked at the dewy grass, at her feet, at the bright world about her, and remarked aloud, 'Well, there, I must do et, I suppose!'

First she glanced cautiously round to see that no one was in sight, then she slipped off her elastic sided boots, another look round, and she drew off her stockings, revealing a pair of shapely ankles and feet white as milk. Somewhat gingerly she stepped into the cold wet grass, and, producing a small enamelled dish, began to flick the dew from the herbage into the dish. When she judged she had sufficient for her purpose she took from her pocket a small sponge, and bathed her face with the elixir of beauty she had collected. This part of the ritual completed, and a year's good looks assured, she carried her dish to the fallen tree and, leaving it there, lifted up her skirts ever so little and began to paddle about in the dewy grass. This, barring thistles and such drawbacks, is a far from unpleasant operation, and as Honour waded about she renewed her youth, the pleasures of old lost Mays came back to her, the zest of living, and the desire of youth to have its fling.

Unconsciously she lifted the skirts a little higher and turned to the longer grass. For some minutes she meandered about, stooping now and then to pick a cowslip or two, which she fastened in the bosom of her dress by way of posy; and, when she turned towards the tree, meaning to resume her boots and stockings, a little shriek came from her, and she dropped her skirts hurriedly. By the tree a man was standing, watching her with contemplative eyes. For an instant she stood still, her heart 'all of a twitter,' as she afterwards described it, and then, recognising her old lover, she moved forward again.

'Marning, Honour! A happy May to 'ee!'

'Thank 'ee kindly, Jan. The zame to 'ee, ef I may make zo bold!'

Then, being come to the tree and anxious to resume her

stockings, she stood in some embarrassment whilst the farmer made conversation.

'A terr'ble fine marning vor the time of the year!'

'Terr'ble!' responded Honour.

'An' everything promising well; blossom on the trees, grass in the vields, and pigs in the sty. I can't mind a year that promised zo well, not vor this twenty years, can 'ee?'

'Noa,' said Honour.

The farmer was at the end of his resources, so far as spring went, and turned to more personal topics.

'I zee 'ee've abeen paddling in the grass wi' your bare veet, Honour'—this with a discreet glance towards the stockings which shamelessly displayed their whole length across the tree-trunk.

Honour, in some confusion, nodded, the blood surging to her cheeks in a rosy tide.

The farmer pursued his thought relentlessly.

'Terr'ble nice feet 'ee've got, Honour. Now, I'll wager a sovereign that 'ee can't think what was in my mind about 'em when I came upon 'ee just now walking out there in the old meadow.'

He paused a moment to give her the opportunity of replying; then, as Honour said nothing, resumed:

'Why, I was thinking they were like May-lilies twinkling in the green grass.'

Honour flushed anew at this praise, and then found her tongue.

'Stuff an' nonsense, Jan! 'Ee was always one for poetry an' such like voolishness. But can't 'ee zee I want to get into my stockings an' boots again?—for, though May dew be good for beauty, 'tis terr'ble bad for rheumatics. Zo, if 'ee'll oblige, I'll just trouble 'ee to walk round the spinney while I do draw 'em on.'

Jan obediently skirted the spinney exactly as he had done on a May morning thirty years before; and, as he went, he hummed a song that he had not once thought of in all those thirty years.

'Oh, will you accept of a mus-e-lin so blue,
To wear all in the morning and to dabble in the dew?'

'No; I will not accept of the mus-e-lin so blue,
To wear all in the morning and to dabble in the dew,
Nor I'll walk, nor I'll talk with you!'

'Oh, will you accept of a kiss from loving heart,
That we may join together and never more may part?'
'Yes; I will accept of a kiss from loving heart
That we may join together and never more may part,
And I'll walk, and I'll talk with you!'

What relation this song had to the impulse that overcame him I cannot tell; but the fact is that, by the time he had reached the end of it and circled the spinney, he had taken a new resolution. Going up to Honour, who had finished her toilet and stood twiddling the enamelled dish, he asked, 'An' now, I d' suppose, 'ee'll be going to the "Bay Tree"?'

'Nothing of the kind, Jan Whitmore. What for should I go tramping off to a junketing house?'

'Tis the usual thing,' said the farmer stolidly.

'Yees, vor them that be young an' voolish an'——'

'Now, come, Honour, 'ee'm none so terr'ble wold yourself; an' I do allow that there bain't a purtier maid down to the "Bay Tree" this May morning. You'm looking sweet as a vield o' clover before et bottles, an' vor ankles I'll wager——'

'Go along with your nonsense, Varmer Whitmore.'

But for all that the spinster looked far from ill-pleased; and perhaps the farmer's comparison of her charms was not a bad one.

'I'll goa with 'ee,' said the farmer. 'Drow that little dish in the hedge an' come along now, will 'ee? 'Tis many a long May since I was to the old "Green Bay Tree."'

'I don't know,' began Honour doubtfully.

'Now, just to oblige me,' said the farmer. 'Let me tak' thic li'l dish. Now, dear!' and, suiting the action to the word, he took it and tossed it among the primroses in the hedge; then, taking her arm, turned towards the nearest gate.

Honour turned with him and, when they struck the field path, shyly allowed him to help her over stiles. In the extravagance of youth he had kissed her at every one of them thirty years before; but this morning he had not the courage, for how could he know that this was the very thing Honour was waiting for? But as they came to the 'Kissing Gate,' where the path strikes the road a stone's throw from the inn, the farmer felt that the time had come. Not a couple would have passed through, that morning, without the toll being demanded and paid, so he pushed his way through first and held the gate firmly whilst he looked at Honour. The roses were in her cheeks, and she was all tremulous expectation.

'Tis the law, Honour ; an' do zeem the only proper thing to do—leastways on a May morning.'

The spinster looked round shyly—she would not have done it thirty years ago—then paid the toll and passed through the gate.

But they had been seen, for, just as the tax was levied and paid, a lad and a maid came round the corner of the inn and met them half-way. The girl was smiling, and in the lad's eye there came a mirthful twinkle as he saw who the couple were. There was more red than usual in the farmer's face, and in Honour's the blood was running in rosy tides. There was a moment's embarrassment, and then the girl's wit saved the situation.

'A merry maying to 'ee, varmer !' she said pleasantly.

'And luck to your maid !' chimed in her swain.

'Zame to yours !' responded the farmer boisterously, whilst Honour, not to be outdone in courtesy, gave wish for wish :

'Tis a pleasant morning, and I wish you joy for May !'

And so they came to 'The Green Bay Tree.'

The inn was full of Mayers exuberant with youth and joyous with young love. These had overflowed into the garden, where gipsy tables and chairs were scattered about for such as had need. Inside the house a musical-box played 'With Jockey to the Fair,' and to this exhilarating tune the customers ate their fill of clotted cream and jam and bread.

The farmer found a quiet place for Honour and himself under an old stubbard apple-tree in the orchard behind the house. The exuberant holiday-makers in the front of the house were out of sight, their laughter and the tinkle of the musical-box had a far-away sound. The young grass of the orchard was dusted with fallen blossoms, and that which the trees still retained was a glory to behold. But Farmer Whitmore had no thought for this quiet and no eye for this beauty. He furtively watched Honour's face, which, whether as the effect of May-dew or some more occult cause, seemed to have grown wonderfully young again. He felt fairly youthful himself, and he had not been a-maying for—'Why, bless me ! for this thirty years !' And last time it was with Honour. All the intervening years faded from mind, and, moved by a sudden impulse, he took Honour's hand.

'Tis terr'ble like wold times !'

'Terr'ble !' said Honour with a blush. There was a pause, during which a blackbird fluted melodiously.

'An' terr'ble pleasant—hey, Honour ?'

'Tes all that !' the spinster replied.

Another pause, during which he gripped Honour's hand more firmly, though she had made no motion to withdraw it.

'Do 'ee remember the last time we was a-maying to the "Bay Tree" ?'

'Iss! we zat under the big lilac to the front of the house!'

'Zo we did! An' I did kiss 'ee there—do 'ee call et to mind ?'

'Iss!' And this time the answer was in a whisper.

'I do zeem as I can't do better than do as I did then. What do 'ee zay, my dear ?'

Honour said nothing, and her eyelids dropped as became a modest maiden. The farmer bent towards her, and, oblivious of time and place and the innkeeper's wife, who had just entered the orchard, renewed the experiences of his youth.

'Well, I never did!' The exclamation was from the innkeeper's wife, and the farmer started away, whilst the spinster hid her face in her handkerchief.

'Oh, Farmer Whitmore, 'ee've no call to look as though 'ee'd stole a cow, an' your maid haven't nothing to be ashamed of in an honest kiss! Though, bobs-a-dies! it *do* zeem as when a man an' maid o' your years do teake to kissin' under a stubbard tree 't is most time to put up the banns!' And the woman turned back to the house laughing merrily.

'Et *do* zeem zo!' said the farmer, smiting his knee energetically. 'Et do! Vor sure tes most time to put up the banns, though the ooman have no call to shout it to all the wide world like that! What do 'ee zay—dear ?'

'I'll leave it to 'ee, Jan!' said the spinster, lifting the handkerchief from her face for one fleeting moment.

'Then vor zure I'll stroll round to the pa'son's this very morning, an' we'll be called whome come next Zunday, zo zure as I be a living man we will!'

And this time when Honour took her handkerchief down the farmer kissed her squarely, and neither felt any call to be ashamed of an honest kiss.

BEN BOLT.

Young Russian and Young Englishman.

THE Russian 'Society for the Circulation of Useful Books'—or 'Obsehtchestvo rasprostraneniya polieznikh knig,' for those who desire a difficult exercise in phonetics—provides the peasant with a variety of cheap and improving literature. For next to nothing it will sell you stories of ancient Russian heroes and saints, or folk tales, half humorous and half pathetic, of a quaintly primitive Slavonic flavour. Give a few kopecks more, and you may possess a translation of Shakespeare, or a biography of some benefactor of humanity, such as Livingstone, George Stephenson, or Dr. Jenner. The three cheap things in Russia are books, boots, and cab-fares. With a penny and a farthing in your pocket you are a large potential buyer in the first at the little shop near the Kouznietski Most, in one of the arcades leading from this Regent Street of Moscow.

This Society recently published a series dealing with foreign universities, and, first among them, by L. A. Bogdanovitch, a little book dealing with those of England. Partly original and partly a compilation, it is wholly unpretentious, yet provides amusing and not unprofitable reading for an Englishman. It is the familiar which determines what aspects we are likely to observe of the unfamiliar, and a Russian, in writing of our universities, naturally has his own at the back of his mind; but to retrace this course in order to appreciate the point of view from which the book is written is a difficult task. Russian universities are not easily isolated for purposes of study. Oxford and Cambridge dominate their own small towns, but in Russia the universities are swallowed up in the life of big cities.

That of Moscow is the greatest of them, yet, as a rule, the tourist will spend his week in Moscow, and never knowingly see the university buildings or a single student. He will carry away a jumble of impressions, among them the memory of the dusty, uneven cobbles which made his teeth rattle and his eyes blink,

the glare of whitewashed houses, and those dim little refuges from both—the churches, with their thick walls and tiny barred windows, not letting in enough of the outer sunshine to pale the reflection of the smoky yellow candlelight on the glistening walls. But there is no aroma about student life there that will attract him, no antiquity about the university buildings, nor character in the institution. Sometimes chance will lead suddenly on to its trail. In the centre part of the city, looking across some gardens at the high northern wall of the Kremlin, stands the Riding School, a great solid block of a building. Where Murray leads, the traveller, as a rule, follows. Murray offers the information that this building possesses one of the biggest single-span roofs in existence, supporting the proposition by statistics as to various railway stations, and King's Chapel, Cambridge. Those who take no interest in stresses and other mechanical subtleties will find another and more living interest here. It was here that, during recent disturbances, the police herded the rebellious students under arrest all night. This is like a sudden breath in the dark from the nostrils of that mysteriously elusive but pervading body, the Russian bureaucracy. The great disappointment to the tourist in this country is the extreme tameness and orderliness of everything. In gratitude, therefore, he will ask where the university lies, and will discover it on the opposite corner of the square in a low, yellowish, irregular clump of buildings.

But the spirit of rebellion is not the keynote of Russian student life, whatever importance it may have as a symptom. This is in the main as crushed, dull, and spiritless as these buildings are unattractive. In a country where the mental activity even of the mature is strenuously supervised and shepherded along an appointed track, it is not to be expected that the education of the young should go free. They make every effort to stamp deeply with the imperial sign while the material is still easily worked. The university is as much a State institution as the army. Its laws, officials, and activities are appointed from above. In the reign of Alexander II. it received some self-government. In the reign of Alexander III. it lost it again. Events followed a parallel course in a smaller but typical matter. In the reign of Alexander II. the students' uniform was abolished, and in the reign of Alexander III. re-introduced. Now, but for the innate tendency of such a body to think and live for itself, it would be just such a shadow of a university as imperial decrees could create and keep together.

Most characteristic of the bureaucracy, far more so than the dramatic terrors of Siberian exile and Cossack charges which we habitually attribute to it, is the system of petty repression and espionage which it adopts towards the social life of the students. No clubs are allowed, for however innocent a purpose. Even ordinary friendship, if it leads to the formation of anything like a clique, is suspected and watched. But the repressive is not the only evil side of the Government's policy. Its well-meant efforts for the advancement of learning have equally lamentable results. The special privileges given to those who pass through the university course, like bounties acting on the flow of capital, force a superfluity of the Russian youth into these channels. And this superfluity, unlike inanimate capital, has a power of suffering which makes it a curse to itself. Hunger, poverty, struggles, and bitterness await the sons of the small tradesman or the despised and semi-pauper village priest at these seats of learning.

Anyone who knows the grey and blue of the students' uniform will observe plain signs of this poverty. One has but to stand at the university gates, as the lecture-rooms empty, to notice how many are without linen collar, or have ragged cuffs and trouser ends, and trodden-down boots. Many face the wind which blows over the snow in winter in a light unfurred overcoat. Some go even without goloshes, the hallmark of Russian respectability in winter-time. Money flows like water for the poor student, and authorities scheme and debate over what is admittedly a great evil. In the essential unsoundness of conditions this only allows numbers to grow in continued disproportion to means of support. Quite a large proportion live on a siege diet of black bread and sour soup. They will herd four or five together in one room, often a den below the ground level with an unbreathable atmosphere, and are forced to devote so much time to giving private lessons that little remains for lectures and less for reading. In tramping to their pupils in these cities of big distances and poor communications they become excellent pedestrians in spite of an unsustaining diet. They too often learn little and suffer much.

If a high degree of contrast is any help, the Russian should find much worth observing in the externals of Oxford and Cambridge life. First of all there are stately dining-halls, gorgeous chapels, and sets of comfortable rooms in place of dens and garrets. Dinner among the English, in the university as elsewhere, is a ceremony and almost a rite. The dining-hall shares with the chapel the honour of first exhibition to the visitor. At the dinner

hour the towns vibrate with the clanging of bells, and the streets are filled with hurrying undergraduates in their queer black mantles, and quaintly made hats with square tops like the helmet of a Uhlan. The long tables fill up, the Latin grace is said, and dinner goes ceremoniously forward under the service of black-coated servants, while at the high table they enjoy their own choicer foods.

But more striking and characteristic even than this wealth and comfort is the cult of sport. There is no repressive bureaucracy to check the growth of the club, the common type and medium of all forms of social activity here. They bud and bloom and decay almost daily in the electric atmosphere of comradeship and liberty. But confining himself to 'sport,' and considering the number of its branches to which each college devotes a separate club, Mr. Bogdanovitch calculates, with probable correctness, that the number of athletic clubs in each university runs into hundreds. As each of these clubs has its distinctive uniform, the streets about midday present a parti-coloured appearance, being filled with undergraduates in their 'sportsmen's costumes.'

'Generally this uniform consists in a short jacket of some bright colour, striped or checked, with the college crest on the breast; light-coloured short knickers, a little cap, and leather or stuff slippers finish the costume, and taken together make up something resembling the costume of an acrobat or a clown. The expert, seeing an undergraduate in such a costume, may exactly define to what college he belongs, what game he is on his way to play, and even approximately to what extent he is successful in this sport, because the pitiable condition of the costume is in direct proportion to success in sport, and consequently in inverse proportion to success in study. Seeing a student returning from his game at about four o'clock in tattered costume, breathless from fatigue, unable to speak, sometimes with flowing blood or an arm in a bandage, every true Englishman will say, "Good fellow."

Football, he goes on, is the favourite game, and the most dangerous: 'the whole body of players is divided into two camps, and at each end gates are made of long poles. The aim of each party is so to throw a large leathern ball as to send it through their opponents' gate. . . . The large and heavy globe is thrown away and pushed away with arms and legs, and not rarely, with heroic self-sacrifice, with the head also. As soon as the ball is let go, after it rush all the players of the opposite party, a general

rough-and-tumble takes place, all shove together into a bunch, fall, wresting the ball from one another, and from this heap of living arms and legs, heads and bodies, by no means always do all emerge whole. At length someone struggles free, and with a strong stroke, propels the ball into the enemies' quarters. . . . So the game continues some hours. . . . Football undoubtedly requires great skill, presence of mind, and even bravery.'

After this follow remarks on the other clubs, frivolous, social, and serious, and above all on the 'union' of each university. In the last apparently common sense is more, and a flowery rhetoric less, cultivated than in corresponding institutions on the Continent. Then, to wind up this description of surface characteristics comes the question, 'How is it that this training, consisting of much sport, many religious observances, something of political debate, and a little learning, has given England Darwin, Macaulay, Byron, Gladstone, Newton, Palmerston, Grey, and hundreds of other sages and statesmen, whom not only their own land, but the whole world honours?'

On the more serious sides of English university life Mr. Bogdanovitch has both pleasant and unpleasant things to say. Of course, in the way of education, from a scientific point of view, Oxford and Cambridge offer nothing that will compare with the teaching given in most foreign universities. Besides this, it is a peculiarity of the English system that a man may take a high degree in one subject, say classical languages, and remain utterly ignorant of all other branches of knowledge, such as history, geography, literature, and science. On first contact with the English undergraduate the foreigner is likely to gain even an exaggerated impression of this ignorance. Apart from his lack of information with regard to most subjects about which educated men care to talk, the young Englishman is handicapped in conversation by his shyness and apparent fear of seeming enthusiastic or over interested in anything not bearing on cricket or rowing.

'In conversation with English undergraduates I have often made sure that with regard to Russia, for instance, this is all their knowledge: that to us belong Petersburg, Holy Moscow, and Siberia; and to my astonishment they have answered me that "details" were for the present unnecessary to them. At the same time I am convinced that if an Englishman, even at a ripe age, thought any knowledge necessary, he would immediately acquire and thoroughly assimilate it.'

It is one of the virtues of the English student that he is, as a rule, ready to be a learner all his life. He knows that the letters B.A. do not turn him into a ready-made scientific authority. In this he contrasts favourably with his fellow on the Continent, who is usually marked by a great deal of intellectual headiness, and an unbounded confidence in his powers of judgment on all matters. This is one of the many co-operating tendencies which bring it about that the student in England is solidly and practically conservative, while abroad he is so often a visionary and a revolutionary. To the same cause is due the fact that the atheist is as rare in the English university as the believer is abroad.

English has only the one word 'education' to express both training of the mind and training of character. It is because Oxford and Cambridge aim at being more than forcing-houses for the production of books that they are so successful in producing men. The two forms of training go inseparably together at the university, as they have already done at the school and at home. A wise and severe discipline, which yet encourages independence and self-respect, though there may be cases of early spoiling, 'yet is rewarded a hundredfold by that normal abundance of physical and moral energy which is the general feature of all this flower of youth.'

It is when looked on as a part of this general system that the worship of sport ceases to appear exaggerated and absurd. The athletics are all put down to the credit of Mr. Herbert Spencer. The Englishman has listened to the command to be a good animal. Mr. Herbert Spencer 'converted the English nation to his own faith, and now not one nation on earth behaves with such reverence to the body, cultivates it so untiringly, as the English. . . . In England, where land is so dear and the population so dense, throughout the whole country you will meet with spaces, big and little, set apart for cricket, football, &c. All this represents an immense capital, and has been done by patience and perseverance. This is the product of a whole revolution gradually coming to pass in the manners of the nation, which some fifty years ago, by the evidence of all observers, was a sluggish, coarse, bovine people, devoted in all ranks of society to gluttony and drunkenness.'

These two great institutions where 'we don't learn much, but we learn how to learn,' have then even in impartial foreign eyes great and peculiar qualities of their own. It is a pity that in

addition to moral and physical virtues they cannot impart what one would more or less expect of a university, a thirst for and an esteem of knowledge, but should leave so many of those who pass out of their walls satisfied on most subjects with odds and ends of the 'Petersburg, Holy Moscow, and Siberia' type.

N. W. CLAYTON.

The Fairy Pipers.

WEARY is the way and I'm a weary man to-night :
 Ah, the fairy pipers that awoke me long ago
 When the mists began to shiver at the coming of the light,
 And the wind was in the heather soft and low.

The gray hills flushed to purple and the east was like a rose,
 They called me to the long road with piping shrill and clear ;
 Rest and rust and dull content the mortal never knows
 Who may once the fairy pipers chance to hear.

Over hill and valley he must follow till he fall ;
 Jewelled gossamers at dawn that shine about his feet,
 Love and wealth and honour, he must break and leave them all
 When the fairy music calls him, shrill and sweet.

Shepherds on the quiet hills, fishers by the stream,
 Light and life and laughter where the busy city hums,
 Grow and dwindle round him faint as figures in a dream,
 Still the music calls him and he comes.

Friends and comrades round me, I went forth upon my quest,
 Never road too hard for us and ne'er a hill too high,
 One by one they failed and fell, the fairest and the best,
 And the grass is green above them where they lie.

Noon and weary afternoon and now the shadows fall
 Longer down the valley, and alone I follow still
 Where the fairy pipers moving through the dusk before me call,
 And the first star shines above the hill.

Weary is the way and I'm a weary man to-night :
 Ah, the fairy pipers that awoke me long ago,
 Still they're calling as they called me when my heart and foot
 were light
 And the wind was in the heather soft and low.

DUNCAN J. ROBERTSON.

Old-fashioned Accomplishments.

A 'WOMAN'S PAPER' of a few weeks ago contained a complaint that the modern girl, on leaving school, is not 'accomplished as were women of the upper classes in older generations,' and more than hints that hockey and other games are responsible for this unaccomplished condition. Perhaps it may be worth while to inquire a little into the real nature of the accomplishments thus regretted. The word at once recalls a conversation that occurs in *Pride and Prejudice*.

"It is amazing to me," said Bingley, "how young ladies can have patience to be so very accomplished as they all are. . . . They all paint tables, cover screens and net purses. I scarcely know anyone who cannot do all this." . . . "Your list of the common extent of accomplishments," said Darcy, "has too much truth. The word is applied to many a woman who deserves it no otherwise than by netting a purse or covering a screen."

The accomplishment of netting purses has unquestionably died out; and the home-covered screen has been for the most part superseded—not unhappily—by the painted or embroidered one. These, however, are not the only obsolete accomplishments once practised by English girls; and persons who look back so regretfully upon the ways of 'older generations' may perhaps be restored to cheerfulness by a little study of *The Girl's Own Book*, as that work appeared in early editions. The volume was originally compiled in America by Mrs. Child, the Abolitionist, and contains internal evidence of having been, for its time, 'advanced.' The edition before me is the eighth, published in London by Thomas Tegg—a piratical person, it is to be feared, who probably paid Mrs. Child nothing—in the year 1835. It contains, by way of frontispiece, a portrait of the Princess Victoria, wearing a very large hat and very small sandal shoes, and is 'embellished with 144 woodcuts.' The British Museum has nothing earlier than the thirteenth edition, with a new editress and many alterations.

This little square volume, the corners of whose pages are worn to roundness by the fingers of two generations, is divided into several sections, and, sad to say, the first of these is—*Games*! But let the lover of the past take courage; the games of 1835 are not the games of 1903. The leading feature of these pastimes is the ‘paying of forfeits,’ and on page 95 directions for this process appear. ‘It is extremely difficult,’ remarks Mrs. Child, ‘to find such forfeits as are neither dangerous nor unladylike.’ Judging by the samples given it would appear even more difficult to find any which could conceivably afford amusement either to performer or to onlooker. As a mere intellectual exercise, hockey is infinitely superior.

After *Games*, comes a section devoted—the differentiation is suggestive—to *Active Exercises*, among which is included Cup-and-Ball. In this division Mrs. Child—a born reformer—exhibits views of a daring kind. Under the head of Bow-and-Arrow, she remarks: ‘Of all things in the world, health is the most important. I fear our little girls do not take enough exercise in the open air.’ She proceeds to give a series of exercises, with and without apparatus, and describes them as ‘Calisthenic.’ ‘This hard name,’ she explains, ‘is given to a gentler sort of gymnastics suited to girls. The exercises have been very generally introduced into the schools of England. Many people think them dangerous because they confound them with the ruder and more daring gymnastics of boys; but such exercises are selected as are free from danger; and it is believed that they tend to produce vigorous muscles, graceful motion, and symmetry of form.’ Several of the exercises are illustrated, and No. 13 actually shows a short-waisted and short-sleeved young lady swinging on a horizontal bar, her minute feet well off the ground.

The fourteen pages devoted to *Active Exercises* are succeeded by ten dealing with *Baskets*, and twenty-one dealing with *Ornaments*. Here, then, we come to the ‘accomplishments’ of the ‘older generations,’ the ‘elegant’ and ‘ladylike’ employments of those leisure hours which seem to have been so enviably numerous.

We begin with Moss baskets, made of cardboard, ‘neatly lined’ and covered with bunches of dried moss, sewn or glued on. Imitation moss, we are instructed, may be made of worsted, knitted, ‘washed and dried by a gentle heat in order to keep it curled,’ then unravelled and sewn on in bunches. Mrs. Child reports that she has seen baskets of this kind with coloured chalk

eggs lying in them. 'I thought them extremely pretty, but I should not have thought them so had they been *real* eggs stolen from a poor suffering bird.' Alum baskets appear to be merely baskets of wicker or wire rendered ornamental—and useless—by being first wound round with worsted and then suspended in a jar containing saturated solution of alum. The alum, which may be previously coloured, will form crystals all over the basket; and it is noted that 'a group of crystals of different colours form a very pretty ornament for a chimney-piece. They must be made by suspending some rugged substance, such as a peach-stone, a half-burned stick, &c., in the boiling solution.' Allspice baskets are to be composed of allspice berries, softened by soaking in brandy, and strung on slender wire 'twisted into such a form as you please.' 'A gold bead between every two berries gives a rich appearance.' One may venture to surmise that the soaking in brandy must also have given a rich and hardly refined perfume. Bead baskets are to be made in a similar manner. Rice or shell baskets again demand a cardboard foundation papered over. This is to be 'covered with grains of rice, bugles of different colours' (does the bugle, that elongated bead of our childhood, still exist?), 'or very small delicate shells, put on with gum and arranged in such figures as suit your fancy.' Of the Wafer basket the frame is once more made of cardboard 'bound neatly at the edges with gilt paper,' a material copiously employed in the decorative labours of 1835. Having prepared the framework, 'take the smallest wafers you can get,' make them, according to a prescribed method, into outstanding stars or rosettes, and 'when you have enough prepared, wet the bottoms and fasten them on the basket in such forms as you please. . . . The handle may be decorated in the same manner as the basket,' but 'if it is likely to be handled much,' Mrs. Child wisely advises that it should rather be ornamented with ribbon. This advice recalls the 'filigree basket' manufactured by Miss Edgeworth's Rosamond as a birthday present for her cousin Bell, and the uneasiness of the maker when her father 'rather roughly' took hold of the handle. 'Starting off the coach seat, she cried, "Oh, sir! father! sir! You will spoil it indeed," said she with increased vehemence, when, after drawing aside the veil of silver paper, she saw him grasp the myrtle-wreathed handle. "Indeed, sir, you will spoil the poor handle." "But what is the use of *the poor handle*," said her father, "if we are not to take hold of it? And pray," continued he, turning the basket round with his finger and thumb, in

rather a disrespectful manner, "pray is this the thing you have been about, all this week? I have seen you, all this week, dabbling with paste and rags; I could not conceive what you were about. Is this the thing?"

Miss Edgeworth, it is to be feared, would have read with little respect the directions for basket-making in *The Girl's Own Book*. These are not yet exhausted. There are enumerated baskets of melon-seeds, of feathers, of cloves—on the pattern of the allspice basket—of straw, of lavender and—most mysterious—of straw and 'millinet'; these last being admittedly 'fragile things intended rather for ornament than use.' Finally, there are Paper-ball baskets and Paper-rosette baskets. Both belong to the favourite type; the cardboard frame, covered with paper and bound to taste with a gilt edging, being used as a background for gummed-on decorations. These decorations consist, in the latter case, of rosettes produced by artful folding of narrow strips of paper, and in the former of 'little rolls of paper about as large as a quill and as long as your nail. . . . These little rolls are made to keep together by means of gum arabic. When of different coloured paper and neatly made they are rather pretty.' This description serves to elucidate a dark passage of Miss Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*, where Miss Lucy Steele is engaged like Rosamond in making a 'filigree' basket, and Miss Elinor Dashwood helps her to 'roll her papers.'

The elaborate construction of the paper-rosette basket forms the climax and conclusion of the article *Baskets*; and we pass on to *Ornaments*, reflecting, perhaps, as we turn the leaf, that not one of these baskets would serve to carry anything, that none of them would bear thoroughly washing, and that most of them seem especially designed for the collection of dust.

Among ornaments the first place is given to Imitation China. The requisites are 'a prettily shaped tumbler of clear glass,' an engraving to be coloured 'as much like china as you can,' gold paper, and 'gold paper edging.' The engraving is fitted in to the tumbler, the necessary joins covered by a strip of gold paper, and a band of the same employed to cover the glass base of the tumbler, while gold paper binds together glass and paper at the top. A circle of white paper, nicked like a jam-pot cover, is pressed into the bottom, and 'when it is finished not one in a hundred could tell it from French china without close examination.' To this art also Miss Austen makes allusion; the Misses Bennet, waiting in their aunt's drawing-room for the gentlemen to

come in from the dinner-table, 'had nothing to do but to wish for an instrument and examine their own indifferent imitations of china on the mantel-piece.' Let it not, however, be hastily supposed that such chimney ornaments served no purpose. Mrs. Child points out that they form 'pretty receptacles' for 'alumets.' By the elegant name of 'alumets' Mrs. Child denotes those 'candle-lighters' or 'spills' which Miss Matty, of Cranford, piqued herself upon making 'of coloured paper so as to resemble feathers.' Mrs. Child, after candidly owning that 'these coloured papers are principally for show,' instructs us how to produce amazing effects. 'Two papers of different colours wound on the same stem, or gold paper and white paper wound together, are,' she observes, 'very beautiful.' Having sufficiently adorned the parlour mantel-piece with 'alumets' stuck into tumblers of imitation china, a young lady might turn her attention to making a straw cottage. She would run straws through a cardboard foundation, and through a roof of thick drawing-paper, and would gum flat straws upon this roof and its gable ends. Persons of enterprise might go so far as to construct 'little temples, summer-houses and pagodas after a similar fashion, with round or six-sided roofs, and an acorn or some little ornament gummed upon the top.' 'A cottage looks pretty with very, *very* little artificial flowers introduced among the straws to imitate woodbine.'

Passing by the manufacture of paper handscreens—in which gold paper once more plays an important part—we come to paper cuttings. Paper is to be cut into the honeycomb pattern which some of us are old enough to remember as adorning fire-grates in remote country lodgings. Mrs. Child is of opinion that 'strips of light green paper cut in this way and hung in festoons about mirrors, pictures, entry lamps, &c., look very pretty.' A variety of paper cutting produces candle ornaments—a kind of eight-petalled blossom with the candle as pistil. These may be dyed to 'the bright green usually sold' or to a 'fine yellow.' Lacework cuttings are also recommended; made of tissue paper they may serve as 'a very tasteful ornament for candlesticks,' and their beauty will be 'greatly increased by dipping into hot spermaceti.' 'Some people obtain glass dust from the glass-house and sprinkle it on while the spermaceti is warm. It looks very brilliant, but is apt to fall in a warm room.' Quitting the subject of cut paper, we enter a region of science. We engrave eggshells by sketching on them with melted tallow and leaving the eggshell to soak in very strong vinegar until the acid eats away the ungreased

surface; we make a lead-tree, a tin-tree or a silver-tree by suspending zinc wire in the appropriate solution and suffering branching crystals to form themselves upon it as on a stem. The destination of these objects is not expressly mentioned, but no doubt they would find a resting-place upon some mantel-shelf. Various branches of artistic decoration close the section. There is Poonah painting, in which colour is scrubbed on as dry as possible through the holes of a succession of paper stencil-plates; shadow landscapes, in which the light parts of a traced or copied picture are cut away and the paper then held up to the light; paper landscapes, in which the shadows are formed by varied thicknesses of stuck-on paper which exhibit gradations of shade when light shines through; and—horrible to relate—pomatum landscapes, in which a card is first spread with pomatum as a slice of bread with butter, then rubbed over with a coarse lead pencil, and finally has the light parts of the intended landscape scraped away with a knife or needle. Whether this appalling production was to be hung on a wall is not explained. This series of landscapes is succeeded by a series of boxes—boxes of white wood whereon the background of some outline drawing is painted black to look ‘like ebony inlaid with ivory’; scrap boxes, stuck over with bits ‘cut from engravings’ and afterwards highly varnished; boxes to the top of which engravings are transferred with inordinate pains and care, and an enormous expenditure of coats of varnish.

To the section *Ornaments* succeeds one even longer, dealing with puzzles, riddles, charades, &c., that would have delighted the heart of Harriet Smith; and after this we arrive at needlework. Here we feel how great is the change wrought by the sewing-machine. ‘Every little girl before she is twelve years old,’ we are told, ‘should know how to cut and make a shirt with perfect accuracy and neatness.’ In these days shirtmaking has passed entirely into the domain of commerce, and it may well be doubted whether the brother exists who would consent to wear a shirt manufactured at home by even the most accomplished of sisters. ‘At the infant schools in England,’ Mrs. Child assures us, ‘children of three and four years old make miniature shirts about big enough for a large doll. . . . I have seen a small fine linen shirt made with crinum silk by an English child of five years old, and it was truly beautiful.’ One cannot help wondering how much of the bad eyesight now being observed and cared for may perhaps be due to the work at three, four, and five years old, of our grand-

mothers, upon 'fine linen' shirts, with careful takings up of two threads and passings over of four threads.

Bags, reticules, purses, pin-cushions, and pen-wipers are next described in great variety, and sometimes in terms so mysterious that the natural curiosity of woman invites us to lay down the pen, seek needle, silk, ribbon, &c., and try, by experiment, to arrive at the meaning of these strange directions.

Articles follow about bees, silkworms, and gardening. These are chiefly remarkable for a singular absence of practical instructions. We are, indeed, told not to sprinkle the mulberry-leaves upon which our silkworms are to be fed; but the whole duty of the young lady gardener would seem to lie in gathering seeds when ripe and dry; 'doing up' these seeds 'in strong paper carefully folded that they may not be spilt,' and writing upon them 'neatly' the name, season, and height of the plant.

The volume concludes with a couple of fables, a set of verses, and two stories, which were greatly beloved, many years ago, by the present critic of *The Girl's Own Book*, but which its second editor saw fit to eliminate from all late editions.

Can any person seriously regret that girls have dropped the 'accomplishments' inculcated by this excellently intended little book? Does not the heart sink at the accumulation of trumpery with which industrious girls may, under its guidance, have encumbered the houses of their parents or of their newly married husbands? Think of the little gimcrack baskets, the imitation china and 'alumets,' the paper foliage hanging round candlesticks and shedding glass dust as the room grew warm, the engraved boxes, the mess of varnish and gold paper, the odious little 'landscapes' that aimed at producing effects in any conceivable way other than that of learning to draw! We live, it may be, in an age of deteriorating manners, of slang, of games unfemininely rough; but at least we have escaped living in the age of filigree baskets.

CLEMENTINA BLACK.

The Justice of the Mountains.

ALL day I had been riding round the ruins of Ephesus, and in the afternoon the rain fell heavily, so that I was glad to hurry back along the Via Sacra with its empty tombs to the shelter of the inn at Ayasoluk.

There Mr. Karpouza, the landlord, had prepared a capital dinner, and I found a good fire blazing up the chimney in the dining-room. And soon, as the dark February afternoon closed in, in thick cold mist, the lamp was lighted, and I sat down to do full justice to the fare.

Driven into the inn by stress of weather came a tobacco trader, who, with a low bow took a chair opposite to me and ate his soup in silence.

We began to talk about travelling other than by rail in such inclement weather. The trader was bound for Scala Nuova, which would have necessitated a long drive through almost impassable country. Then the conversation turned upon the latest news of Tchakegie, the brigand. Mr. Karpouza had agreed with us in our self-congratulations on being so well housed; but at the mention of Tchakegie he made frantic signs from behind my back to the trader to change the subject. At length he could keep silence no longer.

‘If you talk like this no more travellers will come this way.’

‘But,’ I said, ‘Tchakegie lives some distance from here.’

‘Only the name of his place is unfortunately the same as this. It is called Ayasoluk,’ said the trader.

Mr. Karpouza fairly groaned. ‘It means the place of St. John,’ he said apologetically, ‘but why the place of that ruffian should——’

‘He’s no ruffian!’ exclaimed the trader.

‘It is my misfortune,’ bewailed Mr. Karpouza, ‘that just the home of that brigand, of all people, should be of the same name as my own!’

'But no one would take you for a brigand, Mr. Karpouza,' I said, 'unless, of course, you are as like Tchakegie as the name of your place.'

'Oh Lord!' exclaimed the trader. '*Like Tchakegie*, oh Lord!'

'Did you ever know Tchakegie?' I asked.

'Yes, very well indeed, in former days. He is no ruffian, but a gentleman.'

'Now, Mr. Karpouza, you hear that!' I said, 'and you must let us talk about him with a view to his capture, you understand.'

'Yes,' cried the trader, 'that's just it. Whoever catches him will get a lot of money by it.'

'What would be the best way?' I asked.

'Well, you see,' said the trader, pushing away his pudding plate and lighting a cigarette, 'Tchakegie is not like any other brigand. He is a gentleman—the most perfect gentleman in all Asia. He will never harm a lady, nor a woman, nor a child. He will never harm a merchant either, though he may take from him a contribution—not too much, but something. He is good—oh, how good!—to the poor. But when it comes to cruel people and soldiers and their officers—ah! these are the ones he likes to catch; and the officials, yes—those too he will shoot. That is why the people have given him a name. He is "*The Justice of the Mountains*," for it is he that punishes.'

'But he cannot make much of a living at that rate,' I observed. 'Don't you think he would be better off keeping an inn, for instance?'

'But, certainly, he *is* rich—very, very rich,' answered the trader. 'He knows who the people are who have been cruel, and have taken other people's money. Those are the ones he looks after, and he takes their money away and gives it to the poor and to those who have not enough, and some he keeps for himself. Ah! yes; he is well called "*The Justice of the Mountains*."'

'But how would you propose to catch him?' I asked.

'Well, he is the most frank and generous-hearted man alive, and if I went to his place and said, "Here, Tchakegie, I want your photograph," he would say, "My photograph! What for?" and I would say, "Oh, just to sell to the newspapers and make a little money, for, you see, I am only a poor fellow." Tchakegie would say, "All right; you shall have it." Well, when I had got that I could make a lot of money by that.'

'Quite so; and the price upon his head—this frank, generous-hearted friend of yours—you would get that, too.'

'Ah! that's it. You see, he would go anywhere to help a friend. That would be the way to catch him; but few people know what he looks like, and he is so different—so very different—from what people expect that they might talk to him for a long while without knowing who he is.'

'He has never caught you?' I asked.

'Me! never. He would never hurt me. I knew him well years ago, before he turned brigand.'

'What was he before he turned brigand?'

'Well, it was in this way. Many years ago now his father offended the officials—in the reign of the late Sultan that was—and in consequence he was obliged to take to the mountains and turn brigand. In these days perhaps he would have been exiled. A good many years passed, and the present Sultan came to the throne. Then an occasion offered, and he accepted the Sultan's pardon—that is, he surrendered and was given a billet somewhere in the army. A short time afterwards, an expedition started into the mountains and he was ordered to go too. He took with him his son Tchakegie, who was then quite a boy. Tchakegie was riding in the rear, and as they rode up the mountain the road turned like a serpent, as you know it does sometimes, and Tchakegie saw an officer level his gun and take aim at his father, who was in front, and shoot him dead through the back.

'That made a great impression upon Tchakegie, and the impression had time to deepen, for the officer who shot his father accused the boy before the authorities of a crime which he had not committed, and he was put in prison for six years. Six years makes a difference in the life of a boy, and when Tchakegie came out of prison he was a young man with a settled purpose. He went to find the officer who shot his father, and having found him he shot him dead, and then he fled to the mountains and turned brigand. Yes! what else could he do? He is not old now, only twenty-eight or thirty. But he is not like other brigands. His life has not made him bloodthirsty, and he is not greedy. Other brigands will sometimes take the ransom and then kill the people. Yes! and they do worse things to women and children, and they cut off people's fingers and toes and send them to the people's friends and relations. They do that out of spite. Tchakegie is not like that; you might almost think that he is sorry to be a brigand at all, though he is so rich and has so much power. For every governor in this country is afraid of him since he is "The Justice of the Mountains." They know what will

happen to them if they go too far in their ways and Tchakegie gets to hear about it.

‘I will tell you a story about him. There are many like it, for he is very good to the poor. Once there were some poor people who worked very hard on their farm. They had a daughter—only that daughter—and she was a very pretty girl. Well, there was a brigand, and he wanted to have her. So he came with his men and took her away. Now, Tchakegie knew this old man, and as he chanced to ride that way, he stopped at the farm to rest himself; and he found the old man and his wife quite crazy. When he made out what it was that made them so crazy, he said, “Don’t worry any more. You shall have your daughter to-morrow—all safe.” So he rode away. The brigands meantime had got to their house and set down the girl, and she sat in a corner and was very frightened. While they sat round a table drinking mastic, all of a sudden Tchakegie came in. And they said to him, “Sit down,” and he said, “I will not sit down. What is that girl doing there?” “Oh!” they said, “that is only a girl, never mind her—sit down.” “I will not sit down,” said Tchakegie, “while that girl is there. She must go to her own place.” Then he blew his whistle, and before these brigands could move, Tchakegie’s men were in the room. And Tchakegie shot the chief brigand dead himself, and some more of the others were shot too. That was to teach brigands not to do such things. Then he took the girl and brought her safely to her parents as he promised he would do. This he did to teach brigands not to do such things.

‘You see now the thing which makes it difficult to catch Tchakegie. If we lost him, things would be very much worse. The peasants know that, and they like him much, much better than the officials. If we had not Tchakegie, it is difficult to know who would keep the officials in order. Then, if he meets a man who is poor and can’t get along because he wants a little money loaned to him, Tchakegie gives him the money, and does not mind if he never gets paid. He helps them besides in many ways that the officials will not do. Just lately he has made a bridge and repaired a road, because every year many poor people were drowned there, and they could not get their produce to the market. Tchakegie paid a man 400*l.* to build a bridge. Since then Tchakegie has heard that the man cheated him and spent only 200*l.*, which may be because he does not understand those things. Now he is looking for that man to take 200*l.* off him.

‘But the cleverest thing he ever did happened the other day, and that is why you will see how busy they are now trying to catch him. Yes! The soldiers are being sent up from Smyrna, and one was so frightened that he had apoplexy and died before he started.

‘How can they catch him when he knows every turn in the mountains, and when many people would conceal him? Then he can shoot very well, and some of them cannot shoot at all. But this last thing he did exceeds all the rest. He went into a house in the middle of a town in broad daylight, and walked out again with seven or eight thousand pounds. It was the feast at the end of Ramâdan, and he went into the town dressed as an Imâm. He went to the house of a very rich man who was a miser, and the servants opened the door to him because he was dressed as an Imâm; for it is the custom that Imâms go to the houses of the rich—especially the very rich—to pray there in the morning of the feast, and they get paid for doing it. So the servants thought Tchakegie was the Imâm who had come to pray. The master of the house was out. He had gone to the mosque to say his prayers. So the Imâm—that was Tchakegie—went in to wait for him. When the man came back to his house Tchakegie opened the door to him and said, “Do you know me? I am Tchakegie. Give me now your money, or I’ll have your life,” and he drew out a revolver.

‘The man was terribly frightened. He had a great deal of money. Tchakegie opened the door to one of his own men, while Tchakegie himself went with the man to the safe to fetch the money. There was much gold and a great deal of silver. Tchakegie took for himself all the gold, about six thousand pounds. The silver he gave to the five men who were with him, who were admitted one by one. Then they went away. It was market-day in the town, and no one took special notice of the strange Imâm who walked through the market alone, and went out of the town into the country through the same gate with many of the country people who were returning home.

‘What happened to the man is the question. Perhaps he was too dazed to take action. Anyhow, when he did arrive at the Konak half an hour afterwards to give information, he was so incoherent, and the tale he told was so strange, that the officials did not know what to make of it.’

This was the tobacco trader’s story of Tchakegie, the renowned brigand—the modern Robin Hood—‘The Justice of the Mountains, in Asia Minor. Later on—it was as he foretold—a great stir was

made to catch Tchakegie, and I saw the troops who were sent up from Smyrna. The Vali also came himself. The soldiers went into the mountains and arrived at a house where Tchakegie or some of his men were said to be. A dispute arose as to what should be done, whether the house should be taken in the darkness by assault, or whether they should wait till daylight. The dispute dragged on till morning, and with the morning came Tchakegie. As soon as the news reached the soldiers there was a stampede. Some forty men were killed or wounded by Tchakegie himself, as in their hurry to escape they took the nearest path—a narrow mountain track—at the bottom of which he was waiting for them with his rifle.

The account of this defeat of the soldiers was given me in our logia, and the narrator wound up by remarking—

‘I wonder if the Vali can do anything! They say that Tchakegie carries a talisman with him which prevents his being shot.’

‘That is so,’ remarked Hadja, who sat on the floor before the brazier engaged in her favourite occupation of making coffee—‘that is so, for we know that if a bullet strikes his flesh it falls to the ground.’

Whether this be true or not the reader must decide for himself. At all events the greater part of the stories told me of Tchakegie were, I believe, substantially so, and no doubt he is in many respects a remarkable character. A better government would provide a career for such a man. Instead of living in his mountain stronghold breathing defiance and executing vengeance upon corrupt and venial officials, he might be fighting his country’s battles, or helping to carry out some greatly needed scheme of roads or irrigation.

At all events his character and life as sketched to me suggested the fact that Turkey can produce men of mettle, with rude ideals of justice, by no means devoid of heroism.

FRANCES MACNAB.

Canada in the Sixties.

III.

A MONTH'S ENCAMPMENT IN THE WILDERNESS.

OUR guide, Achil Guelle, knew the district I had chosen for our month's encampment generally, but could give it no particular name. A few spots he designated with trapper's nomenclature; but the place was, and probably still is, a completely out-of-the-way wilderness, never visited by any being but Indians and hunters, and by comparatively few of them. According to Achil, however, it was a splendid spot for game; and so it proved. I suppose it to be situated about midway between Playgreen Lake and the Hill River, and some fifty miles from either; but the map I had was not sufficiently good to locate the spot with precision.

The night of our arrival I was much struck with the peculiar cry of some bird which I was told was the whip-poor-will, and which was answered by another at an apparently considerable distance. As I had never before heard the cries of these birds I could not judge for myself, but I had not the least doubt that the notes were those of a crepuscular hawk of some kind, though I had hitherto thought that the whip-poor-will was confined to the warmer parts of America. On this and subsequent nights I heard the birds calling and answering for hours, but several days elapsed before I saw one of them. At length I shot one, and from its skin I subsequently learned it to be the *Chordeiles virginianus* of Americans, *Caprimulgus virginianus* of the English. I believe this bird has never been found so far north before, and doubt has been cast on my having found it at the spot indicated. There is the skin, however; and the fact cannot be disproved, though both American and English naturalists have seemed to be sceptical about it. These were not, however,

naturalists of repute. The bird seems to be local hereabout, although Achil said he had seen and heard it hundreds of miles to the eastward. I heard it for the last time on the 27th of September, and as it was not seen after that date I presume that it had migrated south.

The bird called by the trappers the whisky-jack, first seen near Lake Témiscaming, was numerous here. Within the last few days I have identified this bird. It is the Canadian jay (*Corvus canadensis* of Linnæus); and Professor Newton thinks that the name 'whisky-jack' is the corruption of a Cree name. It is a most amusing and interesting bird, and very common in Canada.

The wild fruits about here were similar to those of Canada proper; that is, cranberries, raspberries, and blackberries. But for the first time I met with the wild plum. Those about here were of the 'blue' or purple kind; but there is also a 'white' sort. They were not ripe on our first arrival; and I cannot praise their flavour when at the best; but Canadians and Yankees alike think a great deal of them for making jams. The people of these countries preserve any sort of wild fruit, and are never tired of praising them, so that one would think this the first country in the world for wild fruits if he depended only on what he heard. Few parts of the northern half of the continent, however, are better provided with this class of productions than England. Americans have the sweet-tooth highly developed, and resemble children in their fondness for sweets.

On the very first day of my search in the woods for game I met with an exciting adventure, and one that raised me greatly in the esteem of my Indian friends. This was nothing less than the meeting with and killing my first bear—a huge creature of the black species, *Ursus americanus*. For the skin of this large beast I received fifty pounds in England; and it was acknowledged by all the trappers who saw it to be one of the finest they had ever examined, and to be in perfect condition. That I obtained it as easily as I did was an almost miraculous piece of good fortune, for I was armed only with a shot-gun.

I had been out looking for small game, and was some distance away from our camping-place in a piece of rocky ground, with a stream of water in front and a swamp on the right. I had not expected to meet with any large animal, as there were no tracks of deer in the neighbourhood, and bears never entered my thoughts; yet when returning I came quite suddenly on a very large black

bear, which was busy devouring blackberries, and also beetles : for I saw him turning over stones and detached pieces of rock in search of them, and eagerly scratching them out of crevices. He was not more than a hundred yards off when I first saw him ; and though I was walking rather carelessly at the time, he neither saw nor heard me. I came to a sudden halt, rather startled, I must own, for this was the first wild bear I had ever seen, and it at once occurred to me that I was very poorly armed for an encounter with such an animal. I had a twelve-gauge gun loaded with No. 4 shot, and a pair of heavy pistols without which I never moved ; but pistols were scarcely fit weapons to attack a bear with, though they carried balls averaging twenty-five to the pound weight.

The bear was slowly advancing towards me, and I was compelled to retreat, for the space between the brook and the swamp was so narrow that I could not risk an attempt to pass him. I tried to ford the brook, but not only did the water come above the waist before I reached the middle, but the bottom was a treacherous quicksand, and I had to get out of it hastily, after a narrow escape of sticking fast. The swamp was quite impassable.

The bear continually elevated his muzzle and sniffed the air, and I thought that he winded two or three ducks which I had recently killed. I therefore took them from my belt and threw them down, hoping to gain time ; and as I retired I drew the shot from my gun, and substituted two bullets in each barrel, with six drams of powder behind them. The bullets I fortunately made it a habit always to carry with me in case I should meet with deer.

I saw the bear stop to maul the ducks, and, congratulating myself on the ruse which had succeeded in delaying him, I hastened to get round the swamp. The bear must have caught sight of me, for suddenly he came after me with surprising nimbleness. I cannot say what my feelings were, but a sort of furious fear took possession of me, and stimulated me to strive to save my life. I fired full at the bear's chest when he was about twenty paces distant. He fell, but got up again, as I have noticed that animals often do when merely shot through the lungs, and I saw that blood was dripping from his mouth. I suppose I realised, on the spur of the moment, that nothing but coolness could make my last poor chance a winning one. I know that fear (I may as well confess it) made my aim a desperately sure one. The head of the bear was not six feet from the muzzle of the gun

when I fired the second barrel, and it killed him instantly. In fact, the head was shattered, and part of the brain blown out. What a sigh of relief I gave! I think I realised the feeling of a bird when it escapes the trap; of a fly when it breaks from the web just in the nick of time to escape the rushing spider.

I hope I shall be excused for giving such a minute account of this combat. It was my first serious adventure with a formidable animal, and I was boyishly proud of my success, and of the astonished praise of my companions.

The bear was so heavy that I could not turn it over or drag its leg from under it, and the skinning of it was work for the whole party. The length from the snout to the root of the tail was six feet seven inches; the weight of the animal could not have been less than from 800 to 900 lbs. The skin was perfect. My companions admitted that they had never seen a finer, and it was glossy black throughout—a rare occurrence.

I will not here add greatly to the remarks I have made about American bears in a former work, and what I now say refers only to Canadian examples. The average length of the black bear in this country (Canada and the North-West) is only a few inches more than five feet, and the weight from 600 to 650 lbs. In particular localities they grow larger; in others, without being much smaller, they are considerably lighter. They also vary in weight with the season, being lightest after the hibernation and heaviest just before it. They vary much in colour, being sometimes black and sometimes light brown, with many intermediate shades. Locality has sometimes something to do with colour. Some hunters and naturalists say that the brown is a distinct species. I do not share that opinion. It is certain that the pelts are classified as black and brown by the Hudson Company's people. I have heard that the black bear is no longer found in any part of Canada or the North-West. I do not know, as it is more than twenty years since I was in the country. At the time of which I am writing they were not abundant anywhere, and in large areas could not be found at all. In a word, they were already beginning to show signs of a speedy extermination.

The black bears are omnivorous, and will eat anything from a beetle to a deer, from a blackberry to a cabbage. They certainly kill cariboo, breaking the neck with a blow of the paw. Whether they ever attack the larger deer I do not know, but I can perceive no reason why they should not. They are enormously strong, and can walk off with a cariboo as easily as a cat with a mouse.

Notwithstanding my first experience, I subsequently convinced myself that they seldom attack men; but they do so on rare occasions, and it seems to be more from caprice than for any other reason. They are uncertain-tempered animals. Those captured young, and brought up by the colonists or hunters, become as attached as dogs to their masters. In their native haunts they are very active animals, and no person who had watched them in the wilds would speak of a bear as a 'clumsy' animal.

In the district where we were camping the bears were unusually fine. Several were seen during our stay, and two more were killed. One, measuring five feet eight inches, was killed by the whole party of us combined, receiving no fewer than fourteen bullets, to the no small detriment of the pelt. The other, just over six feet in length, was killed with a single bullet in the head by Achil, single-handed. This last was whitish about the muzzle, and had some brownish patches about it. All were males; the females are quite a third smaller than their lords.

There were wolves here, and gluttons—the first time I had seen the latter animal; and I thought that it might be owing to the abundance of these animals that the deer had forsaken the neighbourhood. We were soon at work with the traps, and captured several wolves and a fox or two, but no glutton was ever captured, though several were shot. They seemed even more cunning and suspicious than the wolves, and even the latter appeared soon to acquire a suspicion of the fate of their companions; for after the first week or two none ventured near the traps, skilfully as we concealed them under moss and leaves, or with a light layer of sand over them.

Of the gluttons I shot two myself by lying in wait at night, for these animals rarely show themselves during daylight. They are among the fiercest and cruellest of the smaller beasts of prey, and are so wily that when once they have discovered that hunters are established in a tract they will forsake it. It is useless to try to shoot them otherwise than by lying in concealment at places they are supposed to frequent. They cannot be ferreted out of the caverns and holes which they usually occupy, for they will kill dogs, and their dens are always so well selected that they cannot be dug out. Their habits are just those of bears, but superficially they strongly resemble hyenas. They are only met with singly, or in pairs, or a dam with her cubs. The latter are two or three in number. Like bears, they are almost omnivorous

and are in the habit of burying their prey; but they do not eat fruit that I am aware of. If they come across the hidden store of a hunter, or sneak into his hut during his absence, they will devour all sorts of provisions—biscuits, grease of all kinds, cheese, meat, and fish. They sometimes catch the last-named for themselves. They are about as big as a medium-sized dog—that is, they average thirty inches in length from the snout to the root of the tail, the latter being a foot long, and bushy; and the hair is very long on the bottom of the back and on the under parts, so that the legs are half hidden.

They are very active animals, but capture their prey as much by artifice as speed, and they lie in wait near the holes of such creatures as ermines, martens, musquashes, and minks, which form a large share of their prey. They also surprise hares, and rob foxes of their captured prey. The fox surprises many birds of the grouse and duck families, but I do not know that the glutton does so. If the fox should happen to defend its prey—which I have known it to do when several are together—it is ten to one that the fox itself is killed and devoured by the glutton; and I have known a case where a glutton dug down to the buried prey of a bear, and another instance of a sheep having been destroyed and partially eaten; but no case of deer being pulled down by gluttons ever came under my notice. It is an exceedingly greedy animal, but does not deserve the name of glutton more than some other preying animals. It is not correct to describe it as gorging itself to the point of helplessness, or to say that it is slow in its movements. Though it is very bear-like in many of its habits, unlike that animal it does not hibernate.

The trappers and colonists in Canada call it the quickhatch. In the States, and among naturalists, it is termed the wolverine—*Gulo luscus*. It is a very local and scarce animal in the States, where I have only seen or heard of it on one or two occasions. Like most or all other animals of the family to which it belongs, it often leaves a strong and offensive smell behind it.

As nearly all the typical small mammals of the Canadian region were found in this district, this is, perhaps, a good place in which to mention them.

First, the mink. The skin of this animal forms an important article of trade of the Hudson Company, and many thousands of them are annually bartered by the Indians and trappers. They are always caught in traps, as shot would injure so small and fine a pelt. The animal is about the size of a wild rabbit, but of much

slimmer build ; in fact, it is more like a small otter than any other animal with which I can compare it, and its habits are those of an otter. It swims and dives with great facility, and captures fish, on which it preys. It also devours reptiles and small aquatic birds, which it surprises while they are swimming or standing in the shallow water. During our stay here my companions caught more than a hundred, besides which I shot a number. As I generally succeeded in hitting them on the head with small shot, I did not find that the skins were at all injured. But the trappers will have it otherwise, and never shoot them.

They are caught in two ways : first, in steel traps ; secondly, by means of a poised log of wood, which, falling on the mink, kills or disables it. These little creatures are as tenacious of life as an eel. They smell abominably ; and the carcasses must be skinned with care, otherwise the bundle of pelts can scarcely be endured while under transport, and the sweetening process is a long and troublesome one.

From the numbers mentioned above it will be perceived that the mink was tolerably abundant hereabout ; but the ermine was by far the most numerous of all the small mammals that we found here. In this animal, which is very much smaller than the mink, having the body some ten to twelve inches long, the fur changes colour at the approach of winter, becoming snow-white, with the exception of the end of the tail. But most persons know the fur of the ermine. We obtained several hundred skins, nearly all of which I afterwards brought to England ; for the Hudson Company were, at this time, scarcely giving thanks for them, and many trappers only captured them accidentally in traps set for other small animals.

As to the other members of the genus *Mustela* in this neighbourhood, I am uncertain whether my remarks will have a general interest, as I am almost sure to be told they have not for the professional naturalist. My view is that they are simply local varieties of animals common to all countries within certain parallels of the southern hemisphere. Take the common American marten (*Mustela americana*), for instance : in what does it differ from the European marten ? or the Asiatic sable ? In nothing, in my opinion, of sufficient importance to constitute it a distinct species ; or nothing that would be considered a remarkable difference in any species of domestic animal if found occurring in even the same country. I doubt if even an experienced naturalist could always tell which was the European, which

was the American marten ; for here, at least, a certain amount of variation occurs in species, though I admit it is not great.

What occasions this variation I cannot say. At first I thought that a seasonal change of fur was going to take place, but that I soon found was not the case. Then it occurred to me that the erratic individuals might be cross-bred. That I think to be very unlikely, but it is possible that cross-breeding sometimes occurs. It is a strange fact that all these small carnivorous mammals, agreeing, with but little difference at all events, in their habits, should retain their ordinary colour of fur at all seasons of the year with one exception—that of the ermine ; and further, that none of them hibernate. With regard to the latter fact, as far as my experience goes, no species of marten, polecat, or weasel ever does hibernate, not even in the polar regions.

With the exception of the mink, all these weasels, as I will collectively call them for the sake of avoiding confusion, appeared to me to spend part of their time aloft in the trees. They certainly take readily to trees in moments of danger ; and all alike are fierce and capable of attacking and overcoming animals vastly their superior in size ; for instance, they destroy numbers of the large American hare, which is nearly twenty times the weight of the smallest of these weasels.

Besides those I have already referred to, I shall mention but one more—the tree-fox, or tree-cat, of the trappers. This is *Mustela Pennanti*, often called the fish-marten. It is an animal about the size of a small fox, of a dark brown colour, with a lighter shade down the back ; very active in its habits, but spending much of its time on the ground in damp, swampy situations. Unlike the mink, it does not seem to frequent running water, but prowls about stagnant pools and small shallow lakes, preying on reptiles, fresh-water molluscs and crustaceans, and small fish, which it beats out of the water with its fore-paws in the manner of a cat. It also robs other animals of fish which they have captured, and I have seen one eating the refuse which had been ejected from the nest of an osprey. All kinds of small animals are devoured by it, even other mustelæ ; but this is only after a fight : otherwise preying animals do not devour each other. I have seen a marten kill an ermine, and have reason to think that when these little animals fight together—which they sometimes do, for they are all fierce and bloodthirsty—the conqueror preys on the vanquished. I have also seen the tree-fox and the common otter (*Lutra canadensis*) fight together, the object of the

fox being to obtain the fish captured by the otter. In this case the fight was not fatal to either combatant; for the otter, after a time, returned to the water, taking its fish with it.

It is probable that these fights would be much more frequently witnessed if persons taking an interest in natural history would watch for them, being careful to keep themselves concealed. My own plan was to make a screen of leafy branches, completely covering myself with leaves; and having selected a spot which I knew to be frequented by the animal I wanted to watch, I have waited for six or eight hours to make my observations. It is necessary to remain perfectly quiet, not to smoke, and to take care that the wind is blowing *from* the direction in which you expect the animal to appear.

The otter mentioned above does not differ much from the species found in England. It is a little larger, of a dark brown colour, and has the same habits as those of Europe. It is scarce here, only a few odd ones being seen; but its pelt is valuable, fetching from two to five pounds in England, while that of the tree-fox is scarcely worth a charge of powder.

Long before the end of September we had collected so many pelts, great and small, that my Indian companions became quite excited at our success. They also became impatient to return home; and as I had made up my mind to winter in the wilderness, three of my four Indians resolved to leave me, and forthwith set about making a canoe, a work which is never onerous to an Indian. In three or four days they had completed it, and on September 18, Chuckochilgegan (Sam) and the two younger men, Natanyan and Otmasquiloton, left me in the usual phlegmatic Indian fashion. I had expected that Sam's brother, Monchua-piganon—Tom as I called him—would have gone too; but he did not. Taciturn as he always was, he made no remark, and took no leave of his brother. He scarcely noticed his departure; but what seems cold-hearted and strange behaviour to us may not really have been so. It is the Indian way; and demonstrativeness is always offensive to an Indian. I have much reason to think that Tom remained behind owing to his attachment to me. I have, all through my career, been very fortunate in this respect with my followers, and have generally had at least one member of my party strongly attached to me. Whatever the reason of Tom's faithfulness, it was not solicitation on my part; and an Indian must not be questioned as to feelings and motives.

It may be of interest to detail our daily life. We did not

usually rise before dawn of day. A roaring fire of logs was always kept in at night in front of our huts, which was fed with fuel by whoever chanced to wake, and as early as the beginning of September this was a great comfort, if not an actual necessary; for the nights were frequently bitterly cold, though the days were quite hot. We had plenty of pelts in addition to our blankets, so we really did not suffer from the cold; and a bed of spruce boughs spread on the ground is one of the most comfortable that can be conceived.

Whoever was first on his pins in the morning put a large iron pot of water on the fire to heat for breakfast. This meal always consisted largely of game: for we were so short of flour that dough cakes baked in the ashes had to be sparingly used. The Indians, indeed, ate scarcely any bread. Tea or cocoa was made in tin cans, and was drunk without sugar as soon as our limited supply of that article was exhausted. The fat of the bears killed served us in lieu of butter, and was, indeed, even to my taste, superior to it; while the meat was excellent, and some of it, dried in the wind, lasted us for a long time. Bears' meat is, in America, far superior to the venison of either wipiti or moose. Of small game, principally hares, grouse, and ducks, we could daily kill as much as we wanted, so that there was no lack in the quantity of our food, though I certainly for a long time greatly missed the bread and vegetables to which I had been used. There were plenty of wild fruits at this season, and these were useful to counteract the effects of the excessive quantity of animal food which we consumed. So our health did not suffer at all; indeed, we were all in the very pink of condition.

As soon as our morning meal was over we started to visit the traps, leaving one of our number to keep the foxes, &c., from intruding, and to cook the meat for dinner. Sometimes we went singly on this duty, but kept in parties when we discovered by their tracks that bears were to be found in the district. After the departure of Chuckochilgegan ('Cunning Polecat, or Marten') and his companions, Tom and I invariably went into the woods in company, leaving Achil to cook, for at that business he was an adept. Sometimes it took us many hours to visit the traps; but if few animals were caught, and the victims had not to be killed and skinned, we soon got through with this work, and I spent the remainder of the day in either shooting or watching the habits of the animals in the forest. We ate but two 'square' meals per day, but the quantity of meat consumed at these two

meals would have astounded an easy-working, idle cit. I usually ate a few mouthfuls of food while wandering in the woods ; but ultimately I got into the habit of being satisfied with two full meals per day. We all, however, would eat any of the wild fruits that we might meet with when wandering about, and I dare say the quantity thus consumed was considerable.

Of course we all got back to our camp before the darkness of night set in ; and the evening meal was the principal one of the day. By the blazing light of the fire we followed our occupations, or lay idly about and smoked. On this journey, owing to the need of travelling as lightly as possible, I had but two books with me—the Bible and my note-book. I jotted down my notes for the day by firelight, and then read such portions of the Bible as I thought would be most impressive to the Indians. We prayed to God, and then retired to rest, seldom later than seven or eight o'clock. Such was our daily life.

On subsequent occasions during my long sojourn in the Americas I always carried as many books as I could find room for. I cannot be happy without books, and I always found the rudest followers of my party interested greatly in the nightly read, provided only that I took care to select a book that treated of a subject which they could understand. Masterpieces of fiction were always favourites. On this particular occasion I suffered so much in mind (the only discomfort I noticed) for want of books that I determined never again to subject myself to the deprivation. Afterwards I carried with me from one to several dozens of the paper-covered *sixpenny* editions of popular works, such as are published by several of the leading London firms. These are so easily packed, and take up so little room, that I found them invaluable.

May I say a word or two concerning religion ? I never permitted, in my company, the Supreme Being to be ignored, and, what is more, I never had in my parties a man who showed a desire to ignore Him. Often I was compelled to engage men of great ignorance and doubtful character ; but such men properly handled make good followers in such expeditions as mine. It is necessary for the leader of a party in the wilderness to be a man whom his followers admit and feel to be markedly their superior in some way or other ; otherwise they will soon learn to despise him, and perhaps to ignore him. Now, a man who knows everything, or thinks himself equal to any occasion, always makes a bad follower, and an even worse leader. But, neverthe-

less, the leader must be a man of superior knowledge to his men, and yet have the art to let his men *find out for themselves* that he is a capable leader. Anything like pride or bounce, and, above all, selfishness, which is injustice, is sure to have a bad influence on followers. And I have never found a better way of establishing my position with my men than by letting them see that I feared God. I beg that I may not be misunderstood. I am no advocate for religious argument or for camp-preaching, though I despise not those who think they are doing good in this way. But the state of mind into which I usually led my followers may be the best illustration of the value of my system, if I may say so without incurring the charge of self-conceit. Achil Guelle, and many years afterwards George and Joseph in Brazil, besides several other rough men with whom I associated in my journeyings, fell heartily into my views on this subject, and resumed those devotions which they had neglected since childhood. The Indians were often indifferent, yet gradually came to acquiesce in the propriety of daily acknowledging the Almighty; while even so morose and undemonstrative an individual as Tom exclaimed that 'it was right that the Great Spirit should be thanked.' I mention these matters as incidents of life in the wilderness that may have some interest.

Having made up my mind to spend the coming winter in the wilds; we, at the end of September, made a move, and journeyed nearly a hundred miles in a north-easterly direction. The principal reason for this change of camp was that we never met with any deer at the place first selected, and venison was required for our support. The journey to the new camp took us five days to accomplish, the first three of which we walked overland, carrying the canoe with the stores in it on our shoulders. It is probable that we did not advance more than twenty miles in those three days, for the ground was rough and rocky, without being very hilly. At the end of the third day we came to a stream large enough to float the canoe, and down this we proceeded in the direction of Hudson Bay. Our new position was about two hundred miles north-east of Lake Winnipeg, on a tributary of the river Severn, and some twenty miles from that river. I did not follow the tributary right down to the Severn, because it seemed to me that we had reached a spot that was in every way fit for our purpose. Achil agreeing with me, we commenced at once to make a small low-pitched log hut, similar to those used by the lumberers. The hut was erected in front of a small cave which

served us as an inner chamber and storehouse, and added greatly to the warmth and comfort of our dwelling. Outside the hut was overhung by trees growing on the tops of the rocks; for we were in the bed of the stream, about twelve feet above the water, and it was impossible to conceive of a snugger or more picturesque site. The cave was large enough to contain the canoe, besides our beds and all our belongings; and in winter, when the outside of the hut was completely covered with snow, the place was so warm that we might have resided in it without a fire had it been necessary. But we had taken the precaution to make a substantial fireplace and chimney of stone within the hut, and every available space was packed with logs for firing, with several stacks close at hand to be brought in as occasion required. All this work was completed by October 12, down to which time we had had no severe weather, though there were sharp frosts at night, and one day a few flakes of snow fell which soon melted when the sun shone.

In our journey hither from our first camp we did not meet with a living soul, either Indian or trapper, but we found a dead Indian in a tree. He had been dead so long that the flesh had shrunk and hardened in a curious way, giving the corpse a mummy-like appearance. The features were quite gone, but there is no doubt that the body was that of an Indian. He was firmly lashed to the boughs of a tree about sixteen feet from the ground, and we surmised that he had been so placed by his companions to prevent beasts of prey from devouring him. He had probably met his death from accident while on a trapping expedition, or he would not have been disposed of in this manner. There may have been several reasons why he was not buried. The ground was so hard and rocky that the making of a grave would have been a work of much time, and altogether impossible if the party had no proper tools with them, and they were probably in a hurry. Moreover, many of the Indian tribes dispose of their dead on platforms erected above the ground, at spots set apart for that purpose, and held sacred.

PAUL FOUNTAIN.

On a Cuban Ingenio.

IF, in this world, there is a place especially calculated to convince the gloomiest pessimist that life, in the case of a white man at any rate, is worth living, that place, surely, is a Cuban sugar plantation during the winter season. On one of these beautiful estates the

. . . . Strife

Of waves that beat at the tired lips of life

does, indeed, seem to be hushed. So utterly far removed is the insouciant Antillano existence from all contemporary storm and stress, to the stranger it appears a succession of scenes conjured out of an Eastern idyll, or into which he has been transported by the Flying Carpet of Prince Hassan. The very house, the casa, even if modern, is, on one of the greater ingenios such as those of the Matanzas and Cienfuegos districts, like no house elsewhere. Covering an extensive piece of ground, it is a quadrangular structure of stone, built after the Moorish design almost universal in New as well as Old Spain, enclosing a tiled or marble-paved patio, or, in some instances, a luxuriant tropical garden. The patio is encircled by a pillared colonnade, known as the 'gallery,' usually richly curtained, and off which open all the corridors, as well as the staircases if the casa is of more than one storey, which is generally the case on the north side of the island, it being less subject to hurricanes than the southern coast. Siesta time and the evenings are, for the most part, passed by the family and guests in the gallery, where rocking-chairs abound and there are many small tables. When this colonnade and the patio are lighted by rose-shaded hanging lamps of beaten brass or silver, it is difficult to reconcile the picture with the possible actualities of life going on beyond that charmed court, cooled by the trickling fountain, and perfumed with pomegranate, lime, and orange, with jasmine or heliotrope.

On the hotter nights it is good to sit on the flat roof, called by

Cubans the 'terrace,' amid the aroma of Partagas and Larranaga. Beyond the avenues of royal palms below, the cane-fields billow themselves, under the great gold stars of the south, to the sierra, whose far-away heights—brown, grey, madder—deepen into the misty purple which mixes with the sky. Over the landscape there is a repose that suggests a painted scene. From no bohio comes a curl of smoke. A guajiro (the Cuban peasant) may silhouette his form against the background as he tends his pineapple patch, or the watchman, at one of the sluice-gates which regulate the irrigation canals, cross the far end of a long tunnel-like cutting in the cane-brake. Only the flap of the wings of a condor in quest of the carrion he has scented, or a bar of a cancion chorussed by a band of muleteros winding down a path on one of the nearer peaks, brings the reality of sound into the composition—unless it be in the Baracoa district, where the roar of the great Moa cascade is heard for miles around; or in the neighbourhood of the towering Pico del Potrerillo, down whose slopes the Ay and the Agabama rush noisily to Casilda, the port of Trinidad.

But even on a Cuban ingenio it is not always 'afternoon.' About half-past five or six in the morning there is brought to you your dainty little *jicara* or *demi-tasse* of chocolate or coffee and milk.

While you dress and drink the horses are being saddled, and perhaps the *quitrin*—which is a sort of landau with a linen or silken awning after the fashion of the carriages seen in the Prado and the Puerto del Sol—has been ordered for those of the ladies who want a swim. On most of the plantations on the sea-board there are private baths similar to those of the Campos Eliseos at the end of the Paseo Ysabel in Habana. These are roofed-in basins, from twelve to eighteen feet square, hollowed out of the coral rock, the water being kept in them at an average depth of about five feet by narrow openings which allow of the flow in and out of the sea, and are small enough to 'gate' the sharks that swarm outside the reefs. An invigorating plunge, so exquisitely delicious in an enervating climate, can be had almost daily from November to March, unless there should happen to be a 'norther.' From your dressing-box you look out upon the lazuli of the Caribbean—so different from the grey-green waters of the Old World that you

Can but wonder if Mother Earth
Has given a younger ocean birth.

Cactus walls with fire the chaparral that fringes the sand, and from which trail the tendrils of the shore-grape, purple trumpet-creepers and clusters of frangipani. Pelicans feed, and cardinal birds fly and sing. The barranca is crusted with red-lipped conch shells, the lagoon edged with curiously shaped sponges and fantastic sea creatures and weeds. A few minutes later the huge silver spurs are once more jingling merrily; the bathers are again on the road, bound for an inspection of the cane-field.

The raisin gleaning and drying in Fresno County, in the San Joaquin valley of California, offers a charming aspect of the *vendange*. The pomegranate and fig harvests along the Rio Pecos, in New Mexico, open a new world of delight to the artist who chances on them. A wonderful sight is the town of Grand Junction, in Colorado, when ten thousand people gather every September to keep the feast of Peach Day. But even among the rich *herbstbilder* of the West a Cuban cane-field in the cutting season presents a unique scheme of colour and grouping. There are the three, four, or five hundred (or more) *gente* or 'hands'—according to the size of the ingenio, which may be from five hundred to ten thousand acres; the mayorals, or overseers, on horseback, their heads protected from the sun by their sweeping sombreros of yarey (a species of palm); the field, carpeted in the foreground with cut cane; the long lines of slowly moving bullock-carts, with their drivers in shirts of many colours; while the sea of standing cane is stirred for miles and miles by the gentle morning breeze into waves of golden green.

Shortly after the New Year has been entered upon the mill has been put into complete running order, and the *gente* (each gang of negroes under the direction of a contra-mayoral, or assistant overseer) spend the long day, from early morning till eleven, when the rations are served, and from early afternoon till late evening, in the field—every black man, woman, and child armed with the machete, which much resembles a butcher's cleaver. There is a method of cutting the cane, long practice in which renders the gang marvellously deft at the process. Beginning with a bold cut at the top, striking off the long leaves and the part of the cane on which they grow, which are sent down to the potrero to be used as food for the cattle, a second cut is next struck as near the root as possible, since the lower joints contain the richest juice, when the cane falls to the ground, to be picked up by the procession of gatherers following the cutters, and by them piled on the double train of huge bullock-waggon—one

team for the cane, the other for the tops. In endless caravan the cane-laden waggons lumber to the tram stations, the more important ingenios being intersected by many miles of tramway lines, over which the cane is conveyed to the sheds behind the crushers, till the pile has grown so immense that the mill has to run night and day to overtake it. The field-hands rarely work at night; but the feeders, most of whom are coolies, each relay resting by turns, are hard at it through the stifling small hours. Just as the supply of cut cane is getting low, the morning work in the field recommences.

The revenue of a Cuban sugar-estate largely depends on the species of cane grown. That there should be lime in the soil is of vital importance, while over-much saline matter is considered noxious. Irrigation, too, plays an important part in the successful cultivation of the cane. The principal sugar-growing portions of the Pearl of the Antilles are the region lying between Cienfuegos and Trinidad on the south; that between Matanzas on the north as far eastward and inland as Sagua la Grande and Villa Clara; and the western division of Cuba. The criolla, or native cane, the oldest known and said to have been introduced from the Canaries, is thin and poor. The Otaheite species is larger, thicker, and gives a much better yield. The Cristallina, the last introduced, is considered the best—a cartful of it yielding a pan and a half of dry sugar, about sixty pounds. On two or three of the finest ingenios in the island, highly capitalised by American syndicates and equipped with the most up-to-date machinery, the production before the war averaged twenty thousand boxes of sugar and five thousand hogsheads of molasses, not to mention a large yield of rum.

The planting has been done in the intervals of the rainy season, which lasts from June until October or November. Furrows or shallow trenches—on the smaller estates dug in the soaked soil by the negroes, on the larger ingenios cut by a steam plough—have been made, in which cuttings, consisting of the stripped tops of the cane with at least two or three of the upper joints, have been planted. It is essential that there should be sufficient space between the trenches to admit of the plants being properly tended and kept clear of weeds, which labour is done by coolies. As the sprouts have grown, the soil embanking each trench has been filled in month by month, until, when the plantation owners come from town—bringing with them gay Christmas parties, to spend, as is the custom, the Natividad on

the ingenios—the fierce sunshine has so saturated the plants that the cane has become heavy with glutinous sweetness.

Towards and after eight in the morning the heat beating on the unsheltered cane-fields grows intense, and the visitor is glad to take refuge in the mill and learn from the *maquiniste*, or engineer, something concerning the machinery. The engineer is always a white man, generally an American—often a Philadelphian—but now and then an Englishman or Scotsman or a German. He may have two or three men under him; is provided with comfortable quarters close to the mill; and is, next to the administrator—also always a white man—the most important employé on the ingenio. He is handsomely paid, too, for the grinding season, from December to June, and usually either finds remunerative employment or has ‘a good time’ in the States for the remainder of the year. His courtesy enables a stranger to carry away an intelligent idea of the working of a sugar-mill. He will take the visitor first through the engine-house, which is simply an immense brick-paved shed, open on all sides, its different divisions connected by stone or iron stairways, and having a corrugated iron roof supported by pillars. The machinery shines like the fittings of a yacht. From the sheds at the end of the mill the newly cut cane is thrown over the conductors to the *maquinas de moler*, or crushers, which consist of three immense solid iron rollers, one above and two below, whence the juice passes in a ceaseless stream into the huge troughs beneath, while the refuse cane passes into other troughs, out of which it is piled on waggons and carted as fuel—it being the only steam generator used—along the broad earthen embankment flanking one entire side of the engine-house, and underneath which are ranged, in yawning cavities, the great glaring furnaces.

The juice as it comes from the crushers is called ‘guarapo.’ It is thick and sweet, with particles of cane in it, a dull olive in colour, and so fermentable that it has to be clarified at once, which is done by straining it through giant copper colanders into Brobdignagian cauldrons, where the process of clarifying is assisted by five ounces of lime to the five hundred gallons of boiling liquid which each cauldron holds. When the juice has settled, it is filtered through vats about three parts full of bone-black. Since the plantation potrero could not supply a hundredth part of the bone-black required, this indispensable adjunct to sugar-making is procured chiefly from the potrereros, or stock-farmers, in the Guantanamo and Manzanilla districts. In the quantity and quality of the bone-black used lies one of the secrets

of good sugar. The supply in the vats is changed every six or eight hours on the best ingenios, with the quality of whose output the smaller estates, compelled to economise in this material, cannot hope to compete. Connected with the vats are, again, a succession of copper troughs—for molasses, for cane juice, for syrups—from which rows of pipes lead to tanks whence the liquors are conveyed to the vacuum pans.

The vacuum-house is, to most people, the most picturesque section of the mill. Because of the furious heat the labour employed in the engine-house has been negro; here it is coolie-Chinese for the most part. The scene is a study in ochre—the yellow skins of the workers; the bronze of the pans; the dingy yellow steam from the pipes; the yellow-bloused, pig-tailed phantoms bending over the little glass windows in the tops of the pans through which the boiling liquid can be watched, or, proof-stick in hand, testing the sugar by touch. After repeated skimming and filtration, the juice is ready for the strike-pans, whence it is discharged by valves into the strike-heaters—double-lined cauldrons supplied with steam enough to keep the sugar hot until crystallisation is reached. Thereafter the whole product goes to the purging-house.

The purging-house is a very large structure, very long, and of two storeys in height. The floor of the upper storey consists of metal frames of great strength, into which fit the sheet-iron cylinders called *hormas*, through which the molasses drain into troughs constructed on the ground floor. On the larger ingenios there are often from twenty-five to thirty thousand of these *hormas*. One side of the house is of necessity open, on account of the rails laid from it to the packing-house, along which run the trucks which carry away the molasses in *bocoyes*—hogsheads holding from ten to fifteen hundred gallons. The process of purification of the sugar, by means of moist clay, is then proceeded with, that on the top and nearest the clay being the *blanco*; below that, the *quebrado*, or broken; and at the bottom, the moist, dark-coloured sugar called *cucurucho*. Mascobado, a natural brown sugar, is that which is allowed to drain off without 'claying.'

Si esta noche no sales
A la ventana,
Cuentame entre los muertos
Desde mañana.

The sentimental refrain comes from the packing-house, which

is a lively place. It is open, like the engine-house, on both sides, and on raised iron frames are ranged the packing-boxes, which hold four hundred pounds each. The business of packing looks, to the uninitiated, a bit of child's play. A gang of coolies and happy-go-lucky niggers—a line of them on either side each row of boxes—rhythmically pounding away with their heavy packing-sticks, to the measure of a Creole love-song or a plantation croon, is not suggestive of hard work. But weary enough it must become as the hours wear on. When the sugar has been tightly packed, the boxes are strapped with strong bands of raw bullock-hide sent round from the potrero, and are ready for rail to the nearest port.

By this time, if this is your first visit to the mill, you feel replete with information. You are not sorry to return to mental indolence and the casa. As the sun is now high, your host will take you by one of the shady avenues of mango and tamarind that, skirting the potrero on two sides, divide the casa from the mill and the barracoons, or quarters; a garden, on the side next the house, separating still further the castes. In this garden there may be half an acre of heliotrope, twining and drooping over its bamboo supports like the hops in an Isle of Thanet field. Last night you saw this tenderest of plants under the pearl and rose of the moon and the lights of the patio. It was then heart of Gloire de Dijon and the grey of olives. The sun is on it here. It is pink and amber and the purple of a shell on the Tyrian shore. The garden is enclosed by a tall hedge of *piña raton* (*Bromelia Pinguin*), whose outer leaves of bay-green contrast with the vermilion of the inner ones and with its creamy, wax-like flowers.

Coming out through an arched cutting in the piña, you discover that a Cuban ingenio is not a mere village; it is a small town. Facing you is the chapel, a building often tasteful, seldom less than quaint. Behind it are the priest's apartments. Behind these, again, are the sick-house and surgery, and the private rooms of the doctor, who is probably a smart young mulatto of light shade who has 'walked' the hospitals of London, Paris, or Edinburgh. At the further angle of the potrero you see the gaily painted roof of the *crèche*, where the aged negresses tend the romping, chattering *chicos* while the mothers are in the field. Jutting from the near side of the mill are some roomy wooden lodges for the accommodation of a number of white men, such as clerks, assistant engineers, dispensers, and men employed in the chemical laboratory.

On the far side the gas factory rears its chimney-stack close by the yards of the estate cooper, the carpenter, and the blacksmith. In the background stretches the huge store, the great barrels of *bacalao*, or salt fish, which, along with *tasajo*, or dried meat, forms the staple food of the 'hands,' piled in its cedar-wood veranda; and beside it gleam the white-awned balconies of the administrator's house, adjoining which is the *dispacho*, or estate office. Into the archives of a sugar plantation the historian does not penetrate. But an authority of the War Office, yachting some half-dozen winters ago in the Caribbean, and being shown in one of these *dispachos* stacks of printed ideas calculated to perfect sugar-making machinery, expressed sympathy with what he found to be a unique acquaintance with the patentee.

After the morning's round, *desayuno*, the Cuban *déjeuner à la fourchette*, comes in agreeably. *Desayuno* is no trifling matter. Having begun with fruit, you proceed to poached eggs with tomatoes, stuffed eggs with lemon juice, or in *tortilla* (omelette), with kidneys or ham served with mushrooms and rice. There is no Antillano meal without fish, and in winter you will probably have camarones, or shrimps. Large as a lobster-claw, and tender as the white meat of crab, these camarones are delicious. Their ancestors must have been those shrimps which, along with crayfish and runaway niggers, populated the streets of Habana when Drake's sailors reconnoitred the town. If it be not a *jour maître* you may, if you will, partake of the next course of mutton chops or veal with roasted bananas. You are then ready for a crisp, pungent salad of lettuce and cress, and, after it, prepared to enjoy the *queso con guayaba*—cheese with guava jelly—which concludes every Cuban repast. There has been *vino catalan*, also good British beer. Between the various dishes you have had recourse to the inevitable paper digestive—the cigarette. Coffee heralds the more serious 'smoke' of an Uppmann or a Murias, and, having 'greatly daring' breakfasted, you sink into the sweet-do-nothing of siesta.

Monte, billiards, or a ride fill up the time between siesta and dinner, which is early—usually at six or half-past. After dinner, should it be during the Christmas *festa*, there are great doings on plantation. The *gente* not only get up improvised dances in the barracoon patio, but are also allowed to have cock-fights in the *batey*, or great square of the mill. To one of these one longs to introduce Señor Villegas, who in his famous picture, '*La Prueba del Gallo*,' has so realistically given us the card-playing crowd—

stupid, brutal, excited, indifferent—of the Peninsular cockpit. On Christmas Eve there are tremendous frolics. The then unused packing-house is cleared; the *virtuosi* of the banjo and the big banjerine are bidden to 'go up higher'—that is, to ascend a platform made of piled-up sugar-boxes. Black faces are lighted with laughter; whites of eye roll fearsomely. Misericordia! the din when the ladies and gentlemen come from the casa to see the dancing. And there are presents for everybody—from the oldest *guadiero*, or watchman, fit for nothing but to open and shut a sluice-gate, to the *chico* that is just daring to walk. The house-servants—quadroons or octoroons, many of them—are, of course, above the gang dances.

But on San Esteban's night, or New Year's Eve, they also have their *baile* in the casa; and it is by them that the stranger can best see danced the Cuban contredanse, the danza criolla. It is simply the Spanish zapateado modified by a tropical climate into the very poetry of motion. Two Peninsular masters—Sarasate and Albéniz—have not disdained to arrange the national 'movement,' but no one can *play* the zapateado or the criolla who has not seen it *danced*. The criolla consists of four figures—*paseo* (promenade), *cadena* (chain), *sostenido* (slow waltz), and *cedago* (quick waltz). In the first two parts music and dancing are restrained in expression and movement; the *sostenido* and *cedago* are passionate and piquant. As those graceful Creole girls and men glide through the criolla, one remembers an Old Spanish enthusiast who says: 'It is a dance of the heart as well as of the feet.'

The winter season in Cuba presents many social attractions. In such towns as Cardenas (which for nearly half a century has been known in the island as 'the American city'), Matanzas, and Trinidad, the *Retreta* has for many years been, and continues to be, an institution as popular with the American as with the Spanish residents; and should the ingenio be within driving distance, it is a delightful *paseo* to join the throng of carriages that, with caballeros in attendance, pass slowly round and round the Plaza de Armas in Matanzas or the beautiful Plaza de Carillo in Trinidad, while the military band plays and one exchanges greetings with one's world. The Spanish officers quartered in these towns used to give one or two good balls each winter, to which large parties came from the ingenios; and the American officers, during their stay in 'the most beautiful land,' have nobly carried on the tradition. Private dances and musical

evenings are of nightly occurrence, and the ingenio quitrins carry back to plantation gay guests from town—the American girls humming Old Spanish seguidillas and cachuchas, while the Spanish girls lisp the last thing that has caught on at the Casino Theatre in New York, or the newest coon-song sung ‘up town.’ That moonlit drive may be through some of the most exquisite scenery in the island. If returning from Matanzas, there will be charming views, from one or other of the hill roads, of the lovely valley of the Yumurri. In the far-famed Madruga district there is the magnificent panorama of the Valle de Gloria (the Vale of Glory) stretching away to the Loma del Paraiso (the Hill of Paradise). On the south coast the drive may be past the beautiful quintas lying around the Table Mountain of Trinidad—the Vijia. Life becomes a poem. You live the ‘Ballade à la lune’ and ‘L’Andalouse.’

Returned to the ingenio, you have a bewildering choice of ‘refrescas.’ We have heard of the ‘Yank’ demanding his cocktail at the Pole and sucking his cobbler at Timbuctoo; but in the matter of mixed drinks the American is nowhere in comparison with the Cuban. Since London and New York become Turkish baths during certain months of the year, some of these Antillano ‘refrescas’ might be acceptably introduced at our Delmonico’s and Frascati’s. *Panales* are pleasant—small pieces of sweet, composed of sugar and the whites of eggs, dissolved in iced water and flavoured. *Naranjada*, or orange-water, everybody knows; in Cuba it is improved by having some other fruit mixed with it. Lemonade, in the opinion of some persons, is made less insipid by pouring gently over the ice floating on the top some good Jamaica rum. This *limonada con ron* Cubans take through a straw. *Orchata* is a glorified sort of milk punch; *zambumbia* is water and cane honey, liqueured; and *garapiña* is a delicious infusion of pine-apple. Any one of these, in a long glass with plenty of ice piled in, is most refreshing.

Should the visitor to the ingenio, however, be in not the most robust health, before retiring for the night he is taken for a stroll through the mill, to inhale the odour of the boiling sugar, and thereafter he is made to drink a hot guarapo punch. This punch is made of egg beaten up with rum, into which is poured the guarapo, or boiling cane-juice fresh from the boilers. The mixture is poured backwards and forwards from glass to glass until it has a fine ‘head’ on it, and then drank. Without entering upon a scientific discussion, it is enough to say that the

negroes who work amid the fumes of the boiling sugar are invariably broad-chested, muscular men.

Holding the creed promulgated by Olmedo, Arboleda, and Heredia throughout Latin America, Luis Muñoz Ribera, the poet *par excellence* of Cuban patriotism, has striven to teach us the meaning of 'freedom.' Freedom is, after all, a comparative quantity; and there is possibly more virtue in a name than Juliet was aware of. The principal Cuban towns have for so very many years been thoroughly Anglo-Saxonised, though retaining the more picturesque externals, if lacking the essence, of Castilian days, that the modernisation of the interior, which has already begun, can hardly fail to be an uninterrupted and peaceful process, pushed forward, as it will be, by the march of science, which symbolises that progress which is the truest freedom. For many a day to come, nevertheless, an Antillano sugar plantation must of necessity conserve its most fascinating features—its seclusion, its luxury, its uniqueness ethnologically. On a Cuban ingenio, for a generation hence at any rate, one may reasonably hope to endorse De Musset's conviction:

'Qu'il est doux d'être au monde et quel bien que la vie!'

NARANJA AMARGA.

The Disenchanted Squirrel.

A STRICTLY GROWN-UP STORY.

IN the palmy days of fairy-tale, the profession of a Fairy Godmother was a pleasant and easy affair. Godchildren then were simple in their tastes, their wishes so direct and to the point as to render their gratification a matter of little difficulty, and a Godmother skilled in turning pumpkins into coaches, with a quick eye for the development of lizards into footmen, and a pretty taste in princes, needed no further qualifications for her practice. She was sure of making everyone perfectly happy, which, all the world knows, is the whole duty of a Fairy Godmother.

But as years wore on, the times, even fairy times, grew out of joint. Princes developed the disease of thought. Princesses; not to be outdone, developed that, and nerves into the bargain, and gradually the life of a Fairy Godmother ceased to be worth living. The rat-and-pumpkin trick no longer pleased a careworn and cynical generation, and for godmothers ignorant of mental science, unskilled in the subtleties of their craft, there was positively no career whatever.

Amorette was a princess who lived in this lamentable decadence of the fairy age. She was the daughter of a rich king. If not so beautiful as the golden-tressed princesses of the prime, she was pretty enough; though rather more than sixteen she was sufficiently young, and if suitors for her hand did not ride every day to the palace gates, as in the good old days would inevitably have been the case, two or three princes had shown her marked attention, and two or three more were quite ready to do so on the smallest encouragement.

By all the precepts of fairy-tale, Amorette should have been happy, and but for the disease of thought which for a princess she had contracted in a somewhat virulent form, this might have

been the case. As it was, her Godmother, a singularly gifted and subtle fairy, who had specialised in all the new branches of her art, found Amorette the most difficult of all her godchildren, and it was with grave misgiving that one fine day, in response to an agitated summons from the Princess, she stopped her coach before the great gates of the palace.

‘The child will soon be beyond me,’ she muttered, as she dismissed the crowd of bowing lackeys, with the remark that she would find the Princess herself. ‘She will soon be beyond me, in spite of all my study. I wouldn’t own that to Fredegonde, or to Hildegarde,’ she went on (Fredegonde and Hildegarde were rival godmothers), ‘but it’s true, all the same, and whatever the princesses of the present day are coming to, I don’t know.’ With this gloomy reflection, she entered the rose garden, and discovered the Princess seated in an arbour of white roses, crying bitterly.

Amorette was quite engrossed by her grief, and for some moments the Godmother, unobserved, stood looking at her through the trellis-work of leaves and blossoms.

‘They cry differently,’ she thought. ‘Formerly it was the sort of crying one could stop quite easily by changing something into something else—a handful of pebbles into a set of jewels, for instance, or a gander into a prince. But they’re no longer children, worse luck, and that’s what makes it so bad for the profession.’

Just at this moment Amorette lifted a tear-stained face, and her Godmother entered the arbour. It really doesn’t matter what her godchild was crying about. It was a matter upon which, in the good old times, no princess would have wasted a tear. But that was before modern maladies had prevented princesses from enjoying themselves in this best of all possible worlds.

‘And now what can you do to help me?’ she asked piteously, when she had told her story.

The Fairy Godmother was silent, while she racked her brains to think of some suitable charm; but, as she had feared, there was really nothing to meet the case. In the meantime, the Princess gazed with sad eyes over the rose garden, and watched the white butterflies flickering above the roses. A squirrel ran along the branch of a hazel-tree overhead and paused a moment to peer into the arbour before it sprang out of sight.

‘I wish I were a squirrel,’ murmured the Princess.

‘Oh, anything simple of that kind——’ began the Fairy

Godmother, greatly relieved, for she had been almost afraid that the Princess would ask for a changed heart.

'The little wood creatures see all the beauty of the world, and know none of its sadness, don't they?' said Amorette.

'They don't care twopence for the beauty of the world,' returned the Godmother unguardedly. 'All they want is nuts.'

'I shouldn't like that,' observed Amorette, shaking her head.

'No, that's the worst of you,' sighed the poor old lady.

'Couldn't I be a squirrel and yet have a love of beauty?' asked Amorette.

'You *could*,' answered the Godmother doubtfully; 'but I don't think it would be of much use.'

'Oh, but that's just what I should like!' Amorette persisted. 'Not to know that the sky is blue, not to feel the loveliness of sunset and moonrise, would be terrible. But that's all of human sense I want to keep.'

'Much better be a squirrel out and out,' urged her Godmother, foreseeing difficulties.

But Amorette was firm. 'Let me know that the world is beautiful, and in every other way I'll be nothing but a squirrel,' she begged.

'Very well,' sighed the Godmother at last. 'A beech-tree overhangs my window, as you know. If ever you're in trouble, come and drop a nut on my window-sill, and I suppose I shall have to try something else.'

'Dear Godmother, my troubles will be ended directly I forget the misery of being human,' Amorette assured her. But at this the Godmother merely smiled. Breaking a branch of hazel, she waved it three times round the Princess's head, and a moment later a little brown furry creature, with a bushy tail, and eyes such as no squirrel ever had before or since, was springing from branch to branch of a lime-tree, in its eagerness to reach the sky.

But the Fairy Godmother returned slowly to the palace lost in thought. To the Queen's inquiries she merely replied that she had sent Amorette away on a visit.

'Will she be long gone?' asked the Queen.

'I'm afraid not,' answered the Godmother, getting into her coach.

For a few days there was a deliriously happy squirrel in the forest.

In the noonday hush, in the solemn scented darkness of a pine-tree, it listened to the churring of the wood-pigeons, and

watched the sunlight filtering through the layers of branches overhead. Rocked deliciously in the leafy arms of a beech, it looked into lakes of imprisoned blue sky, over which, like fairy boats, the white clouds drifted. At night, it could not sleep for joy of the moon-silvered forest. While all the other wood creatures were curled up in moss-lined holes, or, head under wing, drowsed in quiet nests, this squirrel, linked by a single sense to humanity, gazed down long aisles of dreaming trees, saw their myriad leaves drenched and shining in night dews and silver radiance, listened to the lullaby sung by the river, and saw the face of the moon, like a white flower, looking up through the water, and all the stars gleaming amid the rushes. It watched the dawn break, and the stars melt away in the stream, and fade out of the brightening rose-flushed sky. It heard the first stir and rustle in innumerable nests, the first sleepy chirp, the first low sweet notes of thrush and blackbird before the forest thrilled with song, and the sun came up, and the world was awake.

It exulted in the joy of movement; in the bird-like flight of its own light little body under the canopy of leaves; in the sense of freedom, the pleasant warmth of the sun, the delicious taste of the hazel nuts it cracked with its sharp white teeth. The forest life was entrancing, until it began to realise that it was lonely, that in some strange way it was apart from the other dwellers in the green world.

When it tried to say that the blue sky was almost *too* beautiful, the moonlight wonderful beyond all dreams, it was checked; it struggled in vain. In the first place there were no words for these things in forest talk, and its scarcely articulate efforts at expression half-amused, half-frightened the other creatures.

'She has perfectly mad eyes,' said one pretty young squirrel to another, letting a nut-shell fall coquettishly upon the head of her lover, who was sitting on a lower branch.

'All the same, Plushkin is rather struck with her. Aren't you, Plushkin?'

'Interesting enough to talk to,' returned Plushkin, twirling his long whiskers, 'but not to marry. I should be afraid of her. She's beyond *me*.'

And unconsciously Plushkin had hit upon the truth. She *was* beyond him by a whole sense of which he knew nothing; and that was the cause of her loneliness. She found no little mate in the forest; for her there was no nestful of tiny creatures with soft

furry heads. She was always solitary, and in time the birds and beasts ceased to speak to her at all, passing her as they went about their business, with the quick sidelong glances they would have bestowed on human beings. And gradually even the beauty of the world grew to be more pain than pleasure, for she was always trying to understand it. The sunrise, the golden noon-day hush, the mystery of star-lit nights, seemed to have no relation to the business of storing nuts. 'What does it all mean?' the poor little squirrel asked herself again and again, as she gazed with weary eyes at sunset clouds, and hills clothed in purple mist. To her Nature's beauty was like a song to which she could not hear the words, or like beautiful words to which she could not even guess a melody.

One day, as she was sitting alone, as usual, on a low branch of her favourite pine-tree, there was a rustling in the bracken and underwood, and a man came into sight. With the fear born of her new nature, the little animal at first darted up the rough trunk to a higher and safer position, while the man, stretching himself on the soft needles beneath the tree, took something from his pocket over which he bent his head. Very soon, curiosity overcoming fear, the squirrel came down from her lofty perch, till she sat once more on the lowest branch, so close that she could see over the man's shoulder. What was he doing with that strange thing like two white flower leaves fastened together? There were mysterious blotches upon them, dots and lines something like the markings on the purple face of a meadow orchis, and as he looked at these curious things there was pleasure in the man's face, and he smiled. Presently he shut up the leaves, put the marvellous thing, which was covered with a brown sheath, into his pocket, and strolled away, leaving a puzzled and unhappy little squirrel gazing after him out of the strangest eyes in the world. Now, in the mind of this squirrel there dwelt only one thing not connected with the forest. It was the memory, or picture rather, of a window shaded by a beech-tree, and a little later, urged by some instinct, it dropped a nut upon the sill of this window, which was immediately opened by the Fairy Godmother.

'There you are!' she sighed. 'I knew you would come.'

But the squirrel only looked at her with wistful eyes, for it did not understand human speech.

'That's the first thing, I suppose,' murmured the Godmother, and she touched its furry ears and its mouth.

'What's the matter, my dear?' she inquired resignedly.

'I want to know what the thing in the brown sheath was, and why the man's face changed when he looked at it,' said the squirrel, looking earnestly at the old lady.

'It was a book,' groaned the Godmother.

'A book? What's that?'

Very reluctantly the Godmother tapped the squirrel's soft forehead, and instantly into its eyes there swept a new expression. 'I remember! I remember!' it cried softly. 'All my knowledge comes back to me. How strange! How very strange!'

'And now you don't want to be a squirrel any longer, I suppose?' demanded the old lady.

'Yes I do,' said Amorette. 'I have no human emotions. I can be a squirrel in that way, still. Let me go back to the forest with my sense of beauty, and my intellect by which to interpret it, and I will be happy. Still I shall be without human passions, without longings, without regrets, without lost illusions and bitter disappointments.'

'Go back, then,' said the old lady, and she closed the window with a hasty snap.

So the squirrel raced down the beech-tree and fled to the forest, and for days it was happy. When it sprang lightly from bough to bough it knew all the joy of delighted wonder, for now it remembered how the old Amorette had been chained to the ground. To the mystery of the dawn, to the splendour of the sunset, there was now added the charm of association, and the talk of the wood creatures amongst themselves, became delightfully amusing, directly it appealed to her re-discovered sense of irony. But it was always lonely—terribly, terribly lonely.

Time passed, however, and one still evening there was more rustling in the underwood. Tall ferns were pushed aside, and a man and a woman came walking towards the pine-tree, hand in hand, and presently sat down under its shade.

The man put his arm round the girl, and as he whispered to her, and she smiled, a squirrel sitting on the lowest branch listened with both its upright ears.

It heard the words—they were foolish words, and to the squirrel they conveyed no meaning. Yet the girl blushed and smiled, and in her happy eyes there was something which puzzled the listener so much that it could not rest.

'Come in!' said the Fairy Godmother the same evening, as

she heard a nut dropped on her window-sill, and a squirrel leapt into the room.

'What were the man and the woman talking about in the forest?' it demanded breathlessly. 'I knew the words, but they made no sense.'

'They were making love,' said the Godmother in a voice of despair.

'Love? What is love?' asked the squirrel. And then, with a hopeless gesture the old lady put her hand on the heart of the little furry creature. Instantly a squirrel with human eyes stood before her, and while she looked at it, tears began to glitter on its soft nose. But this was more than the Godmother could bear, so she hastily waved her hand three times, and in the little wood thing's place stood Amorette.

'It's no good,' said her Godmother. 'You *must* be a mortal now, and I might as well own at once that I can be of no use to you.'

But the Princess laughed through her tears, and kissed her.

'You're the kindest Godmother in the world,' she declared.

It isn't your fault that I've outgrown magic. Don't be sorry for me. I'd rather be a human being than a squirrel after all, in spite of everything. And perhaps some day——' she smiled, without finishing the sentence.

But the Godmother shook her head, for she knew the Princess had not outgrown magic after all.

'They must have their charms,' she muttered, 'they must have their charms. And woe betide them when they grow beyond hope, for it is the last of all their spells.'

NETTA SYRETT.

At the Sign of the Ship.

THE ingenious authors of *Wisdom While You Wait* seem in danger of 'running this thing into the ground.' Their *Guide to Efficiency* (Methuen), or *England Day by Day*, certainly 'does not overstimulate.' Much the best part of the tract is that which contains the pictorial advertisements. These are really comic, but the humour of parodying advertisements was nearly exhausted in the funny burlesques of that terror the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. 'The C-B Corset. Note the Hyphen,' is particularly diverting.

* * *

Hyphens are becoming quite too hypheneal, if the word may be coined on the analogous model of 'hymeneal.' The hyphen was wont to be used in surnames when a man had to adopt a new family name and arms on acquiring a property by marrying an heiress, or in obedience to a will. Thus, when Douglas of Parkhead married the heiress of the House of Torthorald (Carlyle), he might, or perhaps must, have become Douglas-Carlyle or Carlyle-Douglas. But nowadays many persons, above all doctors, attach one of their Christian names to their surnames, by a hypheneal bond. Thomas Brown Smith develops into T. Brown-Smith. He 'double-barrels his name as many poor Snobs do,' says the author of *The Book of Snobs*.

The modern custom must have arisen about Thackeray's time. He himself never hyphenated; never wrote himself down as 'Makepeace-Thackeray.' Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey did not crown himself with the style of Edmund Berry-Godfrey. Quite the reverse: his Christian names were run into each other as 'Edmundbury.'

* * *

It may be envy that prompts my aversion to the hyphen misapplied. I have only one Christian name, and cannot call myself 'Andrew-Lang,' with a hyphen, 'as others use.' If my godfathers and godmothers in baptism had christened me 'Andrew Mortemar,' then I could have shone as 'A. Mortemar-Lang,' and so asserted an hereditary claim to *l'esprit des Mortemar*. It is certain that such double-barrelled names look gallantly on a brazen door-plate, but we have no brazen door-plates in the profession of letters.

That is one of our social disabilities, like not being copiously knighted. Mr. R. L. Stevenson did possess a brazen door-plate, in his capacity of advocate, not as a novelist. Do barristers sport door-plates in England, like advocates in Scotland? I have not observed that they do, or that they hyphenate their names in the manner of physicians.

* * *

A great Judge, many years ago, did not know anything: he did not know who a lady—at that moment very celebrated—was. I feel equally ignorant in face of the pages of *England Day by Day*. The merry authors describe, with delightful incongruities, a cricketing, educational, and anthropological tour to be undertaken by K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Mr. J. G. Frazer, Mr. E. B. Tylor, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Austin Dobson, Tunnicliffe, Gaukrodger, Lord Avebury, John Gunn, myself, and other 'Totem Ramblers' in the South Seas. May the prophecy be fulfilled! But, while I know who the rest of the Totem Ramblers are—cricketers, anthropologists, and two poets—I do not know who many of the other heroes of these jests may be, nor are they likely to know who I am, or even who Gaukrodger is. Thus Miss Edna May can never have heard of me, nor is Gaukrodger likely to have much information, while I never, and Gaukrodger probably never, heard of Miss Edna May. Perhaps she may be of the house of Bryant-and-May, and, like all good women, a match-maker? Again, 'The Rev. R. J. Campbell grows a beard': what is the joke, and who is the Rev. R. J. Campbell? There be many clerics in clan Diarmaid. What is 'Tatcho,' and who is the lady familiarly styled Mercédès? Who is Mr. Henry de Windt? Who is the Mr. Lockhart of whom the authors of *The Gourmet's Guide to Europe* never heard? Is he Lockhart of the Lee, or of Carnwath, or Lockhart of the Wicket, or J. G. Lockhart, or Lockhart who wrote *Fair to See*? And who in the world is Mr. Algernon

Ashton, who 'never saw Kensal Green until he was five'? Why did Sir Oliver Lodge 'never send a Marconigram'? I thought he had a hand in inventing the Marconi system; only stopping (from a sense of the dignity of Science) at the point where the invention became of commercial value. I know who Ben Sayers is, of course, but is Miss Louie Freear a golfer also? Why should a tee shot be called 'syrupy'? What, in the name of useful information, is *David and Bathshua*? It appears to be a drama, for 'Miss Louie Freear brings down the house as Bathshua.' Perhaps it is a newly discovered mediæval Mystery Play, like *Everyman*. What is *England's Darling*, and why does Albert Trott take it out of the St. John's Wood Free Library? Darling is an Australian cricketer, and perhaps he may 'take it out of' Albert Trott, as a bowler, in Australia.

* * *

The context is sometimes enlightening, as in 'Lady Warwick preaches at the City Temple in Rev. R. J. Campbell's absence.' The rev. gentleman may be Master of the Temple, 'the City Temple': just as Canon Ainger holds that military and clerical post of 'The Most Valiant Master' at the Temple which is not civic. Why do five ladies, three of them novelists, fight duels with Sir James Crichton-Browne? Who is Mr. Whitworth Wynne, and why does he begin an epic on the subject of Elliman's Embrocation? Why, in a cricket score, do 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. make 3? A surgical operation on a Scottish man's head is needed. Why does a team of lady cricketers give 290 wides and no other extras? If Mr. Sidney Lee, as we learn, bowled forty-eight wides in an over, why did he not finish it with underhand? I do not believe that Mr. A. E. W. Mason ever bowled a wide which reached Mr. Birrell, K.C., fielding in the country over bowler's head. And, if he did, is it kind to publish the circumstance? What are 'Calmady trouserettes'? and why are they worn by pianists? I think that a man called Calmady, in a novel, had fins instead of feet, but what has this to do with players of the piano? What a cruel thing is ignorance! Sometimes I do see the joke, but am not thereby exhilarated, as in 'No good Conservative ever carries a Gladstone bag,' or 'Herbert Spencer did not write *The Faerie Queene*.' These jokes are more easily made than enjoyed. After asking for so much information, I may impart a little to the authors. 'Maori' is not pronounced

like 'Mary,' as they seem to fancy, but rhymes to showery, bowery, flowery, and the village of Scourie.

* * *

Competitions in the art of discovering the sources of unfamiliar quotations are a feature, I am told, in a paper called *The County Gentleman*. A county gentleman is about the very last person whom one expects to take an interest in matters of literature. However, stimulated by the prize of a coal-scuttle, a clock, or a patent corkscrew, he may exert his intellect in a novel field. Can any county gentleman or lady tell me who wrote words to this effect?—

I remember, I remember,
How my little lovers came,
With a lily or a cherry,
Or some new invented game.

'In the mad pride of intellectuality' I backed the erroneous opinion that the author was Thomas Hood. But the lines are not in his

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born.

Somebody must have parodied Hood, and that somebody was Praed.

* * *

A writer in *The National Review* doubts whether Mr. Andrew Carnegie is not sapping the manhood of Scotland. If it be true that congregations of all denominations actually implore Mr. Carnegie to give them organs, and if organs he confers, I am sure that neither John Knox nor Robert Burns would approve of the proceedings. To Mr. Knox, organs were little better than monuments of idolatry, I presume. Burns was all for Independence, and would have asked no man, least of all an American, for an organ. If a congregation wants an organ, let it hold a bazaar and buy an organ. Scots ought not to be 'aye beg, begging.' But the generosity of Mr. Carnegie, I cannot but fear, does encourage the modern habit of asking everyone for everything. About a fourth of the letters one receives are begging letters. Strangers ask for money, for gratuitous copy—dozens of them do that monthly—they ask for a man's time, his labour, his literary advice on their worthless manuscripts, his contributions to bazaar books in unheard-of places, his autograph, and his postage-stamps. They have no ruth, no shame. And they ask

Mr. Carnegie for organs, among other commodities. He ought not to encourage towns, congregations, colleges, and individuals to stretch out the hand for charity.

* * *

The *National Reviewer* says that 'leisure is one of the privileges sternly denied to the Scottish professor.' The dear man's holidays only extend to half the year, in fact. In that limited leisure he usually writes poetry, as far as I have observed. They who contribute original work on the topic which they academically profess are not, perhaps, the majority, though there be illustrious examples of original workers. In term time professors have to teach, lecture, and examine, and, as at Oxford, the afternoons of the learned are wasted in college meetings. But they have the vacations. If Mr. Carnegie chooses to found new chairs in the universities, where is the harm? Pious founders have always been respected for doing this. At St. Andrews, absurd as it may seem, we have no chair of Egyptology; none, I think, of Sanskrit; of palæography none; of history only a stunted lectureship at this moment. Chinese studies, Arabic, Japanese (now so important), psychical research, experimental psychology, the Celtic language and literature, anthropology, and lots of other studies are chairless. Here are opportunities, blameless opportunities, for the expenditure of dollars, but colleges ought not to ask for American dollars. Nor do I admire students who let Mr. Carnegie pay their fees, tiny as these fees usually are. Only too many men already receive a university education in Scotland. I mean that pathetic sacrifices are made to send to college lads congenitally incapable of profiting by what they are taught. That class will be increased if the fees are paid, though not the fees, but the cost of living has, I fancy, been the main obstacle. To select good lads from the schools, and give them scholarships by competitive examination or other selective process, appears wiser than to pay the fees of mankind at large. Many students will merely waste time which, as the sons of poor men, they can least afford to waste, and will be turned loose in the world with a slender, a very slender, smattering of knowledge, and an unappeased desire for 'a soft job.' The universities can perhaps stop these predestined loafers by really stiff examinations preliminary to matriculation. If so, not much harm will be done by philanthropy. A young man is not ashamed of taking a scholarship if he has won it and proved thereby that he has some qualifications as a student. But

young men who accept a tip of a few pounds from Mr. Carnegie do not make an auspicious start in a scholastic career.

* * *

A learned lady, Mrs. Pott, I think, once published the statement that the phrases 'good morrow,' 'good night,' and so forth, occur in a manuscript by Bacon and in the plays of Shakespeare, but not in thousands of earlier English books which she had consulted. The inference was that Bacon invented, or adapted from some foreign language, these phrases, and then stuffed them into his plays, wrongly attributed to Shakespeare. I happen to possess a kind of Elizabethan Ollendorff, of 1583, and there the phrases occur, on the first page. A correspondent, Mr. Frederick Adams, who, as a Reader for Messrs. Spottiswoode, is the Providence of inaccurate authors, kindly informs me that my book, *The French Littleton*, exists in an edition of 1566, which puts Bacon out of the running, as in 1566 he was only five or six years old. The author, 'Claudius Holyband' in English, was a Frenchman named Claude de Saintlien, a native of Moulins in the Bourbonnais. Again, it is shown that 'God gyve you good morowe' occurs in Palgrave's *Lesclarcissement de la Langue Francoyse* of 1530. Here also are 'good morowe,' 'good evyn,' 'good nyght.' *Piers Plowman*, in the fourteenth century, has, 'Beton the brewestere bad hym good morwe,' and Chaucer is in the same tale, in *The Miller's Tale*. Thus nothing is left in that argument for the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare's plays. Wherever you scratch the soil of the Baconian theory you come to that shifting sand of ignorance on which it is builded. But is 'Beton the brewestere' of the Scottish house of Beaton or Bethune, so famous in Scottish history? Or is the Englishwoman's name of another origin? It is!

* * *

What a provoking study is History! The years 1589-1590 are important and perplexed in the history of Scotland, owing to Spanish and Catholic intrigues, and the wild conduct of Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell. A good authority for the facts, though a dull dog, would have been the English ambassador, Bowes, in his letters to Walsingham. But his epistles for this period are not printed in Father Stevenson's edition, prepared for the Surtees Society (1842). Where, then, were the letters? I had to do without them, but, too late for my purpose, transcripts

of them turned up at New York of all unlikely places. They are part of the Hardwicke MSS. which were sold out of this country, and they are now printed in the Bulletin of the New York Public Library. Mr. Brander Matthews kindly sent me a copy of documents which interest a few people 'some,' and do not interest mankind at large. On the very first page we find the Master of Gray intriguing—the hero of Mr. Bailey's recent novel. Surely the letter is here misprinted. 'I sent to ye Mr Graie your letter addressed to him, whereunto he could not hitherto retorne you Answere as by ye Coppie of his letter, th'Originall whereof is brunt in ye Light of his Servant, to be delivered to you by this Bearer will appear to you.' The punctuation is a delirium, and 'brunt in ye Light of his Servant' must really be 'burnt in the *sight* of his servant.' The letters are full only of futile dim intrigues of double spies and double dealers; the Master of Gray is described as 'very hot,' and Bowes, as he says, is 'laying for' a certain Irish bishop. So to 'lay for' a person is not modern but elderly slang. We find the Earl of Bothwell manifestly playing a double game, apparently intriguing with Spain and the Catholics while assuring Bowes that he is merely dallying with these parties in hopes of extracting information for England and Elizabeth. The cyphers employed to indicate names of persons are as transparent as such cyphers usually are. 323 and 321 both stand for Bothwell, as a babe of any intelligence could discover. On the whole, history would not have lost much if the verbose epistles of dismal old Bowes had been sunk in the Atlantic. Of all things the most uniformly futile were the intrigues of the Scottish Catholics after the Reformation. The spiders wove a wilderness of cobwebs. They were always betrayed by their associates, and Cecil, at the right moment, tore the cobwebs to tatters.

* * *

A skilled person might make a pleasant essay on what we may call the dropped threads of novelists. Thus Pip's vision of Miss Havisham hanging to a beam in the deserted brewery has always puzzled me; it seems to have been meant to lead to something other than what occurs. In Mr. Marion Crawford's *Taquisara*, much turns on an entranced medium, who could give two strokes in the hole and a beating to Mrs. Piper. We expect her successes to be normally explained, because stress is laid on her one-eyed servant, whose one eye (blue) marks her as the sister of her mistress. Bosio observes this: the poisoner, Matilde, does not. Apparently

something was to hang on the fact; if so, the thread has been dropped. Again, why had Charles Wogan clay on his clothes, at the end of *Clementina*? Like the priest in the *Lays of Ancient Rome*,

I know, but may not tell.

Edith's horror at meeting Florence in the darkling house of Mr. Dombey is a dropped thread which Dickens tried to take up, but failed. Research would probably discover many such instances.

* * *

Trying to buy Mr. Whibley's *Thackeray* (Blackwoods) in a large bookshop in a large English town, I found that the book-seller 'would send for it.' He had not the enterprise to risk a venture in a small cheap book on a popular subject, in a big town, surrounded by the country houses of the opulent. Was he 'a coward loon,' or did he know the English public only too well? In either case, what a 'dreadful trade' is the author's!

* * *

In what is said, in paragraph second, about the marriage of a Douglas with a Carlyle heiress, I have been obliged, in the absence of Douglas's *Baronage of Scotland*, to write from memory, and the statements are made in the country, and 'under all reserves.' Genealogists at a distance will please accept this intimation.

ANDREW LANG.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to

The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,

39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1903.

*Nature's Comedian.*¹

BY W. E. NORRIS.

CHAPTER XI.

MANY COUNSELLORS.

HAROLD DUNVILLE was not one of those gifted persons whose mental grasp is such that they are able to think about a half-a-dozen things at one and the same time ; which was doubtless one reason why his brow remained smooth and his dark hair free from premature streaks of grey. He did not, therefore, trouble his head respecting the effect of his recent decision upon former colleagues of his until one afternoon when Shepherd (whose head had necessarily been a good deal troubled upon the subject) remarked, sighing rather wearily :

'Well, I believe I have now got matters fairly into trim. Moore empowers me, and indeed begs me, to reopen the theatre with a revival and with the old company until he can bring his own company back from the United States, which will hardly be before Christmas. Sandford agrees to play your part, and the others, with one exception, don't complain. Of course, they wouldn't have any right to complain ; but Miss Fitzwalter, unfortunately, does. She absolutely refuses to act without you, I am sorry to say ; so I must look out for a substitute.'

'By Jove!' muttered Harold, with a rueful countenance, 'I had forgotten all about her !'

¹ Copyright, 1903, by Longmans, Green, & Co.

'That I can well believe.'

'It's hard lines upon her, you know,' Harold resumed meditatively, after a moment.

'It may be; I am scarcely in a position to judge. At the same time, her grievance, if we must allow her to have a grievance, is a purely sentimental one, you must remember. There has been no breach of contract on our part.'

'No; only sentimental grievances are always the hardest to deal with, and I daresay she thinks I might have told her of my intentions personally. I did say something about looking her up at Scarborough; but, what with one thing and another, it escaped my memory. Well, I'll run down and see her now; that will be the best plan, and it's a mere question of twenty-four hours. Oh, I expect she'll be all right as soon as I have explained everything and smoothed her down,' cheerfully concluded Harold, who had smoothed Miss Fitzwalter down with success on more than one previous occasion.

But Shepherd, smiling slightly, said, 'Perhaps a still better plan would be to run down somewhere where you won't see her. Scarborough, it is true, fulfils that condition, though I imagine that you would prefer Kent.'

'Oh!—then she's in London, I suppose.'

'Otherwise I shouldn't have mentioned her to you. My letter to her brought her down upon me like a cartload of bricks, and I need scarcely add that I haven't mentioned to her the fact of your being in London. The danger, of course, is that she may make the discovery for herself at any moment.'

'I don't know why you should call that a danger,' Harold returned, frowning.

'Oh, my dear Dunville!'

'No; I really don't. My relations with her are not, and never have been, what you think——'

'How can you tell what I think?'

'I can guess. She is sometimes unreasonable, I grant you, and—and jealous, if you like to use the word; but she has been a good friend to me, and, laugh as you may, I believe that, if all the circumstances were laid before her, she would be the last to oppose any scheme that tended towards my advancement in life.'

'Indeed! Shall I let her know that you are here, then?'

'Do so, by all means. I have a clear conscience, and I don't feel bound to run away from anybody.'

Shepherd laughed. 'Ah, well, I shall not let her know, and I should advise you to run away, conscience and all. What is the use of a clear conscience in dealing with unreasonable and jealous women? I don't want to interfere; I ask no questions and name no names; I merely caution you that Miss Fitzwalter is much too angry to hesitate about naming in a loud voice the lady who, according to her, is at the bottom of your change of plans.'

'H'm!—she named Miss Gardiner, did she?'

Shepherd laughed again. 'What!—another one? This is becoming complicated. No; between ourselves, and strictly between ourselves, she named a Miss Ormond.'

'Ah, there you are! That just shows how unreasonable she is; for it so happens that if there is a person who is quite sure to resent my coming forward as a Radical candidate, it is that same Miss Ormond.'

'Which leaves you to account as best you may for the other young lady, I presume. Take my advice, Dunville; don't try to account for anybody, least of all for yourself, but be off and leave me to manage Miss Fitzwalter. She can do without us, and we can do without her at a pinch, though I won't deny that we should do better with her. What is more to the point is that she must do without you, and it isn't by a stormy interview that you will bring her to a realising sense of that necessity.'

This seemed obvious. Moreover, Harold disliked stormy interviews even more than he disliked the idea of distressing a woman to whom he was honestly attached, but who was, after all, bound to be distressed by his compulsory abandonment of her. So he sighed, shrugged his shoulders, and accepted wise counsel.

'I say, though,' he pleaded in conclusion, 'you'll tell her I'm awfully sorry, won't you?'

'That might not have a very soothing effect. I propose, with your permission, to tell her nothing, except that you are busy canvassing down in the country. The essential thing, you see, is to convince her that you are quite out of reach.'

Harold, at all events, could not help seeing how desirable it was that he should put himself out of Lorna's reach. He did so that same afternoon, and long before reaching his destination he had comfortably dismissed her and her eluded tantrums from his mind. Other ladies—possibly also other tantrums—must now be encountered. And, to begin with, he had to face the ironical

scrutiny of his sister Anne, who, meeting him on his arrival at the Rectory, remarked :

'So you have been taking the plunge, eh ? How do you feel after it ? At all out of your depth ?'

'Absolutely out of my depth,' answered Harold, smiling. 'I can swim, though.'

'You think so, do you ? Well, it's a case of swim or sink, anyhow, and I should rather admire your courage if I could get up any admiration for your conduct in other respects.'

'It isn't asked of you to admire my Radicalism.'

'Oh, your Radicalism !' exclaimed Anne, with her wry smile, and said no more for a minute. But presently she resumed : 'I ought to be glad that you have committed yourself to this rather hazardous project, and in a sense I am glad ; for it ought at least to make Lilian safe from you, whether you win or lose. Nevertheless, I can't help having a compunctious feeling about you—is it because we are of the same flesh and blood, although we are so little alike, do you suppose?—a sort of premature compassion for you. I doubt whether you have counted the cost of failure.'

'Oh, yes ; I don't look upon my being returned as by any means a certainty.'

'It is far from being a certainty, I should say, notwithstanding the Gardiners and their money. But shall I tell you what is a virtual certainty ? Josephine Gardiner won't marry you unless you are returned ; possibly not even if you are.'

'And who says that I am ambitious of marrying Miss Gardiner ?'

'Why, you do, of course. If you don't mean that, what on earth can you possibly mean ? That is why I half admire you and am half sorry for you. Because I believe that, after your fashion, you are really fond of Lilian, and I know what Josephine is. She will push you on and very likely make you happy if you start with a success ; but she has no use for failures. Nor the slightest hesitation about tossing them aside, you'll find.'

'I am glad, at all events, that you don't object to my tossing aside the family politics,' remarked Harold, not knowing very well what to say.

'My objections—supposing I had any—wouldn't give you a sleepless night, I imagine. Besides, I haven't a vote, so it doesn't matter. Dick, poor fellow, will have to vote against you, and I shouldn't wonder if the thought of that duty were to interfere with his slumbers a little. Dick, I may tell you, is a good deal more

perturbed than I am. But then, although he is worth a hundred of me, he has never had quite the nice sense of proportion upon which I humbly pride myself.'

'I suppose you mean that my proportionate worth is microscopic. Yet you don't look or sound altogether unfriendly, somehow.'

'I'm not altogether unfriendly,' Anne declared; 'I hope you'll win—on every ground. When is the announcement to be proclaimed to an amazed and agreeably scandalised county? Of course neither Dick nor I have breathed a word as yet.'

'Thanks, I was sure you wouldn't. About the time of the announcement I know nothing; I am awaiting instructions.'

He was not made to wait long. On the following morning he was received by appointment in Miss Gardiner's own private sitting-room, which was a large and airy one on the first floor, artistically, if somewhat heterogeneously, furnished and filled to overflowing with books, old and new. These not only lined the walls but were scattered untidily over chairs and tables, and Harold might have been amused, had he examined them, by the comprehensive taste in literature which they seemed to imply. But he did not examine them, preferring to reserve the use of his eyes for other purposes. And, indeed, Josephine's features, always attractive by reason of their mobility, were more than usually pleasant to watch that morning, for she was in high good humour with her visitor.

'Your letter from London was charmingly worded, in addition to setting my mind at ease,' she was kind enough to say. 'I am so glad that the ground is now clear and that we can proceed at once to action. You have heard, perhaps, that the Tories have secured a candidate already. No? Well, they have, and I wish them joy of him. A certain Captain Desborough, a retired naval man who has come into money lately, but who doesn't belong to this part of the world and isn't at all likely, from what I hear, to be formidable as an opponent. Your first speech should take the wind out of his sails.'

'The bare thought of making my first speech gives me the shivers in anticipation,' Harold declared, laughing. 'Am I within sight of that ordeal?'

'Upon the verge of it, I imagine; but my father will put you in possession of all details and give you what coaching may be necessary. I don't believe in your shivers; I have heard you recite.'

'You might as well say that you have seen me dance, or tumble in the ring!'

'I only mean that you won't show nervousness and that you know how to manage your voice. Of course I can't tell whether you have any special aptitude for political oratory or not. I don't care either; for none is required. You will be told what to say and what to leave unsaid.'

Everything, it appeared, was arranged for him; all he had to do was to step forward at given moments, as upon a more familiar stage, and play a rehearsed part. He was not quite sure that he liked being thus cavalierly bitted and bridled, although he did rather like the implication that this business of addressing meetings, capturing votes, and getting himself returned to Parliament was merely preliminary and perfunctory.

'I wonder what you mean to do with me after you have converted me into an elected legislator,' said he.

'I haven't made up my mind yet,' Josephine frankly avowed; 'so much will have to depend upon the impressions that one may get of you in a fresh setting. But I'm tremendously interested in the experiment.'

'And a little, I hope, in the humble subject of the experiment?'

'Oh, naturally! Otherwise you wouldn't be here, you know.'

If he interested her, she likewise interested him, with her vivacity, her cheerfully imperious ways, her superb assumption that whatever she might be pleased to decree would assuredly come to pass. He was not in love with Josephine—how could he be, when his whole heart still belonged to Lilian Ormond? Yet he was resolved that the option of winning her, and with her the succession to Dunville Manor, should ultimately be his. He had not given up what he had given up for the sake of an off-chance. So he threw himself into the character of a devoted admirer with all his accustomed spirit and ease, forgetting (likewise with accustomed ease) all that it was convenient to forget, until the thunder of a distant gong announced the luncheon hour.

Upon this he was begged to wait for one minute while Miss Gardiner 'made herself decent,' and, as the stipulated minute had protracted itself into twenty before she reappeared, their joint entrance into the dining-room, where some score of people were already seated, produced the general stir which it may have been designed to bring about. Harold perceived at once that he was being introduced as the Radical candidate, and that

the company had been prepared to receive him in that capacity. Conversation abruptly ceased; Sir Joseph, who (doubtless to mark the exceptional nature of the occasion) was present, got up and shook him by the hand, as did several other gentlemen with whom he had not been previously acquainted; Lady Gardiner, with a dog on her lap, did not, to be sure, rise, but she waved him a friendly greeting, while somebody said:

'We were beginning to be afraid that you meant to keep Mr. Dunville all to yourself, Miss Gardiner.'

Harold, inured though he was to crowds and curious scrutiny, was slightly confused, and it was not until he had slipped into the chair reserved for him that he recognised in his left-hand neighbour the very last person whom he had expected to see—perhaps the very last whom he would have wished to see at that particular juncture. With him, however, embarrassment was always a transient discomfort, and one rapid glance at Lilian Ormond's face brought him relief. She was not—Heaven be praised!—angry; she did not even look reproachful or interrogative; her expression, strange to say, revealed nothing but pleasure at the sight of him. Presently he was able to murmur in her ear:

'I have sprung a surprise upon you, haven't I? But you can understand how it was. I should have told you what was in the wind if I had been allowed to tell anybody; but I only came back from London last night, and——'

'Oh yes, I know,' she interrupted, smiling, 'and I don't feel at all aggrieved. You would indeed have been a bold man if you had let my father's daughter into your secret!'

'Ah—well—that was just it, you see,' agreed Harold, eagerly appropriating an excuse of which he had not thought before. 'I suppose Mr. Ormond is furious, isn't he?'

'I am afraid there can't be the shadow of a doubt that he will be; but at present he hasn't heard. I don't think anybody had until just now, when Sir Joseph told us all that you had consented to stand against Captain Desborough.'

'And you?—you aren't furious, I hope?'

'Of course not; you have just as good a right to be a Liberal as we have to be Conservatives, I suppose. Indeed, to tell the truth, I am not at all sure that I know in what the difference between Conservatives and Liberals consists.'

'Miss Gardiner pretends that there is none of any consequence; but your father, probably, is so far from taking that philosophical

view that he would kick me out of the house if I dared to call at Beechwood, wouldn't he ?'

'Oh, I hope not. He might be very rude, though. Upon the whole, I think you had better avoid meeting him for a time.'

'Only that means that I shall have to avoid meeting you too,' sighed Harold.

The girl laughed. 'Well, if you will insist upon doing things just because Josephine tells you to do them! Not that you are singular there; for we all obey Josephine more or less, and very seldom get any thanks for our pains.'

She spoke without a suggestion of bitterness, and a pang shot through her hearer's heart as it dawned upon him that perhaps, after all, she could resign him to her rival without any pang at her own. He had been talking in a subdued voice, which he now lowered into a whisper to say:

'You know whom I would so infinitely rather obey! You can understand, I daresay, that all this goes rather against the grain with me in some ways, but that I have motives—motives which sometimes look almost like duties. If we were alone I could explain——'

'You needn't,' she interrupted; 'I quite understand.'

Then their eyes met, and hers said, as plainly as eyes could speak, 'It makes no difference what you do or what your motives are; I trust you.'

He ought to have been horribly ashamed of himself, and so for an instant he was; but joy and relief made short work of remorse. This was just what he wanted!—to break no bonds and yet be free. Lilian herself had furnished him with an excellent reason for giving her family a wide berth; she would not resent apparent neglect; she knew the truth. By this he meant that she knew he loved her; that it would be scarcely possible for her to love him were she told the real truth was a reflection far too disagreeable for him to face.

As soon as luncheon was over he was beckoned into Sir Joseph Gardiner's den to receive information and instructions. Sir Joseph, who had not, personally, taken a fancy to the young actor, but whose personal sentiments were seldom obtruded by him or considered by others, was brief, business-like, and mildly imperative. Having satisfied himself that the candidate was ready to swallow the Radical programme whole, he proceeded to particulars. Mr. Dunville would be so good as to say this and avoid allusion to that, unless questioned. If questioned, he

would reply in such and such a sense. He would bear in mind always that his business was to attack the present Administration, not to make promises on behalf of a Government as yet non-existent. With regard to local matters, however, he might be more definite and commit himself to certain specified pledges.

'Provided that you make no glaring mistakes, I think we shall get you in, sir. We have been active for some time past, while the people on the other side have been careless and clumsy to an extent which, as we calculate, should lose them at least a couple of hundred votes. It is believed that your name will do something for you, and I suppose I may say that my support will do more.'

'I'm awfully grateful to you, Sir Joseph,' Harold declared.

The little sandy-haired man looked at him with rapidly blinking eyes, pulled his ragged whiskers, and answered, 'Not at all, sir, not at all! If you must thank anybody, thank my daughter, upon whose—er—recommendation I agreed to do what was in my power for you. My own object, naturally, is to win a seat for the political party to which I belong.'

He seemed to be upon the point of adding something and to think better of it. Presently, his gaze straying to the table, upon which lay several handsomely bound albums of gigantic size, he asked, 'You are not, by any chance, a philatelist, are you?'

Harold regretted that he was not.

'Ah, then my collection would not interest you. A mere hobby, of course; though it serves its purpose—serves its purpose. My daughter has numerous hobbies; but I notice that she does not ride them long. Perhaps that is rather unfortunate for her.'

'And for the hobbies?' suggested Harold, who perceived with some amusement that Anne's admonitions were being reinforced from this somewhat unexpected quarter.

'It may be so,' returned Sir Joseph hurriedly; 'it may be so. You are giving up the stage, I understand.'

'I must if I am to go into Parliament.'

'No doubt. H'm!—well, you are striking out a new line for yourself, Mr. Dunville; you may be well advised in doing so or you may not; time alone can show. But that is your affair, not mine. What I have to do is merely, as I say, to secure, if possible, the return of a good Radical as member for this division. I don't think I need keep you any longer from the ladies now, sir.'

CHAPTER XII.

DIFFICULT NAVIGATION.

THE very encouraging news respecting the prospects of his play which his younger brother brought back to him from London pleased the Rector of the parish so much that he felt able to meet with more equanimity than he might otherwise have achieved sundry comments of his parishioners upon what they saw fit to call Harold's political treachery. Of course a man who happens to differ politically from his family and his progenitors ought not on that account to be stigmatised as a traitor; the defence so far was easy and obvious. But when it was bluntly put to him that the candidate for Parliamentary honours was a candidate for Miss Gardiner's fortune in the first place and a Radical, or whatever else she might choose to make of him, in the second, Dick, who had his own misgivings, was rendered uncomfortable, and showed that he was so. *Honi soit qui mal y pense* was all he could say, and to Harold he said as little as possible upon a topic which, for a week or ten days, was discussed to the exclusion of every other by the entire neighbourhood.

Harold, to be sure, had very little leisure for discussing either politics or the drama at the Rectory, where he scarcely did more than sleep during those opening days of his campaign. When he was not at the Manor he was being driven hither and thither throughout the constituency, interviewing voters, hunting up acquaintances of bygone years, shaking innumerable hands, proclaiming in winning words the faith which was more or less in him. Upon the whole, he enjoyed himself immensely. It was all so novel, so amusing and (perhaps by reason of Josephine's exhilarating company and apparent enthusiasm for the cause) so instinct with coming triumph! Harold's nature was such that he could always convert himself without difficulty for the time being into any character that he was required to personate, and this happy faculty of his freed him from the nuisance of convictions which might be liable to disturbance. Having accepted the part of a Radical postulant, all he had to do was to play that part to the very best of his ability. Thus he earned alike his own approval and that of his diligent backers.

'The only thing that I find to criticise in your ways of going

on,' the most important of these backers told him, 'is that you work the social equality idea for just a little more than it is worth. You shouldn't be always impressing upon the people that they are every bit as good as you are, unless they chance to be better.'

'But surely that is what you yourself are in the habit of doing,' objected Harold.

'Oh, yes, that's my line for electioneering purposes; I go in for being the daughter of a self-made father and leave my mother's pedigree in the background. But you are different; you have to remember, and to keep them in mind, that you are Dunville of Dunville Manor.'

'Only I am nothing of the sort.'

'Well, you are going to be; you mean to be.'

'Do I? I wonder how.'

'Oh, bother the "how"! ' cried Josephine impatiently. 'You were to make money and buy us out, weren't you?—really I forget. These details are so entirely subsidiary! But you must have that ambition, please, or I shall feel that I have misinterpreted you, which would be most disappointing and vexatious at this advanced stage of the proceedings.'

'I have all the audacious ambitions that you wish me to have,' Harold declared; 'perhaps even some that you don't.'

'Very well, then, it follows that you can't afford to make yourself too cheap. Friendly and unassuming, yes; a democratic Dunville as much as you please, but—always a Dunville, for all that. The snobbishness of which we are so fond of accusing one another in this country isn't quite the ignoble thing that we pretend; in reality it is more a pathetic, lingering appreciation of the picturesque than anything else. For heaven's sake don't cease to be picturesque, unless you want to alienate a heap of worthy electors and lose, amongst other trifles, my own humble admiration and interest.'

He certainly did not want to lose that, nor was he altogether devoid of the ambition so persistently imputed to him; yet as time went on, there came moments when he asked himself whether the game was, or was going to be, worth the candle. He was conscious that his addresses to rural meetings, delivered always at a most inconvenient hour of the evening, were scarcely as successful as they should have been. He spoke fluently and gracefully, but he failed, somehow, to catch hold of his stolid audience, whereas it was reported that Captain Desborough, who

had no pretensions to oratory, managed to draw cheers and laughter from similar assemblages. This irritated Miss Gardiner, who, when irritated, was apt to speak her mind.

'What you have to do is so simple and yet so hard to define!' she exclaimed one night, after he had resumed his seat without any reward in the shape of applause. 'I could do it myself as easily as I can see the difference between studied eloquence and bluff jocularly; but you, for some reason or other, don't seem to see the obvious. If I didn't know how clever you are, I should be tempted to call you stupid.'

'Perhaps,' Harold could not help retorting, half angrily, half despondently (for he hated to be called stupid), 'you haven't, in spite of all your cleverness, realised the difference that there is between an actor and a stump orator.'

She drummed impatiently with her foot upon the boards of the platform. 'As if you were only an actor! As if I should ever have troubled myself to take up a mere actor!'

Such remarks, which sounded very like veiled threats and exhibited disquieting presages for the future, gave Harold's self-satisfaction pause. He was an easy-going mortal; he wanted, so far as in him lay, to be at peace with all the world, and he foresaw that the life of Josephine's husband was likely to be one of little ease. Then, too, he was brought at last face to face with Mr. Ormond after a fashion extremely disagreeable to him. He was walking down the principal street of the neighbouring county town on a certain afternoon, when he encountered the old gentleman, who at once pulled up the mail phaeton in which he was seated, with his daughter by his side, and called out:

'Glad to have met you! I wanted to see you, in order to tell you plainly what I think of your conduct. In my opinion, you have played us a shabby trick. Now, Lil, you must let me finish, please; I've heard what you have to say, and I don't agree with you. If Mr. Harold Dunville was a Radical he ought to have told us so before he accepted our hospitality and became intimate in our house; then we should have known where we were. As it is, he has put me in a false position. And I am bound to add,' continued Mr. Ormond, who was very red in the face, 'that to my mind you are putting your poor brother in a false position by taking up your quarters at Dunville Rectory, of all places in the world!'

Harold really could not see why Mr. Ormond should feel bound to make that addition to his other somewhat unwarrantable

complaints; but, encouraged by Lilian's appealing glance, he tried the effect of a soft answer.

'I assure you, Mr. Ormond,' said he, 'that if you had asked me what my views were, I shouldn't have concealed them. It was natural, I daresay, that you should have taken me for a born Conservative; but you will admit that I have never professed to be one. I can't accuse myself of having intentionally misled you, or I would gladly apologise; for I shall never forget how kind you have all been to me.'

Mr. Ormond shook his head vehemently. 'Plausible, but not straight,' was his uncompromising rejoinder. 'You must have known perfectly well that no traitor to his country—and, mind you, I hold that all you so-called Little Englanders are neither more nor less than traitors—could ever be received in my house. I am sorry to have to say such a thing to your father's son, but I must tell you that you can never be received there again.'

Harold, with Lilian's eyes still upon him and a visible deprecation of paternal severity in her faint smile, murmured something about its taking two to make a quarrel; but the old gentleman was not to be pacified.

'I beg your pardon; that's a popular fallacy. One is quite enough, and in the present instance I am that one. Henceforth, if you please, we are strangers.'

He drew his whip sharply across the off horse's quarters and disappeared in a twinkling. It may be that his daughter's championship of the renegade had aroused in his mind painful suspicions which ought to have found their way thither before, but the chances are that he would in any case have thought it incumbent upon him to break off relations with so anomalous a being as a Radical Dunville.

That sort of thing could not but distress Harold, whose ardent wish it always was that his fellow-creatures should like him and think well of him. Distressing also, in a somewhat similar way, was an indignant and reproachful missive from Miss Lorna Fitzwalter which reached him the same evening. Miss Fitzwalter wanted to know what all this meant. Surely, she urged, she had some right to expect information! Harold must be aware that she had never opposed, and never would oppose, anything of a nature to promote his welfare; but to throw her over without ceremony and depute 'that impudent fellow Shepherd' to make substituted professional engagements for her was not playing the game. If that Ormond girl was not at the bottom of the whole business,

what woman was? Harold need not trouble himself to deny that there was a woman in the case; for his correspondent knew better than to believe that. The rest of the letter was half affectionate, half minatory. The writer's meaning, Harold took it, was that she might be conciliated, but that she did not intend to be ignored, and previous experience of her warned him that it was not her way to shrink from the absurdity of making scenes upon occasion. He could quite easily, for example, imagine her descending like a whirlwind upon Dunville Manor and denouncing him to its astonished inmates. He concluded, therefore, with a sigh and a shrug, that his wisest course would be to go up to London and see her.

The following morning's post brought him a letter which would of itself have decided him to make the journey. Mr. Moore, it appeared, had returned somewhat hurriedly from the United States, leaving his company to finish their programme without him, and was very anxious to confer with Harold respecting 'a striking play from your pen which Shepherd has submitted to me.' Moore wanted to take the piece, thought that there were the elements of a success in it, and saw how much might be made out of the leading part. 'But I cannot commit myself until I have had a talk with you and obtained your permission to adapt the thing to what may be my requirements. It is a thousand pities that you should be unable to interpret your own work with your own lips; for neither I nor anybody else can play the character as you would have played it. Still, I do not say that it is beyond me: I only hope that you can spare time to run up and discuss difficulties with me.'

Such a request, coming from Moore, whose reputation as an actor stood a good deal above his junior's, was distinctly flattering, and Harold, notwithstanding his final abandonment of the stage, was flattered by it. Heralded by a telegram which he made haste to despatch, he was in London a few hours later; so that the requested conference was brought about with as little delay as possible. Mr. Moore, a clean-shaven, grizzle-headed man, with the wrecked complexion of his calling, dined by invitation with Harold at the latter's club and had a good deal to say, in a rather nervous, jerky style, about *Renunciation*.

'As a play it's good—excellent,' he declared; 'the only trouble is its being so visibly written by you for yourself. Don't you see how that handicaps me? Every critic will start his article by pointing out that I'm a substitute. This quiet, cynical, sublime

hero of yours, who gives up everything and pretends all the while to care for nobody's convenience but his own—well, he isn't a novelty, of course, and he's a pretty sure draw, if interpreted. But in this particular case he requires rather delicate interpretation; he has, in short, to be'—Mr. Moore paused for a moment before bringing out, with a gasp and a laugh, the unpalatable word—'a gentleman.'

'Oh, but, my dear fellow!' protested Harold.

'Yes, yes; thank you very much,' returned the other; 'you could say no less, I suppose. But, say what you will, there's the rub. We are talking privately, and I can't afford to be mealy-mouthed. Nor can I afford a disaster. Between ourselves, my American venture hasn't brought me in half as much as I hoped it would; your deciding not to renew your lease of the theatre has been rather a disappointment to me, and I must, if I possibly can, begin the new year with something that promises a longish run—something that will at least tide us over Lent. Now, I have wit enough to see that in my hands the success or failure of *Renunciation* would be touch and go; though the piece would be safe enough in yours.'

'In other words,' said Harold, laughing, but not ill-pleased, 'you are suffering from an attack of nerves. Bless your soul! you'll be all right after the first rehearsal. Of course you can play the part just as well as I can, and probably a great deal better. You talk about my having written the play for myself; but Shepherd must have told you, I presume, that I didn't write it at all. The work is my brother's, merely touched up and corrected a little by me.'

'Whether you wrote it for yourself or your brother wrote it for you makes no difference. The part was created for you, and everybody will see at a glance that it was. I shall have to make alterations, I expect, if I am to do any good. Really, Dunville, I hardly feel that I can accept your play in its present form.'

His vanity had to be adroitly tickled, his not unfounded misgivings had to be allayed. The very fact that Moore had detected a danger which would have escaped most of his contemporaries went far towards proving him the one available man to win public acceptance—perhaps even public enthusiasm—for *Renunciation*; only he must not be allowed to spoil the play by shifting the burden of its support on to the shoulders of subordinate characters. Harold, who was himself enthusiastic about it by this time, and became more and more so the longer he

talked, not only ended by triumphing over the other's hesitation, but could not repress a cry of quite sincere professional jealousy.

'Ah, Moore, don't I wish I were in your shoes! You're going to eclipse your record!'

Moore, soothed by eloquence, champagne, and a subsequent cigarette, smiled and shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly. 'Well, my dear Dunville, I hope so—I can only hope so. But I assure you that I would very gladly see you in my shoes as lessee of the St. Martin's. I *may*, as you obligingly prophesy, eclipse my record by *Renunciation*, but you undoubtedly would, if you were but willing to stick to the ship.'

'Oh, I've burnt my ship,' answered Harold, with a wave of his hand and a touch of regret in his voice. 'I've embarked upon a brand new vessel. Whether she'll turn out to be seaworthy or not remains to be seen.'

The older man surveyed him curiously. 'I suppose you know your own business best,' he remarked, looking as though he doubted it. Then, after smoking in silence for a moment, 'I wish you could induce Miss Fitzwalter to give us her help. She isn't a very easy person to deal with, but she can always be depended upon to do her best, and the part that she would have to take if we produced your play ought to suit her, I think.'

'I'll ask her, if you like,' Harold promised; 'I was going to look her up to-morrow, anyhow.'

Something seemed to tickle Mr. Moore, for an abrupt, quickly checked laugh escaped him. He accounted for his brief hilarity by remarking:

'Shepherd is rather funny about her. He isn't what you could call a constitutionally timid man, but he absolutely refuses to make any further advances to her. He says he doesn't believe his features would be safe if he did. Well, well! women are queer, aren't they? But I think, you know, that if *you* were to approach her discreetly—not, of course, representing us as over and above eager to secure her, but begging her, as a personal favour, to give your play a hand, she might—eh?'

'Oh, yes; I think very likely she would,' Harold airily replied. 'At all events, I can but try, and I am not much afraid of her scratching my face.'

Without exaggerated pusillanimity, he really might have been; but it was true enough that he was not. Poor Lorna had so often proved amenable to treatment in the use of which he was an adept! On the morrow, therefore, he betook himself to

the little house in far West Kensington where she dwelt, prepared for nothing worse than tears—unless, indeed, subsequent embraces were to be counted as something worse. But he found, when he was admitted, that he had to face a rather more angry woman than he had expected to encounter.

‘It is monstrous!’ Miss Fitzwalter cried; ‘I don’t know why I go on bearing it! Everybody, it seems, is to be told of your plans before I am. Not so much as a postcard is vouchsafed to me; I am simply tossed aside like an old glove as soon as anybody or anything more attractive turns up! And yet, Heaven knows, it isn’t asking a great deal to ask for confidence after one has given up all claim to constancy! You try me too much; one of these days you may discover that you have tried me too much!’

To pacify her took a very long time and what purported to be a very full confession. Even when the latter, accompanied as it was by warm assurances of affection and penitence, had brought down the anticipated alleviating shower of tears, clouds lingered upon Lorna’s brow.

‘The worst of it is,’ she rather pathetically sighed, ‘that I can’t believe you, much as I should like to believe you! It may be true that your flirtation with one girl has been extinguished by your quarrel with her father, and that you are making a fool and a tool of the other so that she may help to pitchfork you into Parliament; but it doesn’t sound very much like the truth. And when you have got into Parliament, what next? You have no money!’

‘Oh, I have a little.’

‘Sufficient to pay your election expenses and see you through a few more months, perhaps. I am an ignorant woman, but I do know that this talk about members being eligible for good appointments and about your ultimately returning to the home of your ancestors must be rubbish. Besides, supposing that that were really what you are driving at, what would it mean? For one thing, that you would have no more to say to old friends who were of some service to you in the days when you needed friends.’

Harold vowed that it never would or could mean anything so ignoble. He was not ungrateful for past benefits; he was fond, in his way, of this excitable woman, whose fondness for him had so often taken practical shape, and whose patient fidelity had been a frequent source of amazement to him; only he did wish she

would realise that matrimonial designs were futile. That point once established, there would be nothing further to impede the smooth course of friendship. The present occasion, however, was obviously not a propitious one for establishing it, nor did he attempt the enterprise. On the contrary, his efforts were employed in quite another direction, and eventually he was so far successful that he made his whim for entering public life appear not unlike other bygone whims of his which had had their day and to which—wisely or unwisely—a free rein had been accorded by one who had foreseen that they would exhaust themselves. And then, as he knew that the surest way of conciliating Lorna was to beg a favour of her, he deftly shifted the subject, telling her how very anxious he was that *Renunciation* should do well and declaring his conviction that its prospects would be immensely brightened by her co-operation.

‘You won’t, I am afraid, care to play with Moore, and he seems to be rather timid about asking you; but, although he doesn’t say so, I can see that he wants you badly. As for me, in my capacity of joint author, I want you most awfully. Can you be persuaded?’

She was very easily persuaded, notwithstanding the preliminary refusal with which, for the pleasure of seeming to yield to entreaty, she responded. She had had many applications, she said; she did not, under the circumstances, wish to appear again at the St. Martin’s Theatre; she was upon the verge of concluding another engagement. Still, for Harold’s sake and for the sake of his piece, she was ready to do what in her lay.

‘After all,’ she wound up meditatively and irrelevantly, ‘we don’t know that you will win this election. If you don’t, you will come back to us, I suppose.’

‘To the stage? Well, perhaps. Oh, yes, supposing everything else fails, the stage will always remain.’

His intonation or a far-away look in his eyes caused Lorna’s assuaged jealousy to blaze forth anew. ‘Harold,’ she cried, ‘is Miss Gardiner anything to you? Tell me the truth.’

‘She is a lot to me,’ he answered, laughing; ‘she is a ladder.’

‘Only a ladder?’

‘Absolutely and wholly and solely that!’

‘And ladders, when they have served their purpose, are kicked down.’

He shrugged his shoulders, still laughing. Then he jumped up and declared that he must be off; for indeed it seemed to him

to be high time. Having obtained what he wanted, he made what struck him as a well-contrived exit; yet it may be that prudence would have counselled less precipitation. For the last impression that he left upon Miss Fitzwalter's mind was one of doubt whether she had heard all that there was to hear about Josephine.

(To be continued.)

A Turkish Redif.

RUMOURS of war reached us, and of trouble in Albania, on account, it was said, of reforms to which the Albanians objected. 'Reforms have never done us any good,' said the Turks. Then one day the Aidin regiment of Redifs was called out; the notices were posted in all the cafés. 'We are tired of fighting, for in the end we lose,' said the Turks. But the day came when the regiment was to leave, and I went to see it entrain.

It was nine hundred strong; sixty horses and mules for baggage. That was the simplicity of its marching order. The train consisted of open trucks for the animals, horse-boxes for the rank-and-file, a saloon and first-class carriage for the officers.

The crowd to witness the departure was largely composed of women. It was very quiet and perfectly orderly. The prevailing spirit was one of quiet sorrow and gentle resignation. No martial spirit seemed left in the nation. Poor as they were, they were scrupulously clean and tidy, as is usually the case with the Turks.

The sound of a band announced the arrival of the troops, and they came marching down the hill from the barracks and swung round into the station yard. In front of the procession walked Assiz Effendi, the Sheik of the Howling Dervishes, in his long white robes, and with the green turban round his brow. Close behind him was the Sheik of the Dancing Dervishes, also in white robes, but with a steeple-crowned fez of grey cloth on his head. The Mutarsarif followed, with the Kaidi on one side and the Hakim, or doctor, on the other. The Judge of the Civil Court, the Attorney-General, and the Brigadier-General came next in order, after them the band, and behind the band the regiment.

The men were the most excellent material for soldiers which can possibly be imagined. About thirty years of age; strong, wiry, bronzed peasants. Here and there in the face of a younger

one, who had been paid to go as a substitute, one saw a flash of the old martial spirit; but in the men this great asset to an army was lost or dead. In some, utter indifference, in others sullen misgiving was the ruling tone. I noticed this fact to an old man, and he answered, 'They have been so often, you see, and for nothing. The heart is gone out of them. They fought before, but they were beaten. They have fought; but Turkey has lost.'

They were starting with their pay in arrears and their clothes in rags, and I counted a dozen with cartridge-belts and no rifle. Some were arrayed in shirts and trousers, ragged gaiters, and foot-gear that hardly held together. None of them had water-bottles. The rifles appeared new and good, and I was told that they were Mausers.

The soldiers were soon entrained and settled, but now and again one would get permission to go back to a little group on the edge of the platform. I saw such a one. He was about five-and-thirty, bronzed, hardy, active; and he walked to where two women—one elderly, and probably his mother, the other apparently his wife—were standing with a little girl between them. He kissed them both without a word, though the younger woman was sobbing quietly inside her veil, while the veil of the older one had fallen aside with something of *abandon*, and the tears were coursing silently down her weather-beaten face. Then, with the help of a friend, they hung round him a white linen bag, well stored with the best their culinary art could achieve. He stooped and kissed the little girl last, and then he turned and went away. He was a fair-haired, blue-eyed, good-looking man, clean-shaven, with a moustache and a kindly, simple, manly countenance—a soldier whom any English officer would be proud to command.

Further off I saw an old man in the handsome braided national dress. He stood silent, waiting, watching—speaking to no one. He carried under his arm a fine old cock, a noble bird with a grand tail. His master intended him for a parting gift to a son or friend.

Suddenly the bugle rang out sharp and clear—again and again.

This call was for the stragglers from the country who were marching in late, and were not in time to get their rifles and accompany the regiment from the barracks.

At last they came helter-skelter down the hill on to the platform, and inside their breathless, disorderly ranks an old grey-

haired father quietly defied the authorities by marching alongside his son. *Lame, footsore*, on they went. And one poor woman, with an infant of about a month old, bending with fatigue, limped with pain from the long tramp; but she held fast by one hand to the hand of a man in rags, who carried some sort of a rifle, and who would have been a faithful soldier to his country had he been officered.

In old quilted dressing-gowns, in worn-out European trousers, here and there in a ragged military great-coat, the Sultan's troops started for the war.

I was specially struck with the handling of the horses and mules. There was no roughness. And yet how trying it was in that hot sun and choking dust when a mule would back and back—and one backed actually into the waiting-room among the dignitaries!

Then a delay occurred. The Government had omitted to pay the railway for the transport of the troops, and in consequence the company issued orders that the train should not start. The authorities offered a bill, to be paid a year hence in instalments. But the company wished to have the cash at once. The telegraph was rattling messages backwards and forwards. The officers were extremely worried. The Judges, Sheiks, and Governors sat in silence. They said nothing, even to each other. But there was a nervousness about all of them except the Sheik of the Howling Dervishes, whom no dilemma robbed of a certain quizzical expression and a twinkle in his eye. A man ran up and down offering water, iced water, without price—and this he did for charity—and friends and relatives pressed a loaf here and there (those who could afford it), into hands stretched out for it. Once I saw a more sentimental gift, a little bunch of flowers, clutched tightly in the rough hand which grasped the side of an open truck.

At length the money difficulty was arranged, and with a few faint half-hearted cheers the Aidin Redifs, one of the finest of the Sultan's regiments, started for the war.

The summons to rejoin had taken the soldiers by surprise, and many of them had not a penny in hand. Some were even in debt for their taxes; so their friends and relatives sold whatever they had to sell, and came to put a meterlik or two into the hands of the soldiers, and sometimes a pair of boots or a small bundle of clothes was handed into the train.

The straits they found themselves in were extraordinary, and

no less strange were their expedients. There was one man with a wife and family who had nothing to sell and no money in hand. They came to Hussein the Cavass, who thought of a way to help them. He owed three medijehs (about eight shillings) to the midwife for the Mollah Salli's last accouchement. Hussein now took the three medijehs and gave them to his wife for the midwife, and she gave them to the soldier's wife instead. Hussein therefore considered that he had paid the midwife, and the midwife will have to recover the money from the soldier's wife by degrees, or how she can. The soldier's wife took one medijeh and bought flour and a few necessities for her family, and some things for her husband besides. Then, before the train started, she put the other two medijehs into her husband's hand.

One day I noticed some carnations in the Consul's garden, and was told their story. They belonged to a man who was a gardener by occupation, and he was ordered to the war. He came to see the Consul to say good-bye in the clothes they had given him at the barracks—in trousers three sizes too large for him, gathered in round the waist by a strap. He brought three carnations and a ranunculus in pots, grown from seed which the Consul had given him, and, putting them down, he said, 'I am going away. But when Hussein waters these flowers let him think of me; and when you gather a flower from these plants, think of me.'

He did not say that his going was hard; yet he left a pleasant life, a comfortable home, and a good wife. The Turks have a saying, 'Whoever plants flowers his passion hurts no one, and gives pleasure to many.' They are particularly fond of flowers in pots, and cherish especially seeds from Europe.

It is no new thing that the Sultan should half-clothe his soldiers. I was struck with the smart uniforms of the troops in Constantinople. The men there seemed well fed also; but those whom the Sultan sends on active service, where they will not be seen by Europeans, have nothing but rags served out to them, and very small rations, which, in addition to little or no pay, makes their circumstances sufficiently hard. I heard of an instance in Smyrna, when the troops were embarking, of a man who would not come out before the public in the streets. Some Englishmen, seeing that the case was becoming desperate for the man, inquired into it, and found that his deficiencies in clothing amounted to indecency. They subscribed amongst themselves and bought a pair of second-hand trousers from a Jew, and,

arrayed in these makeshift garments, the Padishah's Redif started for the war.

The younger officers, majors, captains, lieutenants, were strikingly inferior to the rank and file. It is said that under the new regulations many of the officers are promoted from the ranks. I do not know how that may be in Constantinople, but at Aidin, man for man, the soldier was infinitely superior to his officer, so that it was hard to believe they even came from the same locality. The faculty of command seemed lacking, and apparently they hoped to make up for it by harshness and a roughness which they may have acquired from watching the manners of Germans, for there was nothing Oriental about it. Coupled with these defects was a nervous irritability which probably arose from constitutions enfeebled by fast living, and which took from them the last claim to respect. It was not wonderful that the men treated them with a sullen indifference which was ominous.

I afterwards learnt that this is the style of officer turned out by the training devised by the present Sultan. They are the extreme opposite of the old officers of former days. The Brigadier-General of Aidin was one of the old sort and a fine specimen. With him the good of the army was the first consideration; he was a patriot, and his very face encouraged one's confidence. Were he given a free hand, the condition of the soldier starting for active service would be very different.

I must own that I watched the departure of the Aidin regiment with very grave misgivings. To put weapons in the hands of men starving and half-clad, to subject those men to the grinding influence of real hardship, and then expect of them self-restraint and order, would be to exact from their officers marvellous discipline and influence.

I could not avoid arriving at the painful conclusion that an ulterior motive existed in thus sending hordes of armed men unprovisioned and unequipped into Macedonia.

Later on I met a Turk who lived principally at Constantinople, and in tones of utter dejection he referred to the army assembled by the Sultan to suppress a mere insurrection. He pointed to the fact of the summoning of the Kurd cavalry. 'They it was who executed the massacres before. They have old grudges to wipe off.' And, ordered as they are from the extreme corner of Anatolia, the expense of their transport would surely not have been incurred for nothing. 'But,' said the Turk, 'it is Germany now who is listened to in the councils,

and what is to be feared is that Turkey will be pushed to commit things that we do not approve of.'

Since then much has happened to confirm his views. I have thought with regret of the fine men sent to carry out the Padishah's iniquitous behests—worse treated than we should treat our brute beasts.

FRANCES MACNAB.

The Suspicions of Turkentine.

OLD Turkentine was seated on the sunny side of the bank. All the early hours of the day he had been engaged in cutting down, to within a couple of feet of the ground, the straggling hedge which surrounded the field of wheat stubble in which he was seated. The bottom of the hedge had been so weak and full of gaps that there was no means of remedy, save this most drastic lopping of the top to induce a strong growth of shoots from the roots.

It was now three o'clock on a mellow October day, and the heat was causing a cessation of the labours of a never too zealous workman. The distant hedges and the few trees dotted here and there were in the height of their autumn beauty, and the stubble shone orange in the glow of the afternoon sun. Clusters of hips and haws made patches of colour in the heaps of hedge-cuttings piled at frequent intervals round the field, and there was a summer hum of insects in the air as the bumble-bees sought nourishment in the few pieces of honeysuckle which had escaped the bill-hook and, missing support, fell in tangles down the bank. The field was on slightly rising ground, and from it could be seen the marshes and distant reed-beds; and far away on the glistening river two or three wherry sails, slowly moving towards the sea, showed black against the surrounding wealth of colour.

For the last half-hour Turkentine had sat lost in contemplation, dreamily eyeing the bill-hook he was holding in his hand. He was a spare man, some sixty-five or seventy years old, sharp-featured, and with large bushy eyebrows, from under which a pair of restless grey eyes looked out. His arms, legs, and body were thin, and had the dried and withered look of destitution; indeed, had it not been for his stomach, which stood out tight and round and out of all proportion to the rest of his body, an observer would have thought him a man who for many years had had to subsist on the narrowest allowance of food.

He had been putting up a light rail fence—made from the

loppings of trees—to prevent cattle and sheep climbing the bank and straying into the new clover layer in the adjoining field, and his job was nearly finished. Only a few stakes still lay on the ground at his feet, waiting to be sharpened and one end driven into the earth.

‘Don’t know as how I sha’n’t ha’ ter run down street and get th’ blacksmith ter put a edge on my tool,’ he remarked as he ran his thumb up and down the bill-hook. ‘That be some way ter go, and yet that’d make another day’s work afore I right-sided o’ this job, and that mean another half-crown in my pocket.’ He felt the hook again, and was deciding that the walk was worth the half-crown when he saw the farmer for whom he was working enter the field and come towards him. In a moment he had scrambled to his feet, and, before his employer had shut the gate behind him, the blows of Turkentine’s hook sounded across the stubble as, in spite of the blunt edge, he cut the thick end of a post into shape.

‘Gude arternune, sir—gude arternune,’ he said, mopping his face and making a show of much exhaustion as the farmer strode towards him. ‘Come ter ha’ a look how I ha’ been a-getten’ on with my job, ha’ yer? I allus say I bain’t like some on ’em: I likes ter see my master, I does. Only t’other day I told Thatcher Grapes I liked worken’ for Mr. Sikes, cos he come and ha’ a bit o’ say with yer and see how yer be a-dewing. So dew anyone who keeps a-worken’ at their job; ’tis only th’ ones as set their time out—lazy warmens—as don’t like ter see their master.’

The old man spat on his hands, and, grasping the bill-hook afresh, made the chips fly afar with the violence of his blows. The farmer, not heeding his words, ran his eye along the fencing and remarked:

‘You’ll finish the job before night, Turkentine. I want to turn my sheep in here to-morrow.’

‘Well, there——’ began Turkentine, making an effort to secure the extra half-crown. But the look on his master’s face was not reassuring. ‘Yes, yes, sir, that shall be done,’ he added hurriedly. ‘I said ter my old ’oman as how I should finish up afore dark even if I had ter go a bit faster stroke than be advisable for a man o’ my time o’ life. I knowed yer’d be sorely pleased ter tarn yar sheep on th’ piece ter-morrow, so I ha’ been a-driven’ inter it ter-day, I can tell yer.’

‘Oh, beggar it all, Turkentine,’ laughed the farmer, ‘you have taken your time over this job. How many weeks is it?’

'Tain't no use scampen' work, sir, else yer don't get it strong and durable like this here,' and Turkentine took hold of the rail he had just nailed on, and shook it vigorously. 'There yer are; though that be only light stuff as that be made of, that 'on't fall down in a hurry. That be wunnerful steadfast, I'll warrant yer. That'll fence anything yer tarns on here, horned beast an' all.'

'Ah, well, I'll take for granted all you say,' said the farmer, turning to go. 'And look here, Turkentine, if you finish the job to-night you can tell the bailiff to pick you out the pair of ducks I promised you after harvest.'

'Well, there, thank yer kindly, sir; they will be a treat,' and Turkentine rubbed his stomach to emphasise his words. 'Lor'! my mouth begin ter twitch and water at th' thought on 'em. I hadn't forgot yar promise, sir; I ha' thought about them ducks every time I ha' passed th' pet agin yar yard and seed th' beauties in th' water. I said ter th' bailiff only t'other day, "Don't yer be dewen' tew much ter them ducks and maken' on 'em tew fat, or maybe they'll be tew rich and bilious eating afore I gets mine." I ain't used ter such high liven' as all that, sir!'

'Well, have them killed to-night, and they'll make a nice dish for your Sunday dinner. I should say you could play a very handy knife and fork, Turkentine.' And Mr. Sikes laughed.

'So I can, sir—so I can. My mouth water at th' thought on 'em; but lor', that don't water like that will dew when I smells 'em a-cooken'. How I shall enjoy my old frame! I'll see th' bailiff ter-night and tell him what yer says: "Th' biggest pair as he can pick out for old Turkentine"—that wor it, worn't it, sir?' The last words were shouted at the top of a wheezy voice, for by now the farmer was half-way across the field.

An hour or so later Turkentine walked down the village street, his basket of tools slung across his shoulder and an Aylesbury duck in each hand. He tried to make his burden appear so heavy that it was with difficulty he could labour along. He stopped and exhibited the birds to every one he met, holding them up for admiration.

'Ah!' he exclaimed as he met his neighbour, 'dew yer look here, Grapes. What dew yer think o' this pair o' beauties as Master Sikes ha' given me? Proper, ain't they? They be so heavy I can hardly carry on 'em home. Master Sikes say as how they'd be a treat ter me, and so they will, bor. Lor', how gents like him dew fare! Why, he can ha' a couple on 'em every day he like.'

Grapes looked longingly at the ducks, which he was handling

to feel the fat. 'I could dew with a slice out o' this one's breast,' he said presently.

'Ah! that'd be a long time afore yer wished yarself any harm! but Master Sikes, he say ter me special-like, "Turkentine, dew yer keep 'em for yar and yar old 'oman's eaten'," and so I means ter, bor. He say, "They'll dew yar old carcase gude," he say, and I reckon I'll pull th' scale down sev'ral pounds more nor I dew now arter I ha' got 'em inside o' me.'

The old man smacked his lips and rubbed his stomach as he looked round for more admirers of his possessions. 'I'll dew 'em justice, see if I don't,' he went on as another man joined the little group. 'I'll show Master Sikes as how a present like this here be 'preciated as it should. Master Sikes be a real dewer hisself; he fare ter pay for his keep, he dew. I'll show him gude wittals bain't wasted on old Bob Turkentine no more than they be on him. There, gude evening tergether,' and Turkentine grasped his ducks and ambled off towards his home.

Mrs. Turkentine was walking up the grass path of her garden as the old man came round the back of the cottage flourishing the ducks. About the same age as her husband, she resembled him in no other respect, for she was a little old lady of the kindest disposition, and ever ready to do a good action to any one in distress. True, her kindness had to be done by stealth, for Turkentine was no believer in indiscriminate benevolence, and gave a very literal explanation of the saying that charity begins at home. She was short of stature, plump and cheerful-looking, and had value in her husband's eyes as being a lady of property, for the cottage in which the couple lived was hers. On her head she wore a tight-fitting black silk cap, which served as bonnet or indoor head-dress, and without which she was seldom seen.

The cottage was a two-storeyed thatched dwelling, built of timber and plaster, with whitewashed walls. Facing the road lay a little square of well-kept flower-garden; and at the back a long strip of ground, stocked with vegetables and fruit-trees, and bordered on each side by a clipped privet hedge, ran down to a light wooden fence which divided it from another garden and similar cottage. The wooden fence by no means stood in the centre of the ground, for whenever his neighbour's cottage happened to be unoccupied—a not infrequent occurrence, owing to its bad state of repair—Turkentine seized the opportunity of moving the boundary a yard or two back, and by this means had managed to considerably enlarge his own property.

This was done without Mrs. Turkentine's consent or knowledge, for the old lady suffered from very short sight—indeed, was going blind. The last time the fence was shifted she had remarked :

'Deed Bob, that dew fare ter be further comen' from th' bottom o' th' garden than that used.'

And her husband had answered, 'Ah! yer like me, Martha, not so young as yer wor. What used ter be half a mile now seem a mile or tew mile ter our old legs.'

At the present moment Thatcher Grapes was the occupier of the dilapidated cottage. A man cursed with bad health, who could rarely do two successive weeks' work, he was, like many another weakling, blessed with a large and ever-increasing family. His hard-working, tired wife struggled to fill the mouths of the seven children by taking in the washing from the Hall. She was a longsuffering, non-complaining woman, devoted to her consumptive husband and many children, and in Mrs. Turkentine she found a kind and sympathetic neighbour. Indeed, it was to pass a small scuttle of coal over the fence, to enable Mrs. Grapes to heat the copper for the weekly wash, that Mrs. Turkentine had been down her garden when she was met by her husband on his return home with the ducks.

This was not the first scuttle by many that the old woman had given to her younger neighbour. Mrs. Grapes had at first protested—the winter was coming, and the Turkentines would need all their firing. But Mrs. Turkentine had pointed with pride to the heap of sawn logs lying by the fence.

'I'll barn a few more o' them so as Turkentine don't miss th' coal,' she said. 'That be a nice stack o' wood we ha' a'ready, and Turkentine, he say Mr. Sikes ha' given him some more loppings as'll cut up inter logs. That dew th' old man gude a-sawen' on 'em up; fare ter me he be gotten' tew big in th' chest alter-gether. So don't yer say narthen afore him about th' coal, Mrs. Grapes, my dear, and maybe I'll be able ter give yer another scuttle ter-morrow.'

'Well, there, they be beauties and no mistake; there's a kind gentleman, ter be sure. Why, they must weigh nigh on seven pound apiece,' said the old woman as she ran her fingers though the soft white feathers of the birds Turkentine had deposited on the kitchen table.

'Ought tew,' said old Bob moodily; 'but ter my way o' thinken' they be more like five. Master Sikes say I wor ter ha' th' biggest in th' yard; but th' bailiff wor killen' a pair for his own

eaten', and I reckon *his* weigh^s seven or eight pound. I ha' my suspicions I hain't got the class o' ducks I wor promised. I reckon I'll tell Master Sikes how I ha' been treated. He'd be th' fust ter be upset about it.'

'Don't yer dew narthen o' th' sort—looken' gift hosses in th' mouth ain't right and never answers,' said his wife indignantly. 'Twould make ill-feelen' 'tween yer and th' bailiff, and he might give some one else th' job o' putting up rough rails and posteses. 'Sides, what more dew yer want than a pair o' lily-white beauties like these here?'

'Master Sikes, he say I wor ter ha' a pair o' right fat 'uns,' answered Turkentine doggedly. 'That be but right I should ha' what I wor promised. These don't come up ter sample, as th' barley marchents say. Short weight, by a pound or more each.'

'Well, let's pop 'em inter scale, and then we'll sune know. Not as how I holds with weighing up o' presents, just as if it wor half a stun o' flour yer wor buyen' with yar own money. How-somedever, if they weighs more nor yer thinks they dew p'r'aps that'll satisfy on yer.' And Mrs. Turkentine reached for the scales.

'I be quite sure no gude'll come on it; it be agin my principles altergether,' she muttered as she placed the weights in position.

'Don't see what harm there be in weighen' on 'em, Martha,' argued Turkentine. 'They be ours now, and we can dew what we likes with our own, surely.'

Mrs. Turkentine did not answer, but carefully adjusted the weights in the scale. 'Now then, I worn't so far out arter all; this one plump it down at six and three-quarters,' she presently exclaimed in triumph.

'Orter ha' been seven pounds,' grunted Turkentine, but with a smile of satisfaction stealing over his face, which broadened when his wife called out:

'And this one be seven pound all but a ounce, Mr. Clarver!'

'Oh, of course Mrs. Everright ain't far out,' was Turkentine's reply. 'Still, though I be wrong in my calculations, they be more nor a quarter of a pound under weight arter all. I'll lay yer Mr. Bailiff ha' a pair half a pound t'other way. Still, they bain't a bad pair o' ducks,' he added, in response to his wife's gesture of irritation, 'and my mouth wholly waters ter see 'em. But that'll water more on Sunday when they be a-cooken', with all th' lovely stuffen' o' sage and onions a-scenten' th' house out. Lor, that'll be proper!' and he rubbed his hands in pleasant anticipation.

'But surely yer 'on't cook 'em both on Sunday?' asked Mrs. Turkentine.

'Why, what be th' gude o' maken' tew bites at a cherry?' demanded the old man. 'In this muggy weather they 'on't keep, and I sha'n't be at home ter dinner any other day in th' week.'

'Well, that seem right hoggish, us sitten' down ter fourteen pound o' meat.'

'But they wastes a gude deal in th' cooken', Martha,' was the answer. 'Sides, cold duck be rare gude eaten.'

'We'll never clear them up afore they goes stenchy-like. But, there, I knows,' and a smile illuminated the little old lady's face. 'We'll ask them poor Grapes and a child or tew in ter help us. That'd be a treat ter them; don't suppose they ha' smelt duck, much less tasted on it.'

'That 'on't dew neither, Martha,' and Turkentine solemnly shook his head. 'Master Sikes, he say ter me, "Now dew yer take them ducks home and eat 'em all yar wery selves; dew yer let yar old frame get right full for onct," he did. I say, "All right, master; I knows how ter 'preciate a present, I dew. I ain't like lots o' folk who gets a duck give 'em and then sell on it and spends th' brass in bare"; I ain't one o' them sorts, I tells him. I'll dew justice ter 'em, danged if I don't, come Sunday. That might offend Master Sikes, who be a wery nice gentleman, but wery 'tickler-like, and kind o' hasty in his temper o' times, if he heerd as how I'd give some o' his present away. 'Tain't as how one man should treat another; 't won't dew, Martha; depend upon it, if that come ter his ears he might never give us narthen no more.'

Martha still looked unconvinced, and the old man, wound up to his argument, went on:

'Sides that there chap Grapes ha' a wery weak stumick, and orter live on th' plainest o' food. His stumick wouldn't allow rich meat like duck ter bide on it. No, no, that 'on't dew neither ways; so dew yer hang 'em up, and I'll ha' a mornen' off chapel ter cook on 'em proper-like. Lor', my mouth'll water when they be all bubblen' up o' graise. I'll ha' my tea now and then go and saw a few logs.'

Turkentine looked at his heap of wood with a critical eye as he stood, saw in hand, ready to commence operations. It was not the first time he had been puzzled by what he saw, and to-night he walked round it and examined it from every point of view.

'That there heap o' wood seem ter ha' wholly shrunk,' he muttered. He thought for a moment, then gazed in the direction of the Grapeses' cottage, and his eye noted the volume of smoke issuing from their chimney.

'Wonder if they be likely ter help theirselves?' he queried.

Mrs. Grapes's blind was not drawn, and the glow of a bright fire came from the window.

'That *look* suspicious-like,' muttered the old man. 'I must see if that be a wood fire or not. Danged if I don't creep up ter th' winder and ha' a look.'

He sat down and took his boots off, and, after climbing the fence, crept stealthily to the window and peeped in. Mrs. Grapes was at her table ironing, softly singing and keeping time to her song with the click-clack of a box-iron.

'Dang th' woman! Course she must go and stand right in front of her old grate; that look as if she wor barnen' something she didn't ought. I'll be even with her if I stay here till Domesday come in.' But his cramped position and soaked stockings made Turkentine waver in his resolve. 'Now I shall get a fit o' ague along o' her,' he grumbled, and bobbed his head up again; but Mrs. Grapes was folding linen and still stood before the fire.

Just as he was preparing to creep away she moved, and a glance showed him the fire was of coal. 'They be barnen' more firen' ter th' time o' evening than they didn't ought,' was his thought. He went to the door of his coal-shed, but found it locked. 'That be all right, my old 'oman ha' th' key,' he said to himself, greatly relieved; and yet so perturbed was he by the size of his neighbour's fire that his wife was aroused from sleep that night by old Bob muttering:

'I be wholly done, I be.'

'Silly, miserable old critter,' she exclaimed, pushing him over on his side; 'dew yer think yer be one o' yar own ducks a-cooken'?'

Turkentine lay late abed the following morning. Two or three times had Martha been up and down the garden path—once with a scuttle of coal, and on each return bearing an armful of logs which she deposited in the coal-shed—before he put in an appearance at breakfast.

When the meal was over he hurried down to his pile of wood, and so convinced was he of the decrease that he spoke to his wife on the subject.

'Lor' love us and bless us! I don't count how many pieces I barns, 'tain't likely. So mean and petty yar a-getten', Turkentine. Yer orter be ashamed o' yarself, accusen' of an honest woman of stealen'. I knows Mrs. Grapes be afore that, poor critter.' And so vehement was Mrs. Turkentine in her neighbour's defence that old Bob thought it wise to beat a retreat.

But in spite of his wife's words he was haunted by the notion that he was being robbed, and he hurried off to the Baker's Arms to think out a plan for the detection of the thief. Over his pint of beer he hit on a scheme to suit his purpose.

'That'll dew nicely,' he muttered; 'we'll sune see who't be, far or near,' and his shifty eyes shone with pleasure as with a shout of 'I ha' wholly got it!' he drank up his beer and went down the street to the village grocer.

The next evening found Turkentine busy in his shed. The job he was at work on must not be observed of curious eyes. He had brought in with him a log of wood, and was proceeding to cut about three inches off one end. He then hollowed out the larger piece. This was an arduous task, and more than two hours elapsed before the hole was big enough to hold the gunpowder it was intended to contain.

'Well, that'll curtail their warmen ways, whoever't be. I fancy they 'on't want any more o' my wood when they ha' had a taste o' this here sample.' Turkentine chuckled as he placed the top on and nailed it down. He held the log at arm's length and examined it carefully. 'That dew look natural, that dew. Still I'll triculate that up with a little arth, and then no one will observe o' th' nails.' He rubbed the log in a celery trench, and then, selecting a desirable place, laid it carefully on the heap of sawn-up wood.

'Capital,' he exclaimed. 'Yer be right welcome ter that there sample, Master Grapes. That'll clear yar old chimbley flues out for yer something like. 'T will be th' best sweep yer ha' had in yar cottage for many a day.'

He heard footsteps coming up the path on the other side of the fence, and Grapes looked over and wished him good-evening. 'I seed th' light in yar shud, so thought I'd come up and ha' a bit o' a mardle,' he said. 'I be feelen' a bit better ter-day and comed out for a breath o' air; yesterday I wor laid up all th' day, sufferen' shipwreck with my owd chest.'

'Mardle!' said Turkentine scornfully, 'I hain't no time for mardlen'; that be a woman's job. I be a sight tew fashed for time

ter stay chatteren'. I ha' been cutten' up my wood ter save my coal,' he added.

'Yes, I thought I heerd yar saw a-going. Yer be wonnerful fortunate ter ha' wood ter cut up,' said Grapes.

'There be folks if they had th' wood 'ud be a blarmed sight tew lazy ter cut it up. *Some on 'em* like it cut up ready ter hand,' and Turkentine emphasised the words with intention.

'Daresay, but some on 'em like me hain't got th' strength ter dew it. The Lord knows I hain't.'

'So I knows,' was Turkentine's rejoinder, and with a surly 'gude-night' he walked up his garden path.

'Dang it all, but he be a proper liar,' he muttered to himself. 'If 'tain't him as has my logs who can it be? I allus did ha' my suspicions. I reckon he wor arter a log ter-night, only he caught sight o' me and started his palaver about his chest—tarnen' on th' Lord, tew, and him tew weak ter saw a bit o' wood. So should I be if I could get some one ter dew it for me. I reckon I ha' sawed yar last bit, Master Grapes; maybe arter this bust-up Martha 'on't think so much of her neighbours. Ask him ter help eat my ducks and all! 'Tain't likely, my mouth watering as it dew. Pretty beauties ter ask ter share a Sunday dinner!'

But as he neared his back door a sudden thought struck him. 'Lor', that'll never dew,' he exclaimed, and hurrying back to his wood-stack he filled an old hamper with logs and carried it into his kitchen. Martha gave him a somewhat surly greeting.

'Whatever be yer dewen' of outside this time o' night? No, we don't want no more firen'; that be time ter go ter bed.'

'Now don't yer carry on, Martha, just 'cos I gave a thought ter yar old arms, and ha' had th' gudeness in me ter bring yer up enow wood ter last yer sev'ral days. S'pose I can save my wife th' job o' carryen' wood if I ha' a mind tew. Will that there lot last yer over Sunday?'

'Lor', man, yes, and thank yer,' answered Mrs. Turkentine. 'Tain't often yer be so partickler about yar wife's arms. Must be Mr. Sikes's ducks as ha' put yer in a gude temper.'

'No, I ain't in so wery gude a temper either, Martha; for I nigh caught our neighbour helpen' o' hisself ter them here logs ter-night, I did, and that's a sartenty.'

'Why, wor he our side o' th' fence?'

'No, he worn't exactly, but he'd danged sune ha' been if he hadn't caught sight o' me. I seed him walk up ter our heap as bold as brass.'

'Don't talk so silly—don't, Turkentine. I know 'em different ter that. No, I'on't hear a din o' what yer ha' got ter say. Come yer ter bed.'

'Oh, wery well, Martha. I ha' my suspicions, and yer'll see what yer will see one day,' Turkentine called back as he mounted his stairs.

On his return from work next evening he hurried down to his wood-heap, anxious to see if the marked log was gone. His excitement knew no bounds, and he executed a step-dance on the gravel, when he saw that his scheme had succeeded.

'Lor'! there'll be a proper blow-up! I must go and ha' half a pint ter wet th' job and wish 'em luck'; and while Mrs. Turkentine, indoors, was busy preparing the stuffing for to-morrow's roast, and thinking out ways of helping her poor neighbours beyond the boundary fence, Turkentine over his beer was anticipating the great explosion, and gloating over his clever contrivance for bringing a thief to justice.

He elected to stay away from chapel and cook the birds himself. 'But dew yer go, Martha,' he urged his wife; 'for there be a chap from Ruston comen' ter preach ter-morrow, and he be a mighty man o' walour, they tell me. I would ha' liked ter ha' heerd him tew, for they tell me he wholly hull th' Scriptures inter yer; but yer ha' a wonnerful memory, my dear, and yer can tell us all what he dew think o' matters over them beautiful duck a' dinner time. 'Twill be extra stuffen' and seasonen' ter 'em. I'll ha' 'em done ter a tarn time yer come out o' chapel, so don't yer stand gossippen' on yar way home, for my mouth'll be warteren' so all th' time that I sha'n't be able ter wait for yer.'

So Mrs. Turkentine put on her bonnet and went to meeting, while Turkentine made up his fire and put his ducks in the oven and sat down and watched the clock. Soon the strong smell of cooking onions filled the kitchen. 'That be just beautiful; that be pouren' out o' th' chimbley, tew. Some on 'em will be lucky if th' wind blow th' scent on 'em their way,' was his comment. Presently it was time to take the ducks out to baste; and as he poured the boiling gravy over their fat breasts the spluttering that ensued sounded more musical in his ears than the faint echo of his favourite hymn that the wind was wafting down the quiet street.

Half-past twelve came, and the ducks were done to a turn. Turkentine went to the gate and looked anxiously for signs of an exodus from the chapel. 'Dang that there Ruston chap; if I'd arst him ter dinner, and he'd knowed what wor in my oven, he'd ha'

finished afore now.' A slight smell of burning made him hurry in, and he opened the oven door and pulled out the pan. 'Never dew ter let 'em dry right up,' he exclaimed. 'I'll stand 'em down on th' fender ter keep hot; that man can't be goin' ter keep at it for ever, surely.'

One o'clock sounded from the church tower, and still the chapel door remained shut. 'Now my fire be gotten' low,' said Turkentine, almost weeping with vexation. He took up the empty coal-scuttle and went out to the shed. 'Ah! Martha be a careful 'oman, she locks th' wood up; I 'spects she ha' her suspicions, though she 'on't own ter 'em,' he exclaimed as he saw Mrs. Turkentine's little private store of logs. 'Fare ter me th' coal be shrinken' more nor that should. That ain't worth while shovellen' on more coal now them birds are done; I'll hull on a bit o' wood.'

With a log in each hand he made his way back to the kitchen, and sat down in the luxurious aroma of cooked ducks and onions to possess his soul in the patience possible under the circumstances. The fire burnt up gaily, but Turkentine was in no humour to admire the bright blaze; instead he was violently and audibly cursing all preachers and the length of their tongues.

Suddenly there was the report as of a gas explosion. A vivid green light shot from between the bars; coal, cinders, and dirt were flung across the room; smoke and soot belched from the chimney; and the plates and dishes on the dresser opened giant mouths and dropped on the floor in pieces. Turkentine himself was blown beneath the kitchen table. The glass showered from the windows as if shaken by an unknown hand, and a large piece of ceiling detached itself and fell on the kitchen table, mixing with the soot and cinders and powdering the floor with a dust of æsthetic greyness.

And the ducks? Turkentine, stupefied, lay where he had been blown, and only very gradually did he awake to a consciousness of what had befallen him. He put out a feeble hand and searched amidst the *débris*. His face was blackened and scorched, and when he put his hand to his forehead he felt something soft.

'Gawdstruth,' he moaned, 'I be wholly killed; my brains be blown out.'

He detached some of the sticky mess from his forehead and looked at it. 'Tis as I thought; my time on arth is cut short; my brain be in my hands. . . . Dang it all, it be th' ducks' stuffen' arter all; that be a sight wus,' he groaned. 'ut where be th' beauties? and what th' tarnation ha' happened?'

As his senses slowly returned he thought of the log of wood. 'So 't be th' missus who ha' been stealen' o' my wood! Wonder what she took it for, seein' as I allus give her plenty. P'raps 't wor ter spare th' coal, she allus haven' been economical-like.'

The noise of the explosion had not only pulled up the preacher short in his discourse, but it had robbed him of his listeners; for the whole congregation streamed from the chapel, and in a few moments the Turkentines' cottage was surrounded by a crowd of anxious inquirers.

But the first to arrive on the scene of disaster were Mr. and Mrs. Grapes, who had observed the volume of smoke coming from their neighbours' cottage chimney before they had heard the report. They ran down their garden and climbed the fence, and arrived to find Turkentine sitting on the floor, one of his huge eyebrows as cleanly singed off as if clipped with a pair of scissors.

'Whatever ha' happened, Mr. Turkentine; whatever ha' blowed yer up? We thought 't wor th' end o' th' world come,' cried Mrs. Grapes.

The old man gazed at them, speechless despair written all over his face. Presently he muttered: 'Don't know no more nor yer dew. But I ha' my suspicions that there wor a great old bit of slate or a flint in th' coal; or, maybe, a lump o' that there dynamite ha' blowed me and my ducks ter narthen. Yer don't see 'em nowheres, dew yer?' he asked dolefully, looking round at the litter in his wife's usually spotless kitchen. 'Don't yer see narthen o' th' beauties?'

The Grapeses began a search, and were turning over heaps of plaster, shifting furniture, and searching in all possible and impossible places, when Mrs. Turkentine and a host of neighbours burst in. Then arose such a babel of tongues and such an asking of questions that nothing was distinguishable but the old lady's pitiful wail as she lamented her lost china and glass. In vain Mrs. Grapes tried to comfort her by telling her the 'price o' chiny' had much come down since the day when hers was bought, and offering to lend her a new brown earthenware teapot, sent that week as a gift by her eldest daughter out in service.

Grapes was still continuing his search for the missing ducks, but it was not till most of the crowd had cleared off to their own Sunday dinners that any success attended his efforts.

'Here 't be,' he at last exclaimed, lifting a mangled carcase from the top of the grandfather clock; and the other bird, much flattened, having evidently hit Turkentine's head in its

flight, was presently dragged from beneath the sink. Mrs. Grapes tried to dust the soot from them with her apron.

'We can't eat 'em here, even if they be fit ter eat arter wē ha' washed 'em in hot water as yer proposes, Mrs. Grapes, my dear; for there don't seem a plate or dish left ter eat 'em off, and th' place be in such a kelter and all,' moaned Mrs. Turkentine. 'But, there, I wants no dinner; this come o' not going ter chapel, Turkentine, this dew. This come o' setten' up yar treasure on arth, as th' preacher gave us this mornen'. Oh dear, oh dear, whatever shall us dew?'

'Why, bring 'em down ter mine and ha' 'em there; yar welcome,' said Mrs. Grapes cordially. 'I'll wash 'em and triculate 'em up a bit, and yer'll enjoy 'em notwithstanding. Yer can clean up by and by, and I'll lend yer a hand.'

'No, no, let's ha' 'em in th' yard under th' apple-tree,' urged Turkentine, who saw visions of others enjoying what was left of his feast.

'No, that I 'on't,' said his wife emphatically. 'Setten' out o' door a Sunday eaten' yar wittals as if it wor a beanfeast! Let's dew what Mrs. Grapes says. Thank yer kindly, Mrs. Grapes; we will come.'

It was a sad little procession that wended its way down the garden path, Grapes carrying one dilapidated duck in a cloth, and Mrs. Grapes still wiping the breast of the other.

'Put me in mind of a funeral, it dew; and ter think how my mouth watered and all,' said Turkentine as he followed after; but more humiliation was in store for him, for when a party of two men, two women, and six children—for even the baby had a bone to suck—sit down to share two mutilated ducks there is but a small portion for everyone. Turkentine chewed his meat in wrathful silence, but the whole Grapes family made merry over the unexpected dinner, and even Mrs. Turkentine cheered a bit in the enjoyment of the children's pleasure.

'Hain't tasted a duck since I wor a child,' said Mrs. Grapes, regretfully laying down her knife and fork.

'No, and I fare ter think yer wouldn't ha' ter-day if it hadn't been for that there Ruston preacher,' Turkentine answered in a sullen voice. 'I don't hold with them long orations never did; and he sha'n't be invited ter our chapel agen if I ha' any say in th' matter.'

'Well, really, Turkentine, what on arth ha' he got ter dew with it?' said his wife in surprise. 'Why, in th' name o' fortune,

be yer suspicious about a gude, Gawd-fearen' man like he? What can he ha' had ter dew with th' matter?'

'Tain't no use my tellen' on yer, Martha, cos women-folk ha' got so little understanding sarved out ter 'em,' muttered the old man. 'I may ha' my suspicions, but I sha'n't tell yer 'em for onct.'

And he never did.

CHAS. FIELDING MARSH.

Parliament in the Making.

UNLIKE the Constitutions of most other civilised countries, that of Great Britain and Ireland is an undefined and undefinable entity, having its foundations laid upon ancient, unwritten customs which, during the last thousand years, have been amended and extended by the moulding hand of Time and successive Acts of Parliament. It may be accepted as an aphorism known to all that the government is carried on by King, Lords, and Commons; but how it came to be so, and how the component parts of the body politic came into existence, or reached their present position and powers, is, except to the more or less erudite student of constitutional history, a complete blank. And, as the Constitution itself has always been in an undefined state, the same might be said of the making of Parliaments, especially of that branch of the Legislature known as the House of Commons, until about seventy years ago, when the old order gave place to the new, to be in turn, by gradual successive extensions, evolved to its present position. To dwell on the absurdities and anomalies of our former chaotic system is a tempting theme in itself; but having already been so often dealt with by the historian, the caricaturist, and the novelist, we purpose avoiding it, and glancing, instead, at the progress of events in the electoral system since the Reform Act of 1832, and, so far as may be necessary for the proper elucidation of the subject, the condition of affairs previous thereto. This we propose to do, not only on strictly historical lines, but introducing also those broader and more popular elements, subsidiary to, and illustrative of, the main current, which have been familiarised, in part, to the more casual reader, by the genius of Thackeray, Dickens, and many other writers of fiction of the nineteenth century.

Before the great Reform Act just mentioned, our Parliament had no unity of representation, no uniformity in the mode of

election, and no definite rule of guidance in connection therewith. So much was this the case that members elected were accepted or rejected by Committees of the House of Commons, according to the political composition of the Committee which tried the case. Some members were chosen by a constituency of several thousand voters, while wretched villages with a dozen inhabitants or less, or, in several instances, with no inhabitants at all, elected two members each. Many of the large towns, such as Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, and Sheffield, had no representation whatever, while in others the representation, if existing at all, was more nominal than real. In one county immediately before the passing of the Act, there was one resident voter, who presided at the election, and thereafter moved, seconded, and duly returned himself as Knight of the Shire! The nobles and county magnates, or moribund corporations, openly sold to the highest bidder the representation of 'rotten boroughs' belonging, or held to belong, to them, as private property. The franchise, although enjoyed by a comparatively small number, looking to the actual population of the country, was, like Joseph's coat, of many colours. Throughout the country it seems, originally, to have been open to all householders, but later on it was qualified by the payment of 'scot and lot,' as rates were then styled. Another qualification was that of the *Potwaller* or *Potwalloper* (i.e., Potboiler), whereby any one known to cook his own food, however casually, in the electoral area was entitled to all the privileges of an elector. In other instances the right of voting was in the *Freemen*, and probably no word in the English language has given rise to greater controversy or more contradictory decisions. In some cases it comprised the members of the various guilds established for the regulation of the trade of the district, and was held to include the sons and the husbands of daughters of the members; but their qualification was often further complicated by the question whether such son or daughter was the eldest of the privileged family. Freemen were also constituted by purchase, and by the corporation of the elective hamlet nominating, in prospect or in the course of an election, what were styled 'honorary freemen,' sometimes to the number of as many as two thousand at a time. In one instance, when this procedure was challenged in a court of law, it was pleaded on behalf of the mayor and aldermen that such had been the custom for the long period of two hundred and twenty years, in answer to which the presiding judge very pertinently

remarked that it had also been the custom to rob people for as many years, but that it had been likewise the recognised rule to hang the offenders when detected.

Such a complicated and unsatisfactory system could not possibly maintain its position, in view of the increase of population, the growth of large manufacturing towns, and the advancing education of the great body of the people. After several years of agitation, latterly increasing in volume almost to the verge of revolution, the whole electoral structure was placed on a solid and intelligent basis by the passing of the before-mentioned Act. Broadly speaking, the franchise was transferred from the favoured few to the great body of the people, and the whole system of enrolment of voters was rearranged accordingly. All owners of property of the annual value of 10*l.*, and tenants in counties paying 50*l.*, and in towns 10*l.*, of yearly rent, were entitled to be put upon the roll of voters, and to exercise all the electoral privileges. The transfer of power from what was, virtually, an oligarchy, to a middle-class democracy, was looked upon by most of the landowners as the sure presage of disaster and ruin. As, in the words of Lord Braxfield, the relentless Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, in the closing years of the eighteenth century, the prototype of R. L. Stevenson's 'Weir of Hermiston,' 'a government in any country should be like a corporation, and, as in this country, made up of the landed interest, *which alone has a right to be represented.* As for the rabble, who have nothing but *personal* property, what hold has the nation of them? They may pack up all their property on their backs and leave the country in the twinkling of an eye.' The 'borough-mongers' also considered that they too were ruined and ill-used men, and urged that, being deprived of their patrimonial rights, they were entitled to compensation from the Government, at the rate of twenty years' purchase, on the sum of 3000*l.*, which was then recognised as the actual commercial value of a Parliamentary seat. But, notwithstanding the prognostications of evil from the disappointed few, the new system worked well in the interests of the country at large, and a further extension of the electoral franchise, instead of being looked upon as a 'bogey,' became recognised as a necessity and a duty by each of the great political parties of the State. In 1867-68 the Conservative party conferred household suffrage on the inhabitants of the towns, and in 1884 the same privilege was granted by the Liberal Government to the dwellers in counties, subject

in both cases to the due payment of poor-rates. By these Acts the privilege of voting was conferred also on that 'lone, lorn crittur,' the male lodger, according as he might occupy, as sole tenant for the twelve months preceding, lodgings of a clear yearly value, if let unfurnished, of 10*l.* or upwards. The only points still, to all appearance, remaining unsettled are the questions of manhood suffrage and the extension of the rights of voting to the ladies; while from time to time will arise, owing to the growth or decay of population, the ever new question of the redistribution of seats.

After the passing of the Reform Act, while the system, as a whole, was placed on a satisfactory basis, many abuses surviving from former times remained, and were only dealt with gradually and by degrees. We have spoken of the creation of honorary freemen during the progress of the contest, but this was only possible from the lengthened time in which the poll was allowed to remain open, which varied in periods from one to forty days. During these periods voters were brought from all parts of the country in carriages, post-gigs, and on horseback, and enrolments of alleged electors were made wholesale, and on the flimsiest pretexts, generally to be followed by an election petition and a scrutiny of votes before a Committee of the House of Commons. This scrutiny frequently extended over more than a year, and, as may well be supposed, was conducted at a further enormous expense to the candidates and their friends. In one election petition we find that in the village of Sudbury the election is stated to have begun at ten o'clock of the morning of September 8, and to have gone on continuously till between seven and eight of the following morning, the proceedings after dark being conducted under the illuminating rays of a few spluttering candles. The Committee rejected the petition and reported, in regard to this election, that 'there was some tumult during a part of the poll, but it was, *upon the whole*, a very peaceable election.' By the Act of 1832 it was enacted that the poll should not be open for more than two days, and that only between the hours of 9 A.M. and 4 P.M. for the first day, and the same on the second, with liberty, if desired, on the second day to commence an hour earlier in the morning, and with the further option to close earlier if the candidates or their agents agreed. At the same time power was given to the presiding officer to adjourn the poll, from time to time, in the not unusual event of tumult or riot, until such disturbance should be quelled. By the same Act

it was also provided that no elector should be recognised as entitled to vote unless his name appeared on the statutory register, prepared at a fixed time annually, and duly approved of by the Court. Three years later (1835) the poll was limited to one day in boroughs, the hours of polling being fixed from eight in the morning to four in the afternoon, which provisions were also extended to counties eighteen years later. In 1885, in order to meet the convenience of the working classes, the hour of polling in all constituencies, with the exception of the Universities, which have special rules for themselves, was extended to eight o'clock at night, at which it still remains.

From the casual references already made, it will doubtless have been noticed that riot and violence were looked upon as almost necessary adjuncts of every contested election. Especially was this the case at the hustings, and on the actual day of election. The hustings, which only became a thing of the past by the passing of the Ballot Act in 1872, consisted of a platform erected at the market cross, or some other convenient and open place in or immediately adjoining the county town, or any town having a member for itself, where the candidates and their proposers and seconders attended, and the nomination was duly made, at least, so far as the noise made by the assembled multitude would allow. A show of hands was then taken, and the person declared to have the smallest number of supporters, on that occasion, demanded a poll. One old election ballad, with photographic exactness, thus epitomises the proceedings of the 'free and independent' electors at the hustings:

Now greetings, hootings, and abuse
To each man's party prove of use,
And mud, and stones, and waving hats,
And broken heads and putrid cats,
Are offerings made to aid the cause
Of order, government, and laws.

Bands of professional prize-fighters and bruisers, armed with bludgeons, were engaged at great cost, by the rival candidates, to shout down speakers, or drown their voices with the din of cleavers and marrow-bones, or other discordant music—part of their duties, also, being to drive opponents from the neighbourhood of the hustings, and maul obnoxious officials, and voters whose principles were not in accord with those of their employers. In one contest we read of a band of ruffians, either sailors or dressed to represent sailors, who, during the first few days of the poll,

is so-and-so,' mentioning his usual place of residence. Our old friend, having in due course been supplied with a ballot-paper, was put into the usual compartment to mark his vote. Five, ten, fifteen minutes elapsed, and still no word of his emergence, when the presiding officer lifted the curtain and was greeted by the trembling Shadow with the anxious and fear-stricken inquiry, 'What am I pitten in here for?' No doubt the poor wretch thought that he was condemned to a protracted period of imprisonment for some unknown misdemeanour! At a county election in the West Highlands of Scotland, before the polling-day when the new system should first be seen in practical operation, one of the candidates, who had already been in Parliament at the time when the Ballot Bill was under discussion, and had opposed its passing into law, was thus 'heckled' by a stalwart fisherman in the constituency: 'Mr. M., I want to ask you about this ballot business. Is it quite secret, and can my factor, nor my laird, nor nobody else find out how I vote?' The candidate, under the belief that this was one of his harassed supporters, at once replied, 'Perfectly secret, my man; not even your own wife can find out how you vote unless you tell her.' To which came the crushing rejoinder, to the temporary collapse of the candidate, and the uproarious delight of the audience, 'Weel, Mr. M., did you vote for that Bill when you were in Paurliament?'

But, while the inner sentiments of electors are chiefly known through questions at public meetings, which are, or are not, duly reported, their most hidden thoughts and speculations can only be ascertained by the visits, at their firesides, of the skilful and very-much-at-home canvasser. Owing to the exigencies of space, we can only touch on this point in the most cursory and superficial manner. One Irish elector, when asked by the writer to vote for a particular candidate, replied, 'I'm niver going to vote no more, for I no sooner vote than in comes my tax-paper'—the annual election for councillors in that town and the sending-out of the assessment notices usually synchronising, and to that voter's mind possessing the sequence of cause and effect. A voter in another part of the country, on being asked by an aspirant to Parliamentary honours to vote for him, replied in a savage tone of voice, 'I would rather vote for the devil than for you.' To which the questioner suavely replied, 'Well, if your friend does not stand, may I depend on your support?' During the memorable Parliamentary election of 1880, when the last

Afghan war was still in progress, and the Earl of Beaconsfield was seeking the return of his party again to power, there was a tenant farmer in one of the counties, whom no one could get to declare how or for whom he was intending to vote. At length it was deputed to a member of the Liberal committee, who knew the old gentleman well, to approach him on the subject, and, if possible, ascertain his views. He found him deeply immersed in studying the prophetic books of the Old Testament, and that, by some strange confusion of thought, the Passes of Afghanistan were to him one and the same with the Passes of Ancient Babylon, through which it had been prophesied some outlying heathen tribes would invade Jerusalem. He had convinced himself that Beaconsfield, being a Jew, was in some way or other trying to resist the designs of Providence, as set forth in prophecy; and, the canvasser having nothing, from a political and party point of view, to say against this interpretation, the intelligent elector and Biblical student forthwith gave in his adhesion to the Liberal party, and, in due course, came to the poll to vote against the impious statesman who had attempted to defy the Divine decrees!

Elections, both before and since the Reform Act, involved the candidates in enormous expense, and resulted also in the demoralisation of the voters through bribery and corruption. Fabulous sums were spent, but the election for Northamptonshire in 1768 indisputably earned for itself the name of 'The Spendthrift Election.' It was in reality a contest for supremacy between the rival noble houses of Spencer, Halifax, and Northampton. The canvassing extended over months, while the poll continued open for fourteen days to enable 1211 votes to be recorded, this being actually 288 more names than appeared in the poll-book or electoral roll. The ancestral seats of the three noble earls were thrown open, night and day, for high carnival by a motley rout of shoemakers, weavers, pedlars, publicans, and all others who chose to come. The cellars of Lord Halifax having been emptied of their finest old port in the course of the revel, he was compelled, in the hope of securing voters, to place before them his most expensive claret; whereupon they, with one accord, made tracks for the door, and proceeded to another of the lordly mansions, declaring that 'they would never vote for a man who gave them sour port!' A scrutiny of the poll was demanded, which lasted six weeks, during which the revelry was continued in the town houses of the noble lords. This scrutiny resulted in

a tie, and, in order to save the expense of a contest, which none of the parties could face, it was agreed to decide the representation by a toss up, which having been won by Lord Spencer, he nominated a gentleman from India as member for Northamptonshire. The contest is said to have cost the three earls, among them, about 400,000*l.* Many successive Acts of Parliament were passed to put a stop to undue expenditure and to the bribery of voters, either openly or by ambiguous methods. The dodges adopted to evade these Acts would form a volume in themselves. Voters were spirited away to foreign lands, or concealed in unknown places at home, money was lavishly squandered, and places and pensions for electors and their friends were distributed on an enormous scale. In 1883 Parliament passed the most stringent of the long series of statutes for providing for the purity of elections, entitled 'An Act for the Better Prevention of Corrupt and Illegal Practices at Parliamentary Elections.' By this Act a bribe, or attempt to bribe, curseth 'him that gives and him that takes,' and its hydra-headed 'shalt-nots' make the Decalogue hide its diminished head beside it. Under this law no meetings can be held in or connected with licensed premises, the expenditure is strictly limited to the rates specified in the schedule annexed, and the exceeding thereof may annul the election, besides rendering the candidate liable to fine and electoral disqualification for a period of years. By these repressive measures, combined with the advance of education and refinement, while the boisterous and degrading excrescences of our electoral system may be held to have vanished, we can congratulate ourselves that such drastic and satisfactory progress has been made without revolution, and that our laws now may be truly said to emanate *from* the people, and to be designed for the welfare and happiness *of* the people, not only as citizens, but as component parts of the great and ever-increasing British Empire.

WILLIAM AULD.

An Unrecorded Incident.

IT was past midnight when the soldier telegraph clerk stooped his head into the rough shelter where the scout was lying fast asleep in his sheepskin rug. 'Hello! Wire for you. It's a clear-the-line one from Intelligence, Bloemfontein; so I fetched it down myself at once.'

'Thanks! Thanks most infernally!' returned the scout out of the darkness, as quickly as if he had been lying wide awake from the first. 'And I wish Intelligence Bloemfontein had intelligence enough to know where I wish it may go to for wiring me now; my first night in bed for a bally week,' he went on, unrolling from the rug and striking a match to light the two-inch candle stuck in the dust beside his head.

'Just my luck,' commented he next, as he opened the wire and read it. 'All my boys are out the other way, so I'll have to ride myself. There should be half a dozen of us to cover this job properly, and I can see me having a fine old time doing it all on my ownsome. Dirck! Ho, Dirck!' yelled he.

'Iss, suh!' answered that dutiful Kaffir from his tattered quilts and blankets by the dying fire outside.

'Make me a billy of coffee and then saddle old Catsmeat quick and lively,' ordered the scout, as he busied himself lacing his boots and buckling on his leggings. Then he clapped on his hat, with its tiger-skin band, and went over to report to the commandant before going out.

The commandant—captain of the company of infantry holding this tin shanty station on the Free State railway—was deep in the usual game of bridge with the other three officers of the place. 'Big slam'—he was saying, as the door opened and the entry of the scout changed his theme. 'Hello!' switched he, 'more Boers?'

'Yes, sir,' smiled the scout, sure of his welcome. 'But these are Bloemfontein's, not mine. Here's a wire from the Head to

say that a Johnnie named Malherbe, from the Magaliesberg, is breaking down for the Colony with his commando, about four hundred of 'em—a hairy old lot. But the columns from the Kimberley side and some from Fauresmith way have headed Mr. Malherbe off, so Bloemfontein reckons he'll try to cross the line somewhere below us.'

'Well?' prompted the commandant.

'Well, the Intelligence scout at Steyn's Siding is just down with fever, so I've got to go out in his place and try and get touch with these Transvaalers, who are supposed to be somewhere in the Long Koppies about Wonderfontein. Then the armoured trains are ready to head them off if they try the line to-night—to-morrow night I mean,' ended the scout.

'Have a drink,' quoth the commandant cheerily, pushing over the whisky bottle. 'And leave me your real name to send into Casualties, Cape Town.'

The scout grinned and poured the whisky. 'X.Y.Z. will do for my name, or Pro Bono Publico,' smiled he as, with a brief '*sontait*,' he took off the drink.

'Here's some of this bally milk-chocolate stuff,' put in the R.S.O. 'I got it up by the last train. Put a couple of cakes of it in your pocket.'

'Thanks again,' answered the scout with gusto. 'Well, I must get away. Good night, sir; good night, all'; and out he stepped again into the night.

Dawn found him some fourteen miles out, two-thirds of the way to Wonderfontein, very good time across country in the dark. He drew rein and dismounted at a little worn down boss of a koppie which gave a good view over a wide flat in front, having the blue gums and orchards of two or three burnt farmsteads within sight. 'Pity I didn't get that wire sooner,' said he to himself as he surveyed the coverless stretch in front. 'If I had I might have been safely into that long range of koppies by this time, instead of having to show myself across this open.'

He was chiefly regarding the long indigo line of the huge range of koppies that crossed his front, coming up from the west-south-west, and dropping down into the flat veldt close to the edge of the railway. Slanting south-west as he had done, he was now some seven miles distant from the railway—from safety, that is—at the nearest point. It was a straight four miles to the koppies in front, and a long seven to Wonderfontein in the same range,

further west. But serene over all, midway between his front and Wonderfontein, rose the great Spitz Kop that gave the Boers a clear view for two hours' ride around.

'It's not good,' commented the scout, summing up the situation. 'That wire ought to have come before dark, so ~~I could have~~ reached Wonderfontein before daylight. There I could have lain still till I'd seen if they were there, and then got out into the flat again and ridden a race for it. Now, as it is—well, at that Spitz Kop is Old Pieters—always, with anything up to a hundred men, and his outposts and patrols towards the railway besides. The minute I put my nose beyond this rock they'll spot me. There's only one thing for it. I must drop back into this low ground behind again and work straight out till I get opposite to Wonderfontein. There's some broken ground there, and, if there's no outpost in that, I can steal in by it till I'm near enough to look for their horses, if they're anywhere near the place. They'll hide the horses in the kloofs of course, but there's always one or two to stray off and then a long-legged burgher after them to give the show away. After that I'll have to draw the Spitz Kop to make sure our old friend Pieters is still there, and so ride hell for leather the best line to the railway. Then the job's done as far as it can be done. But—its not scouting; its just M.I.-ing or cavalyring. Dash that wire for not coming sooner.'

Satisfied of his plan he gave the plain in front of him a final sweep with his glasses before putting them up, but suddenly held them glued to one spot half way to the koppies. 'Well, that's dashed funny,' said he presently. 'It's black, and its moving. It's too small for a man afoot, unless there's some dead ground there that the glasses don't define. It's not a black pig or any animal, because that would be a line along the ground instead of upright. Gad, I ought to find out what that is.'

He took the glasses from his eyes for a moment while he planned. 'If I ride slowly out there old Pieters' people'll think I'm coming into the koppies, and they'll lie doggo to snap me. Then when I turn back they'll think I'm afraid and going home, and so they'll let it go at that. After that I can start from here again just as if they'd never seen me. Yes, I'll do that.'

Mounting he put his horse out into the open. 'Now, you buck up a bit, Catsmeat, old chummie. I'm depending on you this time,' said he.

A mile or more he rode into the open, his eyes 'just a jinglin',' to use his own expression, and then he slipped off his horse for

another look through the glasses. 'Flames! a little child afoot!' exclaimed he.

Remounting, he pushed on at an easy pace, this time unslinging his rifle. 'It may be a trap,' said he. 'I'd think it was if it weren't so far from cover.'

But when he came to the thing itself, all notion of a trap was swept away at once, for the piteous little object was a boy of something like six years old, no more, and hardly able to stand for utter weariness. From the knees down he was stained with mud and his little veldtschoens were riven and gaping on his feet, but it was the gauntness of his face and the sunken look of his great staring blue eyes that struck home to the heart of the scout and brought him down from the saddle with a swing and a great voice of—'Why, Kleinkie; where in the name of Jones do you come from? Where's your mammie?'

'In the camp,' answered the little one, collapsing to a sitting posture for very exhaustion.

The scout was on his knees at once with his arms round the woeful mite. 'What camp, sonniekie?'

'Vredefontein,' answered the little one, but dully, as if consciousness were drifting.

'Je-hu! that's eight bally miles away,' exclaimed the scout. 'When did you leave the camp, old chummie?'

'Yesterday, before daylight. I walked all day.' Then a direct and mournful appeal of the wide blue eyes went through the eyes of the scout—'I'm hungry,' said the child.

'Flames! I should think so! And well—by gad, yes! I've got that milk chocolate of the R.S.O.'s—that's luck!' cried the scout, diving into his pocket. 'Hang it! it's dashed little, but here you are, old chap; eat that little piece now, and I'll take you over to the farm there and make you a hot drink with the rest and get you some nice peaches to eat. You'll feel just rippin' then.'

In his ravenous hunger the child almost choked himself, bolting the piece of chocolate with barely any attempt at mastication. 'The Devil! I ought to have thought of that,' ran the scout's mind. 'He'd slim rations and bad enough already in the concentration camp and he's thirty-six hours starving on top of that. But come on now, little chummie,' he went on, picking the mite up and setting him on his horse's withers. 'Gad! how light he is!'

Swinging up to the saddle himself, he drew the little one close

within his arm and put his horse to that easy hand canter usual in such Free State horses as do not tripple. The nearest farm happened to lie still further out and ahead, and he had his eye on all that. 'Can't help it; this poor little beggar'll be dead if he isn't fed soon.'

At the destroyed farmstead he found, as he had expected, the usual empty bully beef tins lying about, but a sandy sod at the edge of the dam speedily scoured one clean enough to boil a drop of water in. Next he built a little fire of the driest twigs, choosing the middle of the peach orchard so that the slight smoke would be lost in ascending through the leaves, and in a few minutes he had the drink of chocolate made. Then from the saddle he reached up into the branches and chose half-a-dozen of the finest peaches, picking fastidiously. Dismounting, he dropped two of them into the chocolate to cool it, and then gave the rest to the child, one at a time, checking his starving wolfishness the while. Finally he gave him the chocolate, and smiled in sheer thanks as the forlorn mite said solemnly—'That's good.'

'Right O, chummiekie,' answered the scout. 'And now tell me why you ran away from the camp?'

'We don't get nice stuff to eat, and we're hungry all the time. Besides, we're sick always,' responded the little one stubbornly.

'That's true enough,' returned the scout soberly. 'But then, you're all like that, and the rest don't run away.'

'Our house is at Rietsdorp and there's always plenty to eat there. I'm going back there,' went on the mite doggedly.

'And that's thirty miles from camp, and you're slanting in the wrong direction for it,' quoth the scout solidly. 'Besides, chummiekie, if ever you got there you'd find the whole dorp stripped and looted, and half or all of it burnt by this time. But what said your mammie when you told her you were coming?'

'I didn't tell her; I only told my sister,' returned the boy.

'So you've got a sister then?'

'Yes; the rest are all buried in the camp, but she's in the tent yet. Only she's sick, and she wanted some peaches, and there's lots in our garden at Rietsdorp,' returned the laddie.

'So you set off to get her some,' spoke out the scout. 'But you're far out of your way, and you're all these miles from camp, and your mummie's crying her eyes out for you. So I'll just fill my wallet here with some nice peaches for your sister, and you'll come back, and that'll be all right, won't it?'

'But I want to go to Rietsdorp,' urged the child.

‘Yes, but you’d never get there for a week, and you’re too far off the road. Remember how cold it was last night in the dark, and how you cried and couldn’t sleep,’ returned the scout gravely.

‘I didn’t cry so much,’ protested the youngster.

‘No, because you’re too much of a man for that,’ assented the scout genially. ‘But you just wait here a minute till I have another look round before we start.’

He went to the garden wall, and scanned the immediate world with the glasses again. ‘Here’s a problem for you, if you like, “you gentlemen of England, that sit at home at ease,”’ quoted he. ‘I’m sent to get touch with a Jack-a-lanthorn commando, and here I drop across this babykie, starving. If I go on and leave him here in this empty world, he’ll wander off for Rietsdorp and drop down in the veldt and linger to death of starvation. Well, and in the big days of the first year of the war I might have had to let him do that, when the Empire was on a lee shore. But now, the Empire isn’t going to go bang if I do leave these wild Boers to ramp in the koppies while I take this poor little beggar back to his mammie. The only thing is that I’ll get court-martialed and hanged, drawn, shot at dawn, and fined and sandbagged generally, or sent down as an undesirable for grave dereliction of duty. Well, hell to the chances; here’s one scout going to derelict, anyhow. Good-bye, all you shining medals and you glorious bars. I’m going to take that little beggar back to his mammie, if these gentle patrols and snipers of Old Pieters’ commando don’t bag me on the way. If I do manage it, then I can put him down when I come within a mile of the camp and let him toddle on in, while I have another try to get back here and on to Wonderfontein. My horse’ll be none too fresh, and there won’t be much time, but still, one can only keep on trying. Here goes, then.’

The point settled, he went back, got the little one upon his horse in front of him again, and started for the concentration camp.

The straightest line would have touched the flank of the great ridge of koppies where Pieters’ patrols and outposts lurked. ‘That won’t do, however,’ decided the scout, as he kept his eye ahead. ‘It’s quicker going, but in sniping at me they might happen to pot the young fellow. No; I’d better go here to my left, the straightest way to the line. The blockhouses then’ll pass him on to his mammie in time, or send her word if they keep him for a pet for a day or two—and I’ll save time that way.’

Striking short east then, he headed for a wide slack between two broad swells of grassy veldt, too gradual in their rise to seem to offer much cover for snipers. Yet he kept his eyes open none the less, for there is always the donga lurking in the best-looking flat, and the pan or lesser fold of 'dead ground' in the most innocent appearing stretch of country.

'It doesn't look very hairy, here ahead,' remarked he to himself. 'But then, like as not, some patrol may have come down to get a shot at the buck. Meat's scarce enough with them near the railway.'

He had covered perhaps half the distance to the line, the little one asleep in his arm, and was just beginning to let hope of success lift in his breast, as the country seemed to ease itself in front, when sharp from towards the upper edge of the world on his right, where the swell of the yellow-grassed earth met the pearl blue sky, came the click-clock of the Lee-Metfords of Pieters' men, a patrol of local men after buck, piloted by the man whose land this was, to a fold of ground where he himself had often waited for game in other days. They had seen the scout coming, and simply remained hidden.

'Come, old naggie,' cried the scout to his horse, picking him up to a sharp canter. 'Clock is all right, but click-clock is too near. They're lying a long way this side the sky-line by the sound of those shots and the rip of these bullets. We'd better shake a leg out o' this.'

But the horse himself, a plum-brown Rhenoster River horse, so closely flecked on his hind-quarters as to be almost grey, was a veteran, too, and needed no urging. He knew what this rip, swish, *sweeng* meant—so much so that he needed some steadying to keep him from bolting outright. Therefore he drew out the distance handsomely till the repeating reports became clear claps, and the rip of the bullets turned to sighing and moaning. 'Good old Catsmeat,' cried his rider, grinning. 'We're doing fine.' But the words were hardly out of his mouth when a sudden donga yawned across their front, deep and wall-sided on either hand as far as he could see.

Quick was the word. A turn of the wrist put the horse to the left again, slanting three quarters on to the snipers behind, the best chance that a running mark can give to old hunters. But still the bullets missed, after their usual wonderful fashion, and half-a-mile further on the firing had ceased, though the distance was still under a mile and a half. 'Well, Chummiekie,' quoth

the scout, merrily, to the little mite in his arms as he drew in to a walk. 'We've said bye-bye to your friends once more. Now we'll soon be with your mammie.'

'My father's on commando here with Klein Piet Pieters,' answered the little one, with steady blue eyes.

'Holy smoke! that's good. Perhaps he's just been throwing nickel at his own little kleinkie,' laughed the scout. 'But here's a place to cross this donga at last. Now we're all safe. It's a bit steep, down and up, but you just sit tight.'

The broken pitch down into the donga went to the left, the opposite climb out going to the right, so that horse and man, in the moment of emerging, showed broadside on to the snipers on the slope behind.

The local man, owner of the ground, knew that crossing. In a breath he explained to the rest of the fifteen men of the patrol that the horse, in halting as he rose out, must there give a broadside on chance, opposite where he had gone down. Up went every back-sight to the top range, and each man fired as the horse's head appeared again in climbing.

The horse had gained the flat and was level again for a breath before the bullets began to arrive, with the eerie sigh of extreme range, spitting up the dust short and beyond as they struck.

'There now! we can still reach the verdomde Khaki,' cried the youngest of the burghers in the grass on the slope. 'See! we've turned him back into the sluit!'

'Alla-machtig,' cried half a dozen at once. 'He's coming back this way.'

'Perhaps it's one of Malherbe's men, wandering lost, and now he's made up his mind that we're not Khakies and he's coming to join us,' suggested another.

'Then what is he galloping for?' demanded the corporal in command. 'A burgher would save his horse.'

None answered. In silence they waited, rifles ready, for the upshot of this strange oncome. The brown was coming almost at racing speed, and the figure in the saddle was bent nearly to his neck. Then they saw that the thing he was carrying was no mere bundle of loot or fruit, but something held close to the breast. That the rider was dressed in every point as a Khaki was nothing as yet, since so many of themselves did that. But when he pulled up before them in dust and foam and his face showed, two blazing eyes in a countenance white with ravening

rage; two lips as thin as wire till they burst forth in a demon-fury of awful curses; two arms holding damningly forth a little child red in face and body with the running blood, then they forgot that he was a Khaki; forgot that round his hat he wore the dreaded strip of 'tiger'-skin they hated most; forgot that he had a rifle and full bandolier, field glasses, and good horse; forgot everything but that in an ecstasy of denunciation he held out to them the little victim of those last triumphant shots.

He jumped down from his heaving horse, and stalked and swung to and fro in front of them as they stood up, stock still; dumbfounded. 'You glorious heroes! Oh you wonderful warriors! You skilful fighters!' ran on the torrent. 'Hear him groaning! Hear him crying! God's flames on you for ever!' so the words foamed out.

It was as if all the dead callous enduring of the long months of savage brooding and daring had burst at last into this furnace wrath in the scout, and no man answered a word to it till suddenly the blue eyes, wet with tears of mortal pain, opened into his face, checking the breath in his throat as he looked down. Then faintly came the little voice, speaking this time in the Taal. 'If this is the commando of Klein Piet Pieters, then my father is with it.'

'God! yes! I'd forgot that,' broke forth the scout afresh. 'Which noble warrior of you is his father? Look at his face and see!' and he turned the little one as he lay so that they could see his face.

'Jan Barend's little one!' cried a voice from the cluster. 'Little Jan!' added another.

'Yah, ek ess klein Jan!' proclaimed the little one, with a sudden weary smile of content at last. Then, with a convulsive leap that nearly lifted him out of the arms that held him, he cried in almost a scream—'Father! Father!' and in the scream he was dead.

The scout pressed his grey cheek against the purpled one as if to still the pain of that scream in his own heart. Then quietly he laid him down; so sudden the quiet that it seemed a fresh impressiveness of his rage. He stood up and faced them again, a purple patch now on the parchment colour of his face emphasising the iron-cold temper of his look. 'There you are; I'll leave it with you,' said he. 'You've done it—take it. I was carrying the little baby alive to his mother—yonder's the camp; you can see the tents. You now can carry him dead to his father—he's

one of you, somewhere. Tell him you've brought it for him to bury it if he likes, or he can send it on into the camp, dead, where I wanted to leave it alive. Anyhow, you can let the mother know that you killed her last little son—I'll not. But do as you will. I'm done'; and with the word he mounted his still panting horse and turned him round and away.

He went slowly, his back to them and his rein swinging, heading now not for camp or railway or any safety, but straight as a line could lie for his own station. 'I'm done!' he was repeating to himself. 'I'm finished. To flames with the war and the rest of it now! Good-bye, war! I'm for the blue water again, and for some land where one can draw a clean breath.'

Behind him the burghers watched him go, standing in silence, looking alternately at him and at the grim little burden he had left at their feet.

That is the picture.

'RIMPIE.'

Restaurant-keeping in Paris.

THROUGHOUT a long and varied experience of French life I have ever made it my rule to associate with all sorts and conditions of men. With no little pleasure therefore I received the following invitation :

‘ Our Marcel,’ lately wrote an old friend, ‘ has just taken over a large restaurant in Paris, and my husband and myself are helping the young couple through the first difficult months. Pray pay us an early visit when next here. We shall be delighted to see you to *déjeuner* or dinner.’

Madame J—— *mère*, the writer of these lines, belongs to a close ring, a unique class, to that consummate feminine type—the French business woman. Search the world through and you will not match the admirable combination, physical and mental powers nicely balanced, unsurpassed aptitude for organisation and general capacity putting outsiders to the blush.

Well pleased with the prospect of fresh insight into *bourgeois* life, a week or two later I started for Paris, my first visit being paid to Marcel’s restaurant. I had known the young proprietor from his childhood, and Marcel he still remained to me.

What a scene of methodical bustle the place presented ! I was here in the region known as ‘ Le Sentier ’—that part of Paris lying near the Bourse, made up of warehouses and offices in some degree answering to our own City.

It was now noon, the Parisian hour of *déjeuner*, for in business quarters the midday meal is still so called, lunch being adopted by society and fashionable hotels only. Marcel’s *clientèle* is naturally commercial and cosmopolitan. In flocked Germans, Russians, Italians, Japanese, with, of course, English. The Nijni Novgorod Fair could hardly be more of a Babel. In a very short time the three large dining-rooms were filled with well-dressed men and women of all nationalities, no sooner one occupant throwing down his napkin than the linen of his table being changed with what

looked like legerdemain—a veritable sleight-of-hand. That changing of napery for each guest bespeaks the conduct of the restaurant. Here, indeed, and at a few similar establishments in Paris, are to be had scrupulous cleanliness and well-cooked viands of first-rate quality at the lowest possible price.

One franc seventy-five centimes (one and fivepence halfpenny) is the fixed tariff both for *déjeuner* and dinner. For this small sum the client is entitled to half a pint of a good *vin ordinaire*, a *hors-d'œuvre*—i.e., bread and butter with radishes, anchovies, or some other appetising trifle—and the choice of two dishes from a very varied bill of fare.

As I glanced at the list I noted with some surprise that many expensive items were included—salmon, game, and poultry, for instance. Monsieur J—— *père* smilingly enlightened me on the subject.

‘You should accompany me one morning at five o’clock to the Halles,’ he said; ‘you would then understand the matter. Every day I set out, accompanied by two men-servants with hand-trucks which they bring back laden—fish, meat, vegetables, eggs, butter, poultry and game—I buy everything direct from the vendors, thus getting provisions at wholesale prices. Some articles are always cheap, whilst others are always dear. I set one against the other. Take soles, for instance: soles are always high-priced in Paris, but at the markets the other day I bought up an entire lot, several dozen kilos, and the consequence was that they cost me no more than herrings!’

As we chatted over our excellent *déjeuner*, Monsieur and Madame the elder and myself, the young master was busily helping his waiters, whilst his wife, perched at a high desk, made out the bills and received money. Folks trooped in and trooped out; tables were cleared and re-arranged with marvellous rapidity. Waiters rushed to and fro balancing half-a-dozen dishes on one shoulder, as only Parisian waiters can, meals served being at the rate of two a minute!

‘Next in importance to the quality of the viands,’ my informant went on, ‘is the excellence of the cooking. We keep four cooks, each a *chef* in his own department. No apprentices, or *gâte-sauces*, as we call them. One of our cooks is a *rôtisseur*, his sole business being to roast; another is a *saucier*, who is entirely given up to sauce-making——’

Here my old friend stopped, my intense look of amusement exciting his own, and, indeed, the matter seemed one for mirth,

also for a humiliating comparison. Since Voltaire's scathing utterance, England pilloried as the benighted country of one sauce, how little have we progressed! In a London restaurant from how many sauces could we select in sitting down to an eighteenpenny meal? Probably two or three—i.e., mint-sauce in May and apple-sauce in October, throughout the rest of the year contenting ourselves with melted butter. Truly, they manage these things better in France. I dare aver that here the thrice-favoured diner could enjoy a different sauce on each day of the year. Again, I could not help making another comparison. The unhappy *rôtisseur*! What a terrible sameness, that perpetual roasting from January to December! The *saucier*, on the contrary, must be set down as a highly favoured individual, having a quite unlimited field for the play of fancy and imagination.

'The third cooks vegetables, and the fourth prepares soups and stews. Pastry and ices, being in comparatively small demand, are supplied from outside. We employ four waiters——'

Here, a second time, I could not resist an ejaculation of surprise. At least a score of the nimblest, most adroit beings imaginable seemed on duty, so lightning-like their movements that each, in a sense, quadrupled himself, appeared to be in several places at once. That marvellous adjusting of a dozen dishes, the shoulder doing duty as a dumb waiter is another surprising feat, perhaps explained as follows: a friend of my own attributes French nimbleness to a difference in the seat of gravity. Why do French folk never slip on floors and stairs, however highly polished? Because, he says, their centre of gravity differs from our own. Be this as it may, French plates and dishes, when overturned, are attracted to the ground precisely like Newton's apple.

'Our waiters receive wages,' my informant went on, 'and of course get a great deal in tips, sometimes a hundred francs to divide between them in a day. Out of this, however, they have to pay for breakages, and immense numbers of plates and dishes are smashed in the course of the year.'

If Frenchmen can keep their feet under circumstances perilous to the rest of the world, they are naturally not proof against shocks. And in these crowded dining-rooms the wonder is that accidents were not constantly occurring.

Déjeuner over, Madame J—— *mère* accompanied me for a

stroll on the boulevard. What a difference between the Paris *Sentier* and the London City!

The weather was neither balmy nor sultry, yet the broad pavement of the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle was turned into a veritable recreation ground. Here, in the very heart of commercial Paris, as in the Parc Monceaux or the Champs Elysées, ladies and nursemaids sat in rows, whilst children trundled their hoops or played ball. So long as out-of-door life is practicable, French folks will not spend the day within four walls, this habit, perhaps, greatly accounting for the national cheerfulness. Delightful it was to see how old and young enjoyed themselves amid the prevailing noise and bustle, the enormously wide pavement having room for all. The boulevard is, indeed, alike lounge, playground, and promenade. On the boulevard is focussed the life of Paris, and, to my thinking, nowhere is this life more worth studying than in the immediate neighbourhood of the noble Porte St.-Denis.

As we strolled to and fro I had a very interesting and suggestive conversation with Madame J——, senior, and as her share of it throws an interesting light upon French modes of thought, I venture to repeat a portion.

‘Yes,’ she said, ‘my husband and myself are both well pleased with our daughter-in-law. She brought our son no fortune——’

‘No fortune?’ I interrupted, incredulously.

‘That is to say, no fortune to speak of, nothing to be called a dowry. When advising Marcel as to the choice of a wife we did not encourage him to look out for money; on the contrary, whilst he could have married into moneyed families, he chose, with our approbation, a portionless girl, but one well fitted by character and education to be an aid and companion to her husband. Suppose, for instance, that he had married a girl, say, with capital bringing in two or three thousand francs a year. She would have been quite above keeping the books and living in the restaurant, and most likely would have needed her entire income for dress and amusements. No, it is very bad policy for a young man who has his way to make to look out for a *dot*. I have always found it so, more than one young man of my acquaintance having been ruined by a pretentious and thriftless wife. My daughter-in-law, as you see, takes kindly to her duties and position. She is amiable, intelligent, and simple in her habits. With such a wife Marcel is sure to get on.’

For the next few years this young couple will give their minds entirely to business, foregoing comfort, ease, and recreation in order to insure the future and lay the foundations of ultimate fortune. By-and-by, when affairs have been put on a sure footing, they will take a pretty little flat near. Monsieur's place will be occasionally taken by a head waiter; Madame's duties at the desk relegated to a lady bookkeeper. English and French ideals of life differ. To the French mind any sacrifices appear light when made in the interest of the future—above all, the future of one's children. Doubtless by the time this young *restaurateur* and his wife have reached middle age they will have amassed a small fortune, and, long before old age overtakes them, be able to retire.

Let no one suppose that sordidness is the necessary result of such matter-of-fact views. Here, at least, high commercial standard and rules of conduct go hand in hand with uncompromising laboriousness and thrift; for in France the stimulus to exertion, the lode-star of existence, the corner-stone of domestic polity, is concern for the beings as yet unborn, the worthy foundation of a family.

The super-excellent education now received by every French citizen is not thrown away. I found restaurant-keeping by no means incompatible with literary and artistic taste—an intelligent appreciation of good books, good pictures, and good music.

On our return to the restaurant for tea we found the large dining-rooms deserted except for three somnolent figures in one corner. One waiter was enjoying his afternoon out; his companions were getting a nap with their feet on chairs. All was spick and span—in readiness for the four or five hundred diners at six o'clock. Meantime, we had the place to ourselves.

In the midst of our tea-drinking a gentlemanly looking individual, wearing a tall hat and frock-coat, entered, and, after a short colloquy with the young master, passed out again.

'You would never guess that gentleman's errand,' Marcel said, smiling as he re-seated himself at the tea-table.

'He looked to me like a rather distinguished customer,' I replied; 'some Government functionary on half-pay, or small *rentier*.'

Marcel smiled again.

'That well-dressed gentleman, then, supplies us with tooth-picks, which his wife makes at home. He calls once a month, and our orders amount to about a franc a day. I daresay he and

his wife between them make from thirty to forty francs a week and contrive to keep up appearances upon that sum. It is an instance of what we call *la misère dorée* (gilded poverty).

Truly one lives to learn! That retailer of *ouïe-dents*, in his silk hat and frock-coat, was another novel experience of Parisian life—an experience not without its pathos. I shall not easily forget the gentlemanly looking man with his long *favoris* and his odd industry. I add that the Paris City—*i.e.*, 'Le Sentier'—since July last has followed English initiative, warehouses and offices being now closed therein from noon on Saturday till Monday morning.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS,
Officier de l'Instruction Publique de France.

Billy.

BILLY lay on the hearthrug, half on his side, half on his back, with an air of fatuous tranquillity. His head was flung back so that his white chin showed; his right fore-paw, raised in the air by his ridiculous attitude, drooped limply over the other paw, which the hearthrug supported. Only a spoiled cat could have assumed a position of such confiding impertinence. Billy was a spoiled cat. Not because of his beauty—he had none. He was just a nondescript cat, best described, perhaps, by the word ‘tawny.’ But he had a strong personality. Three years ago he had come to Robert North’s household as a wastrel, and entered it just because his will was firmer than the will of any of its inmates. Day after day he had laid siege to the house by lying on the gravel path outside and neither mewing nor running away, but gracefully arching his back and doing homage whenever any one came out. Finally a bone was given him, and the day after he jumped through an open window and took possession of the kitchen hearthrug. In another week he had taken possession of the whole house, with a marked preference for the best spare bedroom and the drawing-room. He purred everywhere, but he purred there most. He was not a cat who mewed; though, if trodden on severely, he sometimes swore—‘not loud, but deep,’ in a manner that made the person who had trodden on him hurry to the pantry in alarm to get him a bone. He had a keen perception of the relation between cause and effect, and when this had happened twice he used to waylay every one in the house, in the darkest corners, where it was inevitable that he should be trodden upon. That end secured, he swore with such peculiar malignity that the culprit felt dismayed at the feelings he or she had unconsciously aroused, and sought the larder to soothe them, with Billy after. In time, to be sure, this artifice was discovered and discouraged; but Billy, from his inner consciousness, evolved a fresh one. He lay about, as usual, under people’s feet till trodden

upon; then he gave one sharp, irrepressible mew of pain, and followed it immediately with seraphic purring, as if anxious to assure the offender that all was already forgiven and forgotten. This unexpected generosity melted the hardest heart, and Billy was enthusiastically caressed and called 'good Billy!' and once more regaled from the pantry.

In short, Billy was a spoiled cat. The two maid-servants spoiled him; even the boot-boy, even the gardener spoiled him; and his master spoiled him most of all—for he had been Winnie's favourite, and Winnie was dead.

Robert North had married late, and he had loved his wife passionately. They had been engaged for five years, married for two. For two years they were ideally happy, in a companionship that is found by few. She came to him from many irksome duties, from a life spent for others; it was rapture to him to surround her with peace and comfort, with the music and the books she loved, and to note day by day how sheer an impossibility it was that happiness should make her selfish. Almost before he had grown used to the beauty and the miracle of it she died.

He had loved her with his heart and his soul and his brain; the memory of a woman loved with all three does not pass from a man's life. He knew many other women, but his eyes were clear, and for the most part he found them less loyal than Winnie, or less loving, or less true—if her equal in all other things, without her quaint humour and uniqueness. We call human beings forgetful, but there are people we can never forget: and, as a rule, when we are forgotten it is, after all, our own fault. However, this is the story not of a man, but of a cat.

For a year Billy had been Winnie's especial *protégé*, and this gave him a claim to consideration which could never be cancelled. Since he came to the Norths' there had been no tragedy in his life, save, perhaps, the tragedy of the Grey Cat, which one is inclined to think she brought upon herself. For she followed Billy night and day, and Billy would have none of her. To put it bluntly, he swore at her, and sometimes bit her, and tore out portions of her fur. Nevertheless, there was in him an instinct of masculine courtesy which made him, when she came mewing round him and his bone (her mew was very loud and piteous), march away with an air of aloofness, and sit down with his back turned to her, leaving the bone at her disposal. This happened whenever food was given to Billy outside the door—the Grey Cat never entered the house, being a vagrant Ishmaelite cat,

with predatory habits. It was the same with the basket. A basket was placed for Billy in an old kennel and filled with clean hay. For some time he occupied it, but when the Grey Cat demanded this also, Billy swore, but yielded, and slept on the floor of the kennel, while the Grey Cat nestled into the warm hay. Yet, though he not infrequently renounced bed and board for her, all Billy's dealings with the Grey Cat were characterised by contempt or hatred. She was not a winning cat, and one day she disappeared. Whether from sheer life-weariness, or from poison, or snare, or water, she went, no doubt, to the especial paradise reserved for homeless cats. But Billy's feelings after her loss underwent a curious revulsion. He moped and grew thin; morning after morning he smelt round the basket to see if the Grey Cat had returned. She did not return, and Clara, the housemaid, persisted that for at least two months Billy was not like the same cat. But Clara, as everyone knew, was imaginative and romantic.

At all events, that tragedy, if tragedy it was, had happened almost a year ago, and Billy, when this record presents him to the reader, was happy, and hungry, and glossy as ever. Only the fire was growing rather too hot, and just as Robert North and his housekeeper entered the room, he rolled over into the shelter of the great armchair. North stooped down and patted him, eliciting a sleepy purr.

'Billy,' he said, 'I am going away! They will take care of you; but, if they don't, write to me. I will give you an addressed envelope and a sheet of paper and a stamp. You will find them in the library.'

Billy was quite accustomed to be addressed as a human being by North and by the whole household, who had caught the trick from the master. He purred louder, and stretched himself further and further yet on the soft rug till, if you had not known he was a real cat, you would have concluded that he was made of elastic.

'I am going away, Billy,' North repeated, 'to see Archer, who is ill. You know Archer, Billy; he gave you oysters. I may be gone a month.'

Billy purred and purred. The future, to his mind, was only a dim vista of cream, and fish, and chicken-bones, and fires, and hearthrugs, and caressing hands, and other cats on the roof at night. It would always be so.

'Billy,' said North, 'you are an irresponsible cat. I have told you that I am going away. Why don't you mew?'

But Billy purred on.

'You'll look after him, Sarah,' North said to the sturdy, kindly-faced servant—half cook, half working-housekeeper—who had entered with him. 'My sister-in-law doesn't much care for cats; no more, I imagine, does her maid, and Clara will be away; so I put him in your charge. I shouldn't like him to come to grief.'

'No, indeed, sir!' said Sarah heartily. 'I'll look after him in the kitchen. Mrs. Angus, she won't want him in the drawing-room. She never took to him, nor he to her. They know as well as Christians, bless you! He snarled at her, Billy did.'

'Ah,' said North soberly, 'it doesn't do to snarl in this world, Billy. Always purr. I shall start by the ten train in the morning, Sarah, and Mrs. Angus comes in the afternoon.'

'Yes, sir,' said Sarah, not too cordially.

Mrs. Angus was the widow of Robert North's eldest brother, who had been a ne'er-do-weel, and left her rather poorly off. Ill-natured persons said that it served her right, for she had driven him to drink by a course of strict dogmatic Evangelicalism and three religious services on Sunday, besides prayers morning and night. The charitable, however, called her 'a worthy woman'; and generally she spent two-thirds of the year at the homes of various friends and relatives. Whether she invited herself or they invited her was never clearly known. Certain it is, however, that she regarded herself as indispensable in many households. She was an invaluable, if somewhat ruthless, chaperon; she also had a gift for domestic economy; and somehow she, with her maid, contrived to install herself in people's houses when they went for holidays. The arrangement suited her excellently: indeed, in her inmost soul she preferred a house in the absence of host and hostess. She was left free to conduct family prayers *ad libitum* with whatever domestics remained at her disposal; to explain the proper mode of dusting, or of laying fires, or making pastry; to economise the kitchen coals; to remonstrate with the milkman and the greengrocer; to warn the knife-boy against Ritualism, and to ask the nearest Evangelical clergyman to tea. By these various methods, slowly but surely, she would bring the domestic machinery to the verge of an explosion; but, as a rule, the rightful managers of the machine returned just in time to prevent one, and Mrs. Angus departed serenely to other servants, other greengrocers, and other milkmen with an unshaken consciousness of having done her duty. Indeed, she was

an annual scourge, which it was idle to attempt either to avoid or resist. There seemed to be an inevitable Fate behind her; but it was only her own supreme conviction that she was indispensable. No one had hitherto dared to disturb it, and it was probable that no one ever would. Certainly not North, who submitted to her incursions with philosophic calm, and who, this year, had deliberately invited her with the prospect of being at home. But one can hardly say that he was sorry when his friend's illness compelled his absence. He knew that Mrs. Angus would be perfectly happy without him. What she really wanted was his house, with its comforts, its luxurious appointments, its freedom from all money anxieties, and her position there as his *locum tenens*, with its prestige, its authority, and its spiritual opportunities—for, to Mrs. Angus, even the newspaper-boy and the policeman on his beat were spiritual opportunities.

North knew what would happen, or he thought he knew. On his return he would find the milkman, and the butcher, and the greengrocer in a state of righteous indignation, protesting that their integrity had never been questioned before; he would find Sarah in tears, having given notice; he would find that the boot-boy had run away to avoid morning Sunday-school. And Sarah would recall her notice, and the tradespeople would be pacified, and the boot-boy would come back—and, after all, Mrs. Angus was poorly off, and his own sister-in-law. He couldn't do less. As for Billy, he would be safe in the kitchen with Sarah.

So North went away. He said good-bye to Billy; but Billy did not understand, and still purred, circling round his shoes, till the cab came, and North drove off. Billy did not even watch the cab out of sight; he became occupied in cleaning his tail, right from one end to another, and that task, which is a difficult one even for a cat, absorbed him completely. When he had done with his tail, he wandered upstairs into the drawing-room, and established himself in his favourite red plush arm-chair. There he slept for quite four hours.

He was waked suddenly by being tumbled from the chair to the hearthrug with a want of ceremony unique in the history of the past three years. Generally, if a chair of which Billy had taken possession was really needed, he was removed—chair-cushion and all—and set down gently, with the least possible shock to his nerves. This violent method was new to him; he

was only half-awake, but he was awake enough to know that he had been treated disrespectfully, and he retired to the far corner of the hearthrug, sat down with his back to the intruder, and sulked.

'Surely, Sarah, you don't allow cats in the drawing-room! The best chair, too!'

Mrs. Angus, for it was she, spoke in a loud, brusque voice. She had a loud, brusque presence, as disquieting to human beings as to cats. People receded from her furtively, masking an inward nervousness, as they do from a steam roller. Even Sarah, the stout-hearted, drew back a step as she answered:

'No, ma'am—that is, yes, ma'am. You see Billy's a spoiled cat!'

'I don't approve of spoiling animals,' said Mrs. Angus severely. 'You may take it downstairs, Sarah. It looks in good condition—what do you feed it on? I have always found porridge an excellent food for cats. Meat makes them savage.'

'Indeed, ma'am,' replied Sarah dubiously. She was secretly indignant at hearing Billy called 'it'—'as if he hadn't more sense than many a Christian,' she said afterwards to Clara. 'We haven't tried him yet, not with porridge. He'll maybe eat a bit of custard pudding whiles, if the fit takes him,' she added, more hopefully.

'Custard pudding!' said Mrs. Angus, with genuine horror. 'Custard pudding for a cat! Are there no invalids in your neighbourhood who would be thankful for such dainty remnants?'

'Yes, ma'am,' said Sarah stolidly, but beginning to twist the corner of her apron between her fingers, always a sign of unusual mental disturbance. 'We gives them whole puddings, ma'am. Mr. North he doesn't hold with sending away mere remnants.'

And Sarah beat a hasty retreat to the kitchen, followed by Billy, now wideawake enough to distinguish between friend and foe, and also to remember that he had not had his dinner. Sarah gave him a sumptuous one, with scraps of chicken and cold whiting. The maid of Mrs. Angus had followed her mistress upstairs, and the coast was clear.

'Cold porridge, indeed!' Sarah said contemptuously. 'You sha'n't come to that, not while I'm here, Billy! And a lucky thing it is for you that I am here. Next thing she'd be trying to feed you on her worn-out shoe-laces.'

She bent down to stroke Billy, who, with unusual demonstra-

tiveness, licked her hand and walked round her feet. He was extremely fond of whiting, and he had never heard of a bolt out of the blue. The next day Clara went for her holidays, but he had Sarah and the kitchen still. It was the day after that the bolt fell. For Sarah was summoned, by telegram, to the bedside of a dying relative; and the house was left in charge of Mrs. Angus and her maid. The maid was almost a replica of her mistress, nearly as brusque, as 'dour,' and quite as economical. For seven years she had helped Mrs. Angus to economise, till with both the women economy had become a kind of ideal, to be worshipped for its own sake, and if possible, propagated. Mrs. Angus by no means regretted Sarah's departure; since she saw her way to pointing out to Robert North, on his return, the many reductions which, under her own *régime*, had been effected in the weekly expenditure. Her pale cheek warmed at the thought; the triumph she foresaw, to her, was not prosaic. Rather it seemed the triumph of a religious conviction.

Mrs. Angus was pre-eminently a woman of convictions. She possessed a myriad of them; they were a complete handbook of ethics; and perhaps no emergency had ever come into her life with which she had not wrestled successfully in the strength of one or the other of them. She would really, had the stake been in vogue, have faced it without flinching, and, what is more remarkable, she was not afraid of blackbeetles. If she ever had been, she had overcome the weakness. And about her convictions there was nothing gaseous or effervescent. Most of us are rather proud if we have only two or three fixed principles, like stars resolved out of the nebulous matter of mood, or sentiment, or passion. The principles of Mrs. Angus were all fixed—devoid even of elasticity. They were hard as the wheels and cranks of some intricate engine, and they fitted relentlessly into each other. She was fond of the maxim that the strength of a chain is in its weakest link, and in her moral machinery she paid much attention to the small wheels and pivots that other women leave to look after themselves. Doubtless, the instinct of self-preservation guided her aright. Some people's axioms are all tied together with red tape so tightly that you cannot take out one without breaking the tape and upsetting the whole bundle. And an impartial observer would have seen that if, for example, Mrs. Angus once deviated so far from her metallic code of behaviour as to treat a tawny cat as a respected member of the household, and consult his preferences at mealtimes, the whole machine

would become out of gear, and she might steal, or swear, or gamble—in short, she might do anything! Theoretically, her mode of life had many advantages. But it was hard upon Billy, who had never been treated axiomatically, but had wandered in whatever primrose path of dalliance his four paws preferred. And he did not understand. For some days he persisted in roaming drearily about the house, looking for Sarah or his master; but he found himself chased relentlessly from drawing-room and dining-room and library, and Priscilla the maid refused to tolerate him in the kitchen, alleging that he leapt on the table and stole—or would have stolen if there had been anything to steal. Doubtless he would have; but there was nothing. Every eatable was taken into the pantry as soon as it was done with, and the pantry door was locked. Outside that pantry door Billy sometimes sat, like the Peri at the gate of Paradise; but he was only thrust away roughly by Priscilla's heavy slipper. Then he ran upstairs to look again for his lost friends, only to be rebuffed once more by Mrs. Angus, who considered him an undisciplined cat. Once, in the desolation of his soul, he turned and snapped fiercely at her foot. The strong leather of her boot defied him; but from that time he was looked upon not only as an undisciplined but a savage animal, and wholly forbidden the house. As for meals, they were put outside for him, and consisted chiefly of cold porridge or bread soaked in milk and water. In sheer hunger, Billy sometimes ate a mouthful of cold porridge, but it was not even made with milk, and all his instincts rebelled against it. As for the other mixture, he walked round it, smelt it once, then turned away with a mew of wistful inquiry—Billy, who in his palmy days had never mewed, but purred much, and sworn a little. Occasionally scraps of fat were thrown him—he had always detested fat—or bones; but though he sprang at the bones eagerly, he found that there was really nothing whatever on them. He grew gaunt, and his eyes gleamed hungrily. Yet he seemed to have little heart to hunt for mice or birds, and indeed a cat who has been spoiled for three years makes an indifferent hunter. Exiled though he was from every hearthrug, the mat at the back kitchen door was not denied him, and there he crouched, in a strange apathetic posture, hour after hour. You cannot expect a cat to purr on a *régime* of porridge, or even cold potato without gravy, and he had ceased to purr. He wanted creamy new milk, and scraps of fish, and chicken bones. He wanted some one to make much of him, and kindly hands and voices, and cosy rugs,

and plush armchairs, and Sarah and his master. His spirit was becoming broken.

At last one day he roused himself and caught a sparrow. It was not remarkable that he should prefer a sparrow to porridge; but it was part of the code of Mrs. Angus that cats should not catch birds; and Billy could not explain that of late years he had never hunted sparrows, but only lain lazily on the wall and watched them flutter within a yard of him, summer day after summer day. He was called a wicked, cruel cat, and Priscilla chased him with a broom. But the broom never touched Billy: he had fled too far. Once more he had gone out into the world to seek his fortune, perhaps with some vague hope of finding Sarah or his master; and when Robert North returned, just two days later, the cat was lost. If Billy had only waited two days! If only he had made shift a little longer with porridge and cold potato! For the autumn had set in, and even from the sternest protector cats may go further and fare worse in the falling of the year.

One night, two months later, Robert North was sitting alone in his library by a bright fire—alone, as he would always be. He had his books, and books are friends; but they cannot make up for the glint of a woman's hair in the firelight, or a hushed step on the floor, or the kind look in a woman's eyes. Ah! that kind look, that look of fidelity so changeless, one would have staked one's soul that it must conquer death!

Through the deep silence North heard a faint mew. He shut his book, went to the glass door that opened on the garden, and, flinging it wide, looked out into the night—a cold night full of stars. There was another mew, this time of relief, and something crawled to his feet, tried to walk round them and to trip him up in the old manner, but grew tired and stopped, then, very feebly, followed him into the warm, bright room. It was Billy, starved and lame, his fur, that used to be so glossy, in which he took such pride, matted and torn and lustreless. He was conscious that he looked a wreck, for under North's eyes he made one faint pathetic effort to lick his fur, and then, desisting, stretched himself stiffly before the fire, upon the old, kind hearth-rug, with an air of having come home at last.

'Oh, Billy, Billy, where have you been?' said North, and rang for Sarah. Within the next few minutes portions of every dainty in the house had been offered to Billy, and he had only purred

contentedly but feebly, and turned his head away. Warm milk, cream, partridge, salmon—Billy was no longer to be tempted by any of these things, and by and by they gave up efforts which only wearied him. Then Robert North sent the servants to bed—in tears. It did not occur to him to go to bed himself. Billy, lying on the rug, not in his old negligent fashion, but strangely, almost rigidly, slept, or seemed to sleep, and North opened his book again. But a quarter of an hour exhausted his power of reading, and he knelt down by his luckless favourite, and stroked the tangled fur.

‘You’ve been in the wars, Billy! Poor old cat!’

Billy turned his head the fraction of an inch, and his ear quivered. He made an effort to lick North’s hand. There was one faint, ghostly purr, like a final verdict on men and things; then Robert North, bending nearer, saw that his eyes were glazing.

MAY KENDALL.

Taurus Intervenes.

HOOKBY, the County Court Bailiff, came to the village eagerly that July morning. He was after Nick Peel, commonly called, by a fine irony, 'The Novice,' and should he lay hands on that well-known local character the county gaol would probably have one more inmate by night. For Hookby had a warrant for the arrest of Nicholas Peel, labourer.

As usual with Peel it was a claim for debt, pushed unusually. But county court orders that hardened sinner scoffed at, and an execution always found the hut of a cottage where he spent his few indoor hours with nothing in it worth the seizure. So this irate creditor had decided on Peel's person. And Hookby, besides having a natural or acquired delight in his profession, took a very special interest in Peel. Of late Peel had given him much trouble in serving his summonses, and had received them at last with galling and sarcastic truths relative to Hookby. So Hookby, who was a short, stocky man, with a red blob of a nose stuck in the middle of a very freckled face that had a bristly border of flaming whisker round it, and who generally wore a scarlet kerchief encircling his bull neck and carried a short crook-ended stick in his fist, took a pair of handcuffs and one companion, and came willingly. The companion was a pale, spectacled fellow who looked on the affair as a joke at first.

But Peel proved more elusive than the eels he caught in June, or the hares he snared in October. As soon as Hookby and his helper reached one end of the village they heard of Peel at the other. And the village may have a mere hundred houses but it embraces several thousand acres.

The two myrmidons, as a matter of form, had come straight from the station to Peel's cottage. This they found unlocked; one dirty cup and saucer and one ditto plate on the deal table, an old bait-can which had been used as saucepan on the hob, black ashes in the grate, a cast net looped up to dry from door to door,

a red cage with a fine linnet in it over the window, and a hutch containing two ferrets in the corner. But no Nicholas Peel.

Enoch Tabb, who was just hobbling back to the farm in a sleeved waistcoat and with a hedgehook over his shoulder, said Peel had gone up to Cotter's Wood. Cotter's Wood was a mile away, but after exploring the Goose and the Dun Cow, Hookby and his companion trudged thither. Beside the wood they met John Arley, who assured them they had come quite wrong. They would find the Novice at the Spotted Dog, right down below, quite the other end of the parish. For verily the Novice had drawn a shilling unexpectedly that morning, and the Spotted Dog was the house he at present used.

At the Spotted Dog no one had seen Peel. But the landlord believed he had gone over to Elby, a village some mile and a half further on, and where the feast was held that day. He wouldn't be certain, but if you asked him that was his opinion. Elby Feast; that was where the Novice was.

Just then in came Peter Sall, who said he had seen the Novice along Bell's Footpath an hour before. Bell's Footpath lay quite another way, and if Peel were there he assuredly had not gone to Elby. When Sall had spoken, George Brinn, who sat in the corner smoking, and who always knew different, declared that the Novice had gone with Jacob Free down to the allotments to help dig his potatoes. He was sure, because he had heard them talking of it overnight, and Jacob had got the empties. Then Peter, who was just as contrary, told George he ought to know better, that the Novice never *had* done any work and never *would*; nothing but trap, and snare, and poach everything that ran, or swam, or flew.

'So many as give a dog a bad name,' said the landlord reproachfully, when Peter had drunk his beer and flung off. 'Now Novice ain't lazy, 'e's only good-natured. People ask 'im to buy things, an' 'e does it for the good of trade. Then when 'e don't get imposed on, 'e suffers some other way,' lamented the landlord, and all the company looked at Hookby and his companion as though they were headsmen in the Middle Ages.

The two left, and met the children swarming out of school. One of the boys called 'Ginger' after Hookby, and Hookby, his patience long since exhausted, chased him and cuffed him. Thereupon a mob of juveniles followed them hooting. The chastised youngster had run on ahead, crying, and presently his mother, bare-armed and red-faced, squared up to Hookby.

In the middle of the altercation ensuing Peel was seen quietly leaving the Goose, fifty yards down the street. Hookby evaded the irate matron and hurried, followed by his companion and a roar of jeers. Peel did not hurry, so Hookby, keeping him in sight, slowed down.

Peel kept straight past the Dun Cow and rounded the church leisurely. He was a loose-limbed, high-shouldered fellow, with a pitted, hard-boned face, and a black dab of a moustache over a mouth that turned down mournfully at the corners. He wore a flapping coat that looked all pockets, and dingy brown leggings laced with string, and his gait was sprawling and shambling. He turned down a grassy lane, then, presently, climbed a meadow gate and strolled across the turf. When Hookby and his companion came to the gate they found it locked. As Hookby mounted a voice said, 'I say!'

It was Enoch Tabb, over the other hedge.

'Well?' said Hookby.

'You see that bull?' said Enoch, pointing with his hedgehook. In the meadow was a white bull with large horns, and a ring in its nose on which the sun glinted. 'If you go over there 'e'll be on yer,' said Enoch further. 'You see the gate's locked.'

Hookby paused astride. The bull was looking his way interestedly. Peel dawdled a chain-measure distant, his thumbs in his waistcoat as though the meadow were his and all in it.

'Hi! hi!' shouted Hookby.

'Mornin',' answered Peel, turning and pausing.

'Come this way! I've got something for you!'

'Keep it for yourself,' said Peel. 'I'll make you a present of it.'

'In the name of the law!' called Hookby, flourishing a blue paper.

'You bring it then, you're paid for it. I shall 'ave to report you at 'eadquarters for laziness and failure of dooty.'

Enoch grinned and Hookby swore. 'I don't believe the bull's vicious,' he said, getting down on the meadow side of the gate.

'Don't say you ain't bin fair warned,' said Enoch. 'E knows the Novice: every crittur on 'arth knows 'im.'

'You told me one lie before,' said Hookby, hesitating.

'Let your mate try,' counselled Enoch. 'E's younger, an' e's lesser in the waist an' longer in the leg. An' 'e ain't so 'igh-coloured.'

('I knowed 'Ookby was mighty touchy about 'is build an' 'is

complexion,' Enoch related afterwards. 'E grunted an' looked at 'is mate, who looked at 'is watch and said 'e should 'ave to 'urry off to catch the next train back to Dunston. Then 'OOKBY called 'im names, an' marched off across the field.')

The bull came to meet Hookby, who stopped twenty yards away, doubtfully. The bull stopped too, and sniffed, and shook his head. Presently he began to paw the turf with his fore feet.

'Come back! come back!' Enoch called from the lane. 'Come back!—*stiddy!*'

Hookby retired with his face to the foe. The bull just followed him, nearly to the gate.

'Good thing you didn't run,' said Enoch. 'E'd 'a' bin on yer in a jiffy. I don't want to go as a witness to a Crowner's Quest.'

'I'll 'ave 'im,' vowed Hookby between his teeth, 'if I stop 'ere for a month!'

Peel sauntered. He picked buttercups and stuck them in his coat. He walked along the fence which divided some cottage gardens from the meadow, and looked over at the potatoes. He joked with a woman or two gathering fruit. He walked round the pond, which lay some twenty yards from the fence, and pelted a rat. He surveyed the sky and studied the wind. He cocked his arms at flying pigeons as though he were aiming with a gun. At length he walked towards the far side of the meadow, and Enoch said confidently, 'E means slippin' out through Timmins's.'

'You go round,' said Hookby to his companion. But the other demurred, and Hookby went round along the next field alone. Then Peel came back, and Hookby came back too, fuming. 'Where on earth that blessed bobby of yours is,' he said, 'I can't think!'

'Elby Feast,' answered Enoch. 'Besides, there's a big 'ouse there, with a free-anded squire an' a good-lookin' cook.'

Peel walked again through to the other side of the meadow and fairly vanished through the hedge. Hookby hastened round as before, his companion with him. Then, when the two had made the circuit, Peel rethreaded the hedge and appeared again in the meadow with his guardian bull. When Hookby got back to the lane he was mopping his face. 'I'll get 'im extra for this,' he said viciously.

'It is 'ot,' said Enoch. 'There's Novice makin' for to sit in the shade. 'Bout dinner time I think.' Enoch had bread and pork under his thumb.

'Go to the nearest pub and fetch something,' said Hookby to his companion. 'I'm starving.'

The other went readily, but he did not return. (He had just time to catch a train back to Dunston. Afterwards he declared he had sent Hookby bread and cheese and beer by a boy, but Hookby never received it.) When Hookby realised that his companion had deserted him he raged like a madman. He stamped up and down the lane, and shook his stick, and vowed things. 'Don't wear yourself, Mr. 'Ookby,' Enoch advised him, 'don't *wear* yourself. Now, look at the Novice.'

The Novice apparently went prepared. He sat down under one of the trees, and pulled out a flat bottle and parcel wrapped in paper. He spread the paper on his legs like a table-cloth, drank at his bottle, and fell to using a pocket-knife vigorously. 'You can almost 'ear 'im smack 'is lips,' said Enoch to Hookby interestedly. Then Enoch heard Hookby swear.

The afternoon wore away. Nick Peel lay down in the shade and went to sleep. Not far off him the bull also lay down, between him and the lane. Hookby sat on the gate and chewed grass, and resolved audibly what he would do with Peel when he got him, and what he would tell that errant companion of his. Every now and then Enoch Tabb looked over the hedge and inquired brightly, 'Well, and 'ow are we getting on?'

News spread, and after six o'clock men came into the lane to smoke their pipes and await developments. The fence which divided gardens and meadow was fringed with heads. From lane to palings jokes and inquiries were shouted, back and forward. Hookby, who had procured something to eat and drink by means of an extra shilling bribe to a boy messenger, and who had felt temporarily better, went purple under the pricking.

'Whose bull is it?' he snapped for the fiftieth time. 'I'll 'ave the owner up for keepin' a dangerous animal. An' who knows it? Somebody can manage it besides 'im!'

He took a sovereign from his pocket and offered it to any that should fetch the bull out—or the Novice. He held it up between finger and thumb and turned slowly round with it. 'Anybody?' he said. 'Either the bull or the man?'

'Money first,' said Peter Sall.

'No; work first,' said Hookby. 'There's witnesses.'

Peter took off his coat and got on the gate. (A little man, Peter, but plucky.) Before he got down on the other side a woman's voice came sharp across from the gardens: 'Peter!

Peter Sall! *I'm a-lookin' at yer.* You keep your fingers out of 'ot pies! You set foot in that medder if you *dare*!

Peter glanced at the sovereign, hesitated, and got back in the lane. 'I ain't frit o' the bull,' he said, rubbing his head, 'nor yet o' the Novice, but the old woman to finish with——!'

And Peter put on his coat definitely as the female voice shrilled anew: 'You do your own dirty work, Mr. Ginger-wi'-the-stick! Don't you come 'ere temptin' poor silly men to make widders o' their wives! You see this?'

A long broom was flourished over the fence vigorously. Hookby put his finger to his nose and held up the sovereign anew.

'Why,' said Enoch Tabb, 'if you showed the Novice 'alf that 'e'd come of 'isself. A county court summons is nought to 'im. I've 'ear 'im say 'e's 'ad enough to paper a drawin'-room.'

'County court!' echoed Hookby. 'Do you think I'd stop 'ere for *that*? It's 'is arrest; an' if 'e resists I should call on you all to aid an' assist.'

'I shou'n't wonder,' said Enoch, turning to the group thoughtfully, 'but what Novice 'as *told* that crittur. *That* accounts. Don't you go a-nigh 'im, Mr. 'Ookby; Novice is 'is pertickler friend. You *might* call; we're all family men; and that bull would charge a full regiment o' Prooshians, 'e would. I warn yer now, serious. Go back 'ome an' say your thankful prayers.'

Hookby's lips moved then and there. He was glaring across the meadow. The bull grazed; the Novice smoked his pipe. High overhead the crows flew homeward. The summer day-wind had fallen; from cottage chimneys white smoke curled up slowly to the blue. The setting sun reddened tiled roofs, and longer shadows stretched from the trees. 'The best time o' the day,' said Enoch Tabb, leaning contentedly against the gate post. 'Ah! Novice is tappin' another 'alf-ounce o' bacca, an' the bull's goin' to the pond for a drink. *Won-derful* cool that bull looks! white's such a—— *What!* goin' over, Mr. 'Ookby? goin' *over!* Then what-*ever* was the use o' waitin' all this while?'

Hookby had mounted the gate. His lips were set, his eyes glittered, he breathed hard. Next minute he was crossing the meadow while an intent group jostled at the gate, and a buzz of expectation rose from the garden fence. Peel knocked the pipe out on his hand and put it in his pocket.

Hookby made a *détour*, bearing to the right, well away from the bull, which stood still on the near side of the pond and followed

Hookby with its eyes. Hookby got well round and past, and converged on the Novice. The latter moved towards the pond, walking. Beyond the pond was the garden fence with its edging of eager white faces and Hookby walked faster. Then the bull moved out, after Hookby, also walking.

Peel got round the pond, but he made no attempt to reach the fence, although he might have climbed it, and there were willing hands over. When Hookby came near the pond Peel stood exactly over against him on the opposite side. When Hookby stopped on the brink the bull stopped, some way out in the meadow behind him. The three were thus in a line, Hookby in the middle, with the pond between him and Peel. Behind Hookby was the bull, behind Peel was the garden fence.

'You'd better chuck it an' come, Nick,' said Hookby coaxingly. 'I've 'ad a lot o' trouble, but if you come now I'll look over it.'

'Thank ye,' said Peel ironically.

'If I'm to catch you it'll be the worse for you in the long run.'

'It'll be a long run,' said Peel.

Hookby began to walk round the pond after Peel. Peel also walked round, away. The bull also walked round, following Hookby. From fence and lane rose a cackle of laughter. 'The minute you start to run,' said Peel, 'e'll run too.' But Hookby ran.

'Look out behind yer!' shouted Peel.

Hookby had no need to look. An angry snort and a heavy thudding made him forget his quarry. He ran harder, hugging the verge of the pond. Peel loped half way round before him and retired from the procession. 'Just to give 'em a lead,' he explained as he approached the gardens. 'Stick to the pond!' he shouted to Hookby. 'If you try for the fence 'e'll nail you to it.'

Hookby ran as for dear life. The sweat trickled off him. He panted; he agonized. His face, which had been red, went ashen, with the freckle spots showing darker. The thunder of hoofs neared; already he could almost feel the breath of the infuriate pursuer. He yelled.

'E's on yer!' roared the Novice. 'Take to the water! it's yer only chance! Go right in!'

Hookby did. The pent, breathless excitement of the onlookers—the awe of possible tragedy imminent—broke and went in a

great roar of mirth as Hookby was seen to turn short and rush into the pond as men thirsting from the desert are said to invade water before tasting it. When he was half hidden he stopped suddenly, clutching his breast with his hands.

'It's ketched 'im in the wind,' explained the Novice. 'E'll be better; 'e won't faint. Duck yer 'ead!' he shouted. 'Dash some water on yer face then! 'Stonishin' 'ow 'elpless these 'fficials are,' he remarked confidentially.

The bull stopped, pawed at the bank, and then went in toward Hookby up to its knees.

'Splash about!' yelled the Novice. 'Splash 'im if 'e comes a-nigh yer; an' souse 'im. You're 'is master there! I feel like the boss at a circus,' he observed, charging his pipe.

The immersed Hookby set up a most desperate splashing accordingly. The bull snorted and retreated to the bank, where he remained pawing and pacing up and down between the pond and the fence.

'Well, you *are* there now,' remarked Peel, who stood raised upon something on the safe side of the fence, and lolled over with folded arms easily. 'Now you see where evil courses lead to, as the Bench 'ave sometimes observed in my 'earin'.'

'Some of you drive 'im off!' called Hookby, recovering breath. 'Get something and drive 'im off; don't stand there!'

'You ought to be thankin' me for all I've done for yer,' said the Novice reproachfully. 'You'd 'ave 'ad 'is 'orn through yer by this time if I 'adn't directed yer. An' just think if it 'ad bin *cold*! This time o' year it's only a nice pleasant evenin' bath.'

'*Are* you goin' to stir yourselves?' roared Hookby.

'Ow's the bottom?' asked the Novice. 'Is there *much* mud? I've often looked at that pond, an' wondered what colour it would dye a white man. Your clothes 'll be scented like a gal on a Sunday when you come out.'

'Get somebody to shoot 'im!' screamed Hookby. 'I'm goin' ice all through. You'll all be 'ad up for manslaughter!'

'I'm a-persuadin' of 'em, Mr. 'Ookby,' answered the Novice, 'You'll see me leadin' of 'em with spades an' pitchforks directly. an' givin' the word o' command. You keep a-lookin' out; but if I should see you goin' sleepy I'll throw a stone at yer.'

Hookby blazed out in a fury of bad language and Peel got down as if to leave, saying that was no place for him. Then Enoch Tabb from the gate reminded Hookby there were respectable women and innocent children listening, and one of the matrons

told Hookby that if he was drowned it would be a fitting judgment on him. But Peter Sall advised Hookby to take off his coat and throw it to the bull to play with on the far shore, and then make for the fence; and the next minute Hookby was in his shirt-sleeves while the bull galloped round after the discarded garment. He trampled it, he tore it, he tossed it; and as he shook it a pair of handcuffs dropped back from the pocket. The animal pounded them into the turf amid yells of delight. 'As if it was a Christian!' said one of the women admiringly.

'Take all yer things off,' piped a boy from the fence as the bull tore round again to cut off escape, and the despairing Hookby waded anew into the deeps. 'All of 'em! Take yer——!'

But the boy's mother dragged him down. 'Afore your own mother!' she said, shaking him. 'Afore your—very—own——!'

'O-o-o!' screamed the boy, struggling. 'I only wanted to see—if 'e was—brunny-faced all over!' he yelled.

'Now what'll you give me to get you out, Mr. 'Ookby?' asked the Novice when order was restored. 'I shou'n't sleep if I left yer there. But you've made the critter savage, an' if I risk my life what'll you give?'

'Free board an' lodging in Dunston Gaol,' answered Hookby.

'Say five pound?' said Peel. 'Four, then? Three? Two? That'll just pay my shot and a trifle. Eighteen shillin's an' costs, ain't it?' ('Two nines o' beer,' Peel told the company. 'A fresh traveller an' *very* anxious.') 'Forty shillings only, me being a single man.'

'Aven't got it,' said Hookby. But a chorus gave him the lie. They had seen at least two sovereigns when he tempted Peter Sall.

'Two pound?' repeated the Novice. 'Say, is it a go?'

'One,' said Hookby.

'Two, Mr. 'Ookby. Chuck 'em out in a paper; in that paper you've got wi' my name on it. Then you can say you lost it. Throw 'ard.'

Hookby was muddled, saddened to the marrow, hungry, broken. He took out the money, wrapped it tightly, and threw it towards the fence. Peel laughed, jumped down lightly, unrolled and tore the paper to tatters, spat on the coins and pocketed them, and regained the fence. Hookby positively howled.

'Back in two minutes,' shouted the Novice. 'Honour bright, Mr. 'Ookby. You'll just 'ave time to get to the station.'

The company raised a chorus of assurance. Peel returned with a brown-and-white mongrel at his heels. At a wave of his hand the dog was over the fence.

'Go for 'im!' shouted Peel. 'Go for 'im! *Cha-ase* 'im!'

The dog scampered to the bull, barking loudly. The bull gave chase as eagerly, and next minute the two were careering over the meadow a furlong away.

'I shall go over an' see old Flindon to-morrow,' said the Novice later, referring to his creditor. 'E'd got the gout, or else 'e'd never 'ave done this; 'e ain't a bad sort at bottom. An' when 'e 'ears me tell the 'istory o' this day if 'e don't stand the hull damage 'imself you may call me a 'Ookby!'

W. H. RAINSFORD.

At the Sign of the Ship.

THE season of many new books is with us, and reviewers must be very busy. That old friend of many fortunes, *The Academy*, has a fresh editor. May he watch over the printers, and not permit them to speak of the late Mr. Richard Savage's *My Official Wife* as *My Official Life*! The phrase *Belles Lettres*, too, is not usually written Belle's Lettres, but perhaps that is a joke. *The Academy* of Mr. Cotton's and Mr. Appleton's time was a paper as sober and serious and remote from the popular as the *Revue Critique*. Specialists wrote on their specialities: every knight, bestriding his hobby, did battle openly in the lists; learning had a chance, but there was no public for learning. The new *Academy* also has signed reviews, and Mr. Shorter justly remarks that this 'prevents' (he may mean 'ought to prevent') 'the reviewing of books by a writer who is not fully equipped for the purpose.' But if only specialists wrote reviews, few would read them. A criticism by a reviewer who knows his subject is almost as distasteful to the public as the book itself. In history or biography the public desires from the author 'a smooth tale,' and definite statements, not discussion, not criticism of evidence. Take Mr. Morley's most interesting *Life of Cromwell*; there is hardly a reference to documents from cover to cover, and the people love to have it so. But a reviewer 'fully equipped for the purpose' would keep debating this point and that, would insist on referring to documents. The public does not want such a one, editors do not want him, nobody wants him but a few historical students. The author, indeed, of a work of this kind desires such reviewers, but does not get them, except in special journals of the study. The public wants from Mr. Morley his ideas about Cromwell—a natural desire—and from the reviewer wants a little gossip about Mr. Morley's ideas about Cromwell. Even if more were required, where are the fully equipped critics? Most serious books of research and inquiry are not reviewed at all. Only

specialists can criticise them : specialists are scarce, and seldom review, nay, are seldom asked to review, because few would read their lucubrations. This would matter less if the people who do review had ample education, conscientiousness, and interest in the subject on hand. They could then state the author's case with the comments of an intelligent layman. But they very seldom attain this high standard of efficiency. If not a stupid, we are a very lazy people, where things of the intellect are concerned.

* * *

Specialists, then, are rare, and probably there are few specialists on the poet Crabbe. Of him Canon Ainger has written an interesting 'estimate' in the series of *English Men of Letters* (Macmillan). Crabbe was a remarkable poet, by virtue of the modernity of his matter—especially the dark side of rural life—and the antiquity of his manner. As a man he showed great courage in youth, and his 'early struggles' and love affair are pathetic. His genius was rather like a grain of radium in a ton of pitchblende, still, there the radium is, visibly splendid in the darkness and the mass. Any one can see it who looks. All this one gathers from reading Crabbe, and from reading Canon Ainger. But this is not enough for Mr. Shorter, who, no doubt, is a specialist in this rather crustacean old Crabbe. It seems that Canon Ainger has not used, for this little popular book in a series not remarkable for original research, 'an extraordinarily rich collection of Crabbe treasures in the possession of Mr. A. M. Broadley of Bridport,' including the poet's pocket-book. I wonder what is in the poet's pocket-book ! Conceivably Canon Ainger never heard of these unsunned treasures. No more did I, and perhaps if any one had asked me to review the book I might have done so 'in giant ignorance.' Probably every reviewer, almost, has had no glimpse of the wealth of Mr. Broadley, and one does not see how this condition of affairs is to be improved, unless Mr. Broadley prints his treasures. *Non cuius contigit* : all reviewers cannot go to Bridport, where Mr. Broadley, like the landlord in the poem, might

'plainly say

As how he wished they'd go away.'

Manifestly Canon Ainger is pretty safe from specialists.

* * *

On another point, Mr. Shorter suggests that 'it may be true that signed reviews have become impossible except at the cost of

a considerable loss of friendship and at the cost of a considerable measure of unpopularity among the writing folk of the meaner sort; but what does that matter?' What, indeed! One does not make friends, nobody need do so, among the writing folk of the meaner sort. Out of that sort, no man resents, in criticism, the rebukes of a friend; they are very helpful. One friend of mine is sure to pitch into what I write on a certain special subject, but we do not quarrel. I would pitch into him, but, confound him, he is always in the right! or 'almost always.'

* *

The doings of a friend in Belle's *Lettres* I would not review at all—his poems or his novel I would not criticise—unless I could do so with honest enthusiasm. But in history, or biography, or the manners of primitive man, I would give him all the 'tips' that I might have—if he consulted me. To Canon Ainger, had I been aware of the Bridport and other Crabbe treasures, I should have said, 'Go to Bridport!' If he would not go, then I should have mentioned the circumstance, if I reviewed his book at all. As to history, and primitive man, a friend would always find me a candid friend; one who spared not for his crying; and then he could have his chance at me. As to signing, he would detect me easily enough if I were anonymous. A man would far rather be corrected by a friend who knew than applauded by an ignorant critic. As to 'the writing folk of the meaner sort,' they mainly write negligible novels. 'A fig for their feud, and a button for their bragging,' as Cardinal Beaton is reported to have said about the heretics of Scotland. They murdered him, but novelists will not 'come in with the milk,' into *our* castles, and stab us in our bedrooms. *Enfin*, it does not matter much who reviews most novels, if the fellow reads them, which he usually does not. But it would certainly be amusing to see the signatures of the reviewers of 'non-fiction,' and to know who are the indolent, uninstructed, and uninterested gentlemen and ladies that too often pen many of the casual remarks which appear in the Press. I lately saw the work of several years criticised in eight sentences. The reviewer did not reach his subject till the eighth, and what he said in that, about a matter of fact, was the reverse of the truth.

* *

Anthropology is a dubious science! Some years ago an exemplary book in this lore appeared, and we all took the facts

(about certain wild men) for gospel, and we 'argued right, we argued left, we also argued round about us,' on the strength of them. Many of them did not much suit my own ideas for one. But lo, last week came to me another report, by a thoroughly competent observer, familiar with the wild men's language, and long resident among them. His version varies freely from the earlier evidence, or rather the evidence earlier published, and suits my ideas as well as if I had dictated it to the author. I wonder which witness is in the right! It is natural to hope that the witness who backs our own notions is right, or that both witnesses are right, but have struck on different sects of theologians in the same savage region. Why not? 'The dissidence of dissent' is freely practised among untutored races who have no priests, no establishment, no theological orthodoxy, and, in matters of religious education, go as they please. If two naked black inquirers came over here to examine into our views, had one of them questioned Mr. Morley, while the other examined Mr. Gladstone as to tribal beliefs, the results of their researches might have varied. Verily our dear science is truly perplexing. What I want is the hymns ancient and modern of the black men. Their contents are evidence, but often they are shy about reciting their sacred poems to Europeans. 'White fellow know too much already,' they remark.

* * *

Here is a charming advertisement of a Swiss watering-place :

'Saint Cergues, a climateric station, got into notice some 50 years ago. Unlike more recent stations its reputation grew steadily, thanks not to advertisements but to its bracing climate so beneficial for patients suffering from *anomia* and over-work.

'Saint Cergues is at its best in the leafy month of June. From the terrasses and the windows of the hotel, the panorama is indeed striking. The terrasses are discreetly adorned by the gardeners art. On both sides of them trending downwards wave beechen groves, gracefully nodding their bright summits, while darker fir-tree pyramids give a sombre background to their light-coloured camarades. Here and there in fancy places benches of cytious bedraggle their golden flowers, which fanned by the breeze, spread afar their aroma. In loving embrace their festoons ravish the eye. The slanting sun fancy free, twined the luxuriant verdure into a delicate tracery suggestive of freshness and grace.

Hiding under the new foliage teems the sylvan flora, such as the lively eglantine with its subtile resinous flora, so sweetly intoxicating. . . . The spruce townlet of Nyon shows the five turrets of the ancient castle of Beauregard, with Nernier, with its fishermen's huts, apparently agromed in the lake. . . . Trees, plants and wild flowers in pugnacious entanglement, give one the feeling of prehistoric liberty,' and of *anomia*.

* * *

Some good books have an amazing knack of blushing unseen. There is no good book on Jeanne d'Arc by an English author. I am acquainted with no very good book in French about her, that is, within the moderate compass of a single volume. The vast, many-volumed treatises of Father Ayroles and the Abbé Dunand are full of controversies and of exclamatory matter, though they are learned and useful. Meanwhile, though I have but lately been aware of it, Mr. Francis Lowell's *Joan of Arc* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Massachusetts) must have been before the world for six years. There is no date on the title-page (an unholy omission), but the work was copyrighted in 1896. Here we have a full yet terse biography of the heroine, with ample references to authorities, contemporary and recent. I know that some books are blamed by critics of the Press as '*too documentées*': that charge may be brought against Mr. Lowell's volume, but that is almost all that even an enemy could say in dispraise—and *that* is nonsense. For one, I could put up with a more coloured style, with a touch of enthusiasm, but I may be a gushing thing, for certainly the author is afraid of being, or perhaps of seeming, credulous, and explains away perfectly well-attested facts: or rather tries unsuccessfully to do so. Whatever the explanation may be, in certain cases the narratives are clearly not due to 'growth of legend.' One cannot here go into details, though to do so is tempting and is easy. At all events, with the slight drawback of coldness of style, a scientific frigidity, and of the trick of explaining away, Mr. Lowell's is infinitely the best book on the subject within its compass. Why, then, has a *Jeanniste* like myself never heard of it till lately? There has been no 'boom,' no noise about a work so excellent, while fifth-rate romances of every sort are heralded and followed by players on wind instruments. People sometimes ask for the name of a good book on the Maid of Orleans, and I am delighted to be able to point to a book which is thoroughly good, terse, fair, judicious,

and well informed. To be sure, nothing, as far as I have observed, is said about the share of my countrymen in the Wars of the Maid, but we are accustomed to that cruel neglect, while M. Houssaye, in his excellent work, '1815,' appears to think that our national warlike musical instrument is called 'the pibroch.' One might as well speak of people playing on their oratorios.

* * *

Mr. Campbell Oman's *Mystics and Ascetics of India* (Unwin) is rather disappointing as far as anecdotes go, nor would I unhesitatingly accept Herr Nordan's explanation of 'ecstasy' as 'scientific.' But there is a good story, on European evidence, of Hassan Khan, an unpaid medium. If you asked him for a drink in a railway carriage, or in the open air, he instantly produced a bottle of whatever you chose to call for, your 'favourite vanity.' Any quantity of biscuits and cigars he had always at command, an invaluable member of a commissariat. His miracles were all of the loaves and fishes kind. He could make the money in a locked box come at call, by the help of his *djinn*, without even rubbing a lamp. Though he professed the faith of Islam, he was instructed by a Hindu *Sudhu*. The tale of his initiation is rather like that given by a black Australian medicine-man to Mr. Howitt. Mr. Oman does not give the names of his European informants, so we can get no further. But a German lady, who has been playing Hassan's game, is deeply interesting: the police rather than the philosophers of her fatherland. She takes money for the performances of her *djinn*, whereas Hassan stood drinks and 'free food.'

* * *

Macaulay, on Warren Hastings, does not quote 'a venerable Brahman,' who said to Mr. James Forbes that he had lived under many governments and in many lands, but never witnessed such 'a general diffusion of happiness' as under Mr. Hastings when Governor-General of Bengal. 'He extends his providence to the remotest districts, and stretches out his arms far and wide, to afford protection and happiness to his people. Such a sahib is Mr. Hastings.' This evidence does not suit Macaulay!

* * *

"——!" said the Duchess, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation.

This sentence is reported to have been the opening one of a

novel hitherto extant only in manuscript. It is improbable that a Duchess would use the place-name which I discreetly veil, as an exclamation, and, if ever any Duchess did, gallantry ought to veil the circumstance. Still, the opening of that novel is distinctly terse and striking: curiosity is powerfully stimulated as to the circumstances in which the Duchess said what she did say, and we are timidly anxious to know what her grace said next. Propriety apart, we may commend this novel opening as really energetic, promising, and provocative of excitement in the reader.

* * *

As the precise converse of this gallant initial sentence, I may present its counterpart, from *Sir Mortimer*, an historical novel, by Miss Mary Johnston in the November number of *Harper's Magazine*. Here is the sentence, or, at least, part of it; the apodosis is 'I drink to those who follow after.' It may be remarked that, after all, the remarkable sentence, as published, has no beginning. It opens with 'But': clearly the speaker is caught about the middle of his sentence.

CHAPTER I.

"'But if we return not from our adventure,'" ended Sir Mortimer, "if the sea claims us, and upon his sandy floor, amid his Armida gardens, the silver-singing mermaiden marvel at the wreckage which was once a tall ship, and at those bones which once were animate—if strange islands know our resting-place, sunk for evermore in huge, coloured, thorn-set and most unkindly forests—if, being but pawns in a mighty game, we are lost or changed, happy, however, in that the white hand of our Queen hath touched us, giving thereby consecration to our else unworthiness—if we find no gold, nor take one ship of Spain, nor any city treasure-stored—if we suffer a myriad sort of sorrows and at the last we perish miserably—"

'He paused, being upon his feet, a man of about thirty years, richly dressed, and out of reason good to look at.'

'He paused,' and I do not wonder at it! An interval was allowed for refreshment. The speaker took a drink, then he went on to talk about Aphrodite, as an English mariner of Queen Elizabeth's day was not very likely to do; they said 'Venus' then, when they alluded to the Goddess of Love, especially when addressing a

crowd in a tavern, as Sir Mortimer was doing. There were 'roisterers' for an audience.

* * *

Mr. Howells has expressed (and so have I) an unfavourable opinion of many new historical novels. They do not give the colour of the times, and Sir Mortimer, in his vast and wandering sentence, does not speak like an Elizabethan Englishman, or like any Englishman in the circumstances. We know the typical example of British military rhetoric selected by a French writer on that subject. 'Are you that eat beef going to be licked by a set of (something) Spanish orange suckers?' 'Armida gardens' under the sea, and 'those bones which once were animate,'—I reckon Sir Richard Grenville did not speak in such tropes to the crew of the *Revenge*. *Enfin*, as compared with the anonymous author of the sentence about the Duchess, I do not think that Miss Mary Johnston has put her best foot foremost. For the honour of Annandale, the home of her clan, she must deal shorter and swifter 'Lockerbie licks' in the course of her romance. Indeed, a character on the second page objects to Aphrodite and the rest of it, as unsuited to 'a plain man,' and certainly I do not remember the apparition of Aphrodite in Elizabethan literature or letters, printed or in manuscript. The oratory of our Elizabethan ancestors had 'flowery components,' to be sure, but Sir Mortimer goes too far into the horticultural.

* * *

Is the following extract, out of Mr. E. K. Chambers's *The Mediæval Stage* (Clarendon Press), meant for a burlesque on the modern method of Folk Lore? It looks like it. To make the suggestions plausible, it would be necessary to show that any man in an ancient or modern people, having shot at a popinjay, and hit it, buries the bird in his garden to bring him abundant crops, or buries the leg of mutton which is the prize for climbing a greasy pole. The joint is merely a prize, the popinjay is merely a butt to aim at; not a live bird, as in the games in the *Æneid*, but a stuffed or a wooden bird. As to a golf-ball being buried, it is not left in the hole, after sand has been thrown over it. The early practice is to aim at a church door, a post, a stick, as in croquet, the hole is not known to be earlier than the sixteenth century. Where is the head of a sacrificial beast kicked through, or over a goal? The lowest races use balls in their games. Folk

Lore is being run into the earth when such explanations of games are given, unless they are given 'in a spirit of mockery.' Here, at all events, follows the extract. I need not say that the Red Indians played La Crosse, hitting a ball through goals like our football goals, before white men came, and I never heard that they struggled for the heads of sacrificial beasts. Did Mr. Chambers?

'The reforming bishops of the thirteenth century include public wrestling-bouts and contests for prizes amongst the *ludi* whose performance they condemn. . . . I would suggest that the original object of the man who wrestled for a ram, or climbed a greasy pole for a leg of mutton, or shot for a popinjay, was to win a sacrificial victim or a capital portion thereof, which buried in his field might bring him abundant crops. The orderly competition doubtless [] evolved itself from such an indiscriminate scrimmage for the fertilising fragments as marks the rites of the earth-goddess in the Indian village-feast. Tug-of-war would seem to be capable of a similar explanation, though here the desired object is not a portion of the victim, but rather a straw rope made out of the corn divinity itself in the form of the harvest-May. An even closer analogy with the Indian rite is afforded by such games as hockey and football. The ball is nothing else than the head of the sacrificial beast, and it is the endeavour of each player to get it into his own possession, or, if sides are taken, to get it over a particular boundary.'¹

* * *

Nothing in any recent novel can be more interesting than Mr. Hall Caine's too brief, but admirable, biographical sketch of the late Mr. Tirebuck, in the preface to that author's '*Twixt God and Mammon* (Heinemann). I chanced to see Mr. Tirebuck's first novel, *Dorrie* (Longmans), in manuscript, and was much impressed by its qualities of humour, tenderness and friendly observation. Count Tolstoi is said to have been no less charmed by a later tale of the same author. But Mr. Tirebuck perhaps never 'found himself,' and it seems to have been long before he found public appreciation. His own history, as told by his friend,

¹ 'If *Golf* belongs to the present category, it is a case in which the endeavour seems to be actually to bury the ball. It is tempting to compare the name *Hockey* with the *Hock-cart* of the harvest festival, and with *Hock-tide*; but it does not really seem to be anything but *Hookey*. The original of both the hockey-stick and the golf-club was probably the shepherd's crook. Mr. Pepys tried to cast stones with a shepherd's crook on those very Epsom downs where the stockbroker now fozzles his tee shot.'

Mr. Hall Caine, is so extraordinary—odder and livelier than the adventures of Dickens's boyhood—and so nobly courageous and full of sacrifice in its later pages, that I shall not attempt to condense it, rather advising every one to read it for himself.

* * *

I am now able, thanks to the assistance of scholars in the weekly serials, to add a few scholia to the remarks made last month on *England Day by Day*. The book which Albert Trott took out of the St. John's Wood Free Library, the book called *England's Darling*, is 'the *magnum opus* of the present Poet Laureate.' No further information is given. Miss Edna May is a celebrated actress who played in *The Belle of New York*. Mr. Henry de Windt is a popular author, and Mr. Lockhart is the pious founder of cocoa-houses. But no light is thrown on Sir Oliver Lodge's abstinence from Marconigrams, and many other difficult texts remain obscure.

* * *

The massacres of Peckham Rye (celebrated as the home of the Peckham Rye Wanderers) display the Armenians in a lurid light. They seem to be 'sufferers from *anomia*,' or lawlessness, and shoot Passive Resisters. Dr. Clifford must begin to conceive painful doubts about the mild Armenians.

* * *

Has anybody, or everybody, remarked that the new Cabinet is All Souls?

ANDREW LANG.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to

The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,

39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1904.

*Nature's Comedian.*¹

BY W. E. NORRIS.

CHAPTER XIII.

LILIAN UNDERSTANDS AT LAST.

'WHAT is going to become of this country I'm sure I don't know!' growled Mr. Ormond, laying down the local newspaper and flicking his glasses impatiently off his nose.

Many decent gentlemen are in a similar state of uncertainty, and few perhaps would deny that the future of England at the opening of a new century is a little difficult to forecast. But the phenomenon which, more than any other sign of the times, staggered Mr. Ormond to the extent of making him feel the solid ground give way beneath his feet was that a man who, despite bygone delinquencies and recent aberrations from conventionality, remained, after all, a Dunville and an inheritor of ancient traditions, should publicly ally himself with Home-rulers, pro-Boers, Socialists and other rascallions for whom the gallows provided an ending more honourable than their deserts. To act in such a manner was, according to his notions, a very great deal worse than acting upon theatrical boards, and he never wearied of saying so.

Lilian, to whom his remarks were generally addressed, did not, on her side, show how weary she was of hearing the man whom she loved thus inexorably condemned. She was very

¹ Copyright, 1903, by Longmans, Green, & Co.

patient, and, as a rule, very silent, essaying no useless defence and making allowance, too, for an acrimony which might not be as exclusively political as it professed to be. Her father, she knew, would never have relished the idea of her marrying an actor, though he might, after some fuss and expostulation, have ended by accepting even an actor of Harold's name; but he now evidently thought—as everybody else did—that the ex-actor and would-be member of Parliament was in pursuit of Josephine's fortune. Hence a vehemence of language prompted, not improbably, as much by sorrow and commiseration as by wrath. It was as though he had anxiously pleaded, 'You see what he is! You can't surely break your heart for a fellow like that!'

Had a rejoinder been possible, she might have honestly replied that she was neither breaking her heart nor in any fear of being jilted. Notes of warning came to her from more quarters than one; even from Dick, who, in great glee over the virtual acceptance of *Renunciation*, confided this good news to her and at the same time gave utterance to misgivings respecting his brother's career and intentions which were meant, as she quite understood, to prepare her for a shock. Yet her serene faith in one from whom she was temporarily severed by the force of circumstances remained unshaken. Circumstances, to be sure, were not what she could have wished them to be; but no circumstances could do away with the all-important fact that Harold loved her. And, lest anybody should pronounce the girl a downright fool, it may be pleaded for her that she was, after all, right in assuming that to be a fact. Why should anybody be laughed at for taking honourable conduct as a matter of course? One must grow old before one can learn what a queerly incongruous thing human nature is, and by that time one is, or ought to be, past laughing at simplicity.

The process of Lilian's education, however, was not to be much longer delayed. Enlightenment came to her one autumn afternoon when she was overtaken in a lane near her home by Lady Gardiner's cobs, and when her ladyship, who held the reins, pulled up to hail her.

'Haven't seen you for a month of Sundays!' her fat friend called out. 'Now you must come back with me and have a cup of tea, if only to show that difference of political opinion need never alter friendship. Jump in; there's lots of room.'

There could not very well be lots of room for anybody to sit beside Lady Gardiner, although the gentleman who had been

enjoying that privilege, and who now stood, hat in hand, on the road would not, perhaps, have objected to a squeeze. But his offer to walk the rest of the way was accepted without hesitation.

'Yes, you may as well,' the old lady assented. 'Do you good to stretch your legs, and we sha'n't beat you by more than ten minutes or so. I have been exercising the dogs and trotting Mr. Dunville round on visits of ceremony,' she went on explanatorily. 'The idea, I believe, is that he produces a rather more favourable impression upon the well-to-do when he is accompanied by me. They don't so much fancy Josephine, who hustles and bewilders them, though she gets on splendidly, it seems, with farmers and agricultural labourers and that sort.'

Lady Gardiner's incidental coupling of farmers with agricultural labourers gave the measure of her electioneering knowledge; but indeed the part that she had taken in the coming contest was as slight as her interest in it. Harold, holding Lilian's hand and gazing eloquently into her eyes, said as much as could be said in the presence of a third person, but was a shade too apologetic. Surely it was rather for her to offer apologies on her father's behalf than for him to excuse himself on the ground that he had been too tied and bound of late by the chain of his obligations to do anything he wanted to do! Lilian, moreover, despite emphatic assertions to the contrary, had an intuition that he did not really wish her to go to tea at the Manor.

But all this was the affair of a minute. Bowling onwards presently in the low phaeton, with Harold already hidden from view by a turn of the road, she threw off that fugitive suspicion and remarked laughingly to her neighbour:

'I should get into deep disgrace at home if it were known there that I had accepted hospitality from the enemy.'

'Oh, that be bothered!' returned Lady Gardiner easily. 'I'm nobody's enemy; I'm a neutral, if ever there was one, and I washed my hands a long time ago of Josephine and all her works. There's Anne Dunville, who professes to be an antediluvian Tory, and may be one for anything I know or care. She and I don't think of allowing a stupid election to cause any coldness between us.'

Lilian observed that Anne, even if unable to support her brother, would probably not be very sorry if he were to win. 'And he is going to win, isn't he?' she added.

'So they say,' answered Lady Gardiner, talking through a yawn; 'but I am not much in the way of hearing. Captain Desborough is making himself popular, I am told.'

She changed the subject, speaking only of dogs and horses until she reached her own door, when she said abruptly and *à propos* of nothing, 'He isn't much good, you know, that candidate of Josephine's.'

'In what way do you mean?' Lillian asked.

'In no way, my dear. At least, that's my impression of him, which I give you for what it may be worth. Do you remember my telling you when he first came down here that he struck me as being short of something, though I couldn't quite say what? Well, he's short of it still.'

'And are you still unable to say what it is?'

'H'm! I might arrive at a definition perhaps if it were worth while; but why should I take the trouble? I'm neither maid nor widow, so I can't be tempted to marry him. The woman who does marry him won't draw a prize, I suspect; but of course that's her look-out.'

Lady Gardiner waddled towards the library, casting off, as she went, superfluous wraps, which an attendant footman picked up. Josephine, seated comfortably in front of the fire, with a novel in her hand and the tea-table at her elbow, glanced round to say:

'I hope you have had good sport, in the sense of having drawn all your coverts blank.' Then, recognising her mother's companion, she rose, exclaiming, with uplifted brows, 'Hullo, Lil! This is indeed generous and pretty of you! I wasn't sure that we were still upon speaking terms.'

'Some people,' observed Lady Gardiner, while she sank into a deep chair and signalled to the two Schipperkes to establish themselves upon her capacious lap, 'can afford to be generous. Some people know that at least they aren't making themselves publicly absurd with their whims and fancies. Oh, I don't say it to put you out of conceit with your candidate, my dear; I leave that part of the business in his own capable hands. All I mean is that you mustn't credit Lillian with magnanimity; for she doesn't care a brass farthing what freaks any of you indulge in—and quite right too! I overtook her on the road and whisked her into the trap. The candidate follows on his ten toes and ought to be here presently.'

Josephine laughed. Her mother, who often amused her, never put her out of temper, and she herself was not wanting in magnanimity. Perhaps she felt a little sorry for the vanquished rival whose rivalry had never in her eyes been at all formidable; for nothing could have been more friendly or more kind than her

reception of Lilian. She did not on this occasion patronise the girl, but made her sit down by the fireside, complimented her upon her very becoming costume, and hoped that it was not indiscreet to beg for some information about Captain Desborough.

'It isn't every day, you see,' she explained, 'that I get a chance of questioning somebody from the opposite camp, and our own camp stories are not altogether to be relied upon. But by all accounts he must be a decent sort of person.'

It may have been, further, because the truest kindness is sometimes cruel that as soon as Harold made his appearance, Miss Gardiner took some pains to demonstrate the completeness of his allegiance to her. By the familiarity of her address, by interrogative looks and whispered asides, by numerous trifling gestures and changes of voice she compelled him to tell a tale which not even Lilian could fail to read; while he, being ill at ease, played into her hands. The situation, in truth, was not one which lent itself to a display of Harold's peculiar gifts. No one knew better than he how to cajole women; but then he liked to deal with them singly. He could not now venture to run all the risks involved in snubbing Josephine, who would instantly have detected his motive, and whose own motive for behaving as she did he partly guessed; so he saw nothing for it but to accept the part assigned to him and try to look less disconcerted than he felt.

Self-respect, which imposed a similar effect upon Lilian, enabled her, but only just enabled her, to keep a smile upon her lips and the tears from rising to her eyes. The race to which we belong is an ignoble one, composed only in an infinitesimal degree of honourable men and women. Such as it is, the best has to be made of it, and it seems probable that even the worst of human beings are not altogether bad. But not in youth does one arrive at a conclusion so dispassionate or at the species of resigned acquiescence which it entails. The one thing clear to Lilian was that the man whom she loved had deceived her, and if it was likewise clear to her that he loved another woman, this error in diagnosis was doubtless due to the fact that she could not help continuing to love him. Cruelly though she had been treated, she did not set him down as a mere fortune-hunter; which was, for her sake, a pity, inasmuch as, had she done so, she might at once have begun the cure of her malady by despising him. What was immediately requisite was that she should maintain an unconcerned front, and in this she was moderately successful

Conversation went on ; she took her share in it, resolved not to hurry away, though longing for release ; that, as a matter of fact, she betrayed herself both to Josephine and to her kindly old hostess was scarcely her fault, for her secret had been more or less known to them beforehand.

After tea a summons was sent to Sir Joseph, who, it seemed, was anxious to confer with Harold respecting a great meeting which was shortly to be held in the nearest large town, and while the two men were laying their heads together apart over a bundle of papers which the elder had carried in under his arm, Josephine took occasion to make one of those startling remarks upon which her reputation as a person of much originality was based.

'I wonder,' said she to Lilian, 'whether you know how extraordinarily pretty you are. One would suppose that you must if one were not aware that any amount of self-deception as to personal appearance is possible in both directions. However, if you do know, you can't have the heart to quarrel with a monkey-faced, tow-headed creature like me.'

'Quarrel with you?' echoed Lilian, too taken aback to respond with polite contradictions. 'But do I look as if I wanted to quarrel?'

'You do rather, and small blame to you ! I am a firebrand in a quiet neighbourhood ; if it were not for me, your Captain Desborough would have a very much better chance than he has, Mr. Dunville would never have come forward, and—things generally would have worked themselves out with a good deal less of storm and stress. Don't quarrel with me, though. Women who haven't beauty are bound to go in for having something else ; but it's no race really. Beauty wins at the finish. Not in every contest, I grant you ; but in almost all that signify.'

'Josephine !' said Lady Gardiner, opening her eyes, which had been closed in incipient sleep.

'Yes ?' answered her daughter interrogatively.

'I don't pretend to be half as clever as you are ; but I almost think that, if I were in your place, I should be clever enough to hold my tongue.'

Josephine, with her head slightly inclined to one side, had the air of giving this advice due consideration, and Lilian thought the moment appropriate for rising to take her leave. She had to shake hands with Harold ; but, in doing so, she avoided his eyes, while a long-drawn sigh, which escaped him at the moment, failed to produce its intended effect upon her. 'How gladly I would if

I could! But don't you see that until the election is over I can't?' was what he wished it to signify; but she merely understood him to mean that he had made an unfortunate mistake in fancying that he was in love with her, and that he was sorry for it.

Sir Joseph, who accompanied her into the hall, at first wanted to order a carriage to take her home and then offered her the escort of a servant. When both proposals were laughingly declined, he remarked, in his hurried, hesitating way:

'Yes, yes, young ladies aren't afraid of the dark now; they aren't much afraid of anything, it seems to me. Times have changed since I was young. Although, to be sure,' he added, 'there are some respects in which times never change. The same old story over and over again, isn't it? Men and women want what they can't have and what, nine times out of ten, they wouldn't like if they got it. Nine times out of ten, I do believe. But there are second strings—plenty of second strings, you know. I collect stamps myself.'

He broke off, plucking at his ragged whiskers and blinking nervously. The human sympathy that was in him, though so grotesquely inarticulate, touched Lilian, who, as soon as she was out in the cold night air and could let her tears flow without restraint, felt grateful to two very kind-hearted old people. It was a little humiliating, of course, that the truth should be so manifest to them; but what was that in comparison with the humiliation of having bestowed her love upon a man who was only embarrassed by the gift? Looking back, it seemed to her that she had been insanely, inexcusably mistaken from start to finish. She remembered how Harold had on many occasions exhibited signs of alarm, and accused herself, with burning cheeks, of having made love to him against his will. No doubt he had been attracted by her, and he had said the sort of things to her which men do say to girls by whom they happen to be attracted, but which only idiots take seriously. And now it was almost certain that he must know what even Sir Joseph and Lady Gardiner had so easily discovered! So she stumbled along the dark lanes, a most woe-begone little person, to whom the possible existence of 'second strings' might well seem an ironical form of comfort. Yet, had she but known it, Miss Josephine Gardiner had unintentionally done her a very real service, while Harold himself, with equal lack of intention, was to render her a still greater one in the sequel.

Harold, meanwhile, was not at all pleased either with himself

or with Josephine. He hated always to have his hand forced, and although, at the point to which matters had come, it seemed an indispensable part of the programme that he should eventually marry Miss Gardiner, he thought it very ungenerous of her to lay his intentions bare under Lilian's eyes, as she had done. Sir Joseph did not return to the library, and when Lady Gardiner had fallen sound asleep, with dropped jaw, he interrupted a rapid checking off of doubtful voters whom Josephine believed that she had lately converted to ask:

'Doesn't it sometimes strike you that we may be counting our chickens before they are hatched?'

'When you say "we," she returned, scrutinising him rather sharply, 'do you allude to me and to yourself in particular?'

He nodded: 'Just so; to you and me.'

'Oh! Then all I can say is that you had better not speak for me until you know what chickens I expect. Disappointment, anyhow, wouldn't leave me without plenty of compensations and alternatives. But as for you, you have just *got* to hatch this brood! You are past the parting of the ways; you can't indulge any longer in the drifting that is so dear to you——'

'How do you know that drifting is dear to me?'

'As if you didn't betray your love for it at every turn! It is true that you also betray your talents at every turn, which makes some amends. However, as I was saying, you can't afford to lose heart. If you don't carry the election, ~~what~~ are you?'

'Where indeed!'

'Carry it, then. You can, if you choose to exert yourself, and when once that has been accomplished you may go far. I think myself that you will go a very long way; for Parliaments, and even Ministries, are made up of ordinary men, and you are not an ordinary man. You only want a start to forge ahead of your competitors in a few strides.'

What utter nonsense this was he did not for the moment perceive, his ears being too agreeably tickled by her flattery for analysis of it. He reverted to his accustomed good humour, dismissed Lilian from his mind (half thankful for, half provoked at, Josephine's superb superiority to jealousy), and—

'Don't dig the spurs into me,' he pleaded, laughing; 'I assure you I'm running for all I'm worth. You know why I'm running at all.'

'I hope I do,' she returned; 'I hope I have managed to imbue you with ambitions which ought to stand in no need of

spurring. I am not sure,' she went on meditatively, 'whether you meant to say a rather impertinent thing or not just now, when you accused me of counting my chickens before they were hatched ; but, if you did, it was foolish of you. You had better not do it again.'

He made the reply that she expected him to make, for she had, to a great extent, if not altogether, taken his measure long ago. On the other hand, he had not taken hers with anything like sufficient accuracy to venture upon a less subservient tone than he adopted ; and thus he missed an opportunity of considerably augmenting her interest in, as well as her affection for, him.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

As the date of the election grew near the spirits of Captain Desborough's supporters brightened. Victory they scarcely ventured to anticipate, in the face of many adverse circumstances and forces ; but they were going, they hoped, to run the rival candidate close. Desborough was a cheery, energetic fellow, still young, and possessed of a knack of ingratiating himself with his hearers which Mr. Dunville, though a far better speaker, seemed somehow to lack. Then, too, there was a perceptible instinctive feeling throughout the electorate (fostered of course, by Harold's opponents) that a Radical Dunville must be something of a renegade. His principles and his programme probably appealed to the majority, who happened to have local, as well as national, reasons for dissatisfaction ; yet it was evident that they had no great liking for him as an individual, and that without the Gardiners he would have had little chance of inducing some of them to vote for him.

Just before the nomination day Harold took up his quarters at an hotel in the principal town—the Rectory being, as he and his friends felt, no longer a befitting place of sojourn for him—and immediately afterwards it became his duty to address the largest Liberal gathering that had as yet been called together. He was a little nervous when, on the appointed evening, he walked across to the public building which had been engaged for the purpose, but not very ; for he had his speech at his fingers'

ends, and Sir Joseph Gardiner, who, with other influential personages, accompanied him, scented triumph in the air. Hitherto their orator, talking for the most part to stolid rustics, had had scant occasion of doing himself justice; but now they were presenting him to a better-educated, more intelligent audience, and reporters from the London newspapers were waiting to take down his winged words. He might at least be expected to produce a more serious impression upon serious people than Captain Desborough, who, on the previous evening, had delivered a sort of familiar schoolboy harangue, and had wound up by calling upon the assemblage to sing 'Rule, Britannia.'

While a way was being forced for Harold through the densely crowded hall, he caught sight, not a little to his dismay, of a very smartly dressed lady who nodded and waved her hand to him. He had the presence of mind at once to stretch out his own, for Miss Fitzwalter, whose eyes were glittering, was better conciliated than ignored in moments of excitement, and he could not imagine what had brought her down from London. Holding her hand he smilingly inquired, and in half-defiant accents she replied:

'Well, as this isn't a packed meeting, I'm entitled to attend it, I suppose; so I thought I would gratify my curiosity. It's always pleasant and instructive to see you in a new part.'

'Awfully good of you to take such a lot of trouble to witness such a poor performance,' Harold rejoined; 'but I wish you had told me you were coming, instead of making your way in with this beastly crowd. Of course, you must join us on the platform now.'

It was adroit of him to meet her in that spirit, and he could see that she was pleased. Whether Sir Joseph, whom he hastened to introduce to her, was pleased was another question, and what Josephine, already seated on the platform with the very few local ladies who represented Liberalism, thought of the new arrival was yet another; but no alternative course had seemed safe to him. At least Lorna, in her present position, would have to behave herself, whereas in one of greater freedom and less responsibility goodness only knew what she might not have done or shouted!

Dimly, amidst the cheers called forth by his appearance and the hearty greeting accorded to him by his supporters, Harold became aware that a chair had been found for Miss Fitzwalter at

Josephine's elbow and that a somewhat animated conversation was taking place between the neighbours; but it is difficult to do more than one thing at a time, and he had to concentrate his attention upon the task immediately in hand. Introductory remarks from Sir Joseph, delivered in the simple but telling style habitual to that old hand, were very well received, as was also the candidate, when he advanced to the front of the platform. His exordium, which had been carefully prepared, produced a favourable impression, and his condemnation of the existing Ministry seemed to command the assent of the audience; but before he had proceeded much farther, various interruptions warned him of the presence of a hostile section. Some laughter, for instance, was provoked when, at the end of a well-turned period, a loud-voiced person called out from the body of the hall:

'You've missed your way, guv'nor; theatre's t'other side o' the square!'

'If,' retorted Harold, 'my friend imagines that I am ashamed of having been an actor, he is much mistaken. I yield to no man in my respect for the dramatic profession, and I may add that to my mind all methods of earning a livelihood are honourable.'

The clapping of Lorna's hands behind him scarcely made amends for a prompt rejoinder of 'Devil doubt you!' from his unabashed assailant or for a renewed outburst of guffaws. He went on with his speech and acquitted himself creditably, upon the whole, sometimes disregarding jeers, sometimes replying to them with perfect good humour; but he did not once, and he knew very well that he did not, contrive to get upon terms of sympathy with those who listened to him. His discouragement, although he was able to conceal it, was profound; he felt that his oratory, notwithstanding its ease and polish, did not, somehow, 'come off'; that rude preliminary criticism struck him as precisely hitting the mark. He had mistaken his way; he was a comedian, not a platform speaker; he was attempting something which was perhaps easy enough in itself, but for which he was qualified neither by nature nor by training. He was, moreover, rendered uncomfortable by consciousness that two women whom he had not at all desired to bring together were whispering to one another at his back. What were they talking about? There were so many things that he would rather they didn't talk about!

Mr. Harold Dunville's speech, as reported in the papers of the following morning, read excellently. It certainly conveyed no idea of having been a failure, nor was it exactly a failure; yet

those who were present in the hall had to acknowledge to themselves that it fell a little flat. To experienced observers it was plain that the audience were prejudiced rather against than in favour of the candidate by his name and by the local associations belonging thereto. Radicals themselves, they could not without distrust accept a Dunville as holding Radical views, and one or two significant intercalations betrayed their suspicion that he was an adventurer. Possibly he was too glib, possibly he did not appear to be sufficiently in earnest. It is always hard to say what will or what will not cause a large assemblage to 'take to' a rhetorician; but the signs of their not having taken to him are unmistakable, even when they cheer and rattle their sticks and umbrellas on the floor, as they did when Harold resumed his seat.

Sir Joseph Gardiner extended a limp hand and said, in level accents which betrayed disappointment, 'I congratulate you, Mr. Dunville; you expressed yourself with great lucidity.'

Josephine was more frank and less polite. 'A most excellent lesson in the art of how not to do it!' she exclaimed impatiently, while Harold helped her to put on her jacket. 'Anybody who can manage to pick holes in you or your performance will have to be a clever man; and I suppose that is why everybody was so visibly bored. I myself should have been bored to the verge of tears if it hadn't been for Miss Fitzwalter's conversation, which was most amusing and—informing. Please do not bother about seeing me off, but go and eat. If you are half as hungry as I am you must be faint for want of food. After all, nothing consoles one for the sacrifice of one's dinner, does it? Nothing, anyhow, that one is in the least likely to get, it seems.'

Harold, making no rejoinder, refrained from following her immediately, as she descended from the platform. He was a good deal nettled, and he was also desirous of having a few words with Lorna, whose smile increased his irritation.

'I wonder,' said he, with an intonation which Lorna knew from of old and which never failed to frighten her, 'in what way you contrived to make your talk with Miss Gardiner so informing. There are, of course, lots of things which you may have mentioned to her, and which it would have been very amiable and helpful on your part to mention.'

'I didn't!' the poor woman protested, her smile fading and quick tears rising into her eyes; 'I give you my word I didn't! I only told her that we were old friends, and that we had always acted together, and—and all that. Don't be angry with me!'

You must know, surely, that I wouldn't for the world do you an injury, even if I could.'

Harold jerked up his shoulders. 'Then all I can say is that your object in coming here to-night seems rather obscure.'

'I came,' Miss Fitzwalter confessed, in one of those truthful outbursts which were not uncommon with her, 'because I wanted to see for myself how the land lay. I wasn't satisfied with what you told me in London; you tell me so little! Oh, I'm distrustful and suspicious, I own; you know best whether I haven't some right to be. But as far as Miss Gardiner is concerned, my mind is at ease, and I sha'n't trouble you with any more intrusions like this. Harold——'

'Well?'

'If you think she is serious, you are making a mistake. She isn't! To her you are only a new toy, and I am not sure that you aren't already a broken toy. You certainly will be unless you are elected, and my own impression is that you are not going to be elected.'

'Thank you very much indeed,' returned Harold. 'Considering that I have staked everything upon the result of the election, your prophecies and your evident wishes are encouraging in the highest degree.'

'Would it be wonderful that I should wish you to be sent back to me—to us? But I do honestly wish you success. When have I ever wished anything else for you? I only warn you that Miss Gardiner isn't serious. Some day, perhaps, you will recognise who your real friends are.'

The above dialogue was carried on in a surging, swaying crowd. It was brought to an end at this point by the involuntary separation of the parties to it, who were swept asunder as they drew near the entrance of the hall, and presently Harold found himself once more at Josephine's elbow. With one foot on the step of her phaeton, she was bidding a knot of bare-headed bystanders good-night.

'My father?' Harold heard her say. 'Oh, I'm sure I don't know. Gone home in the brougham, I should think. At any rate, I'm not going to wait for him or anybody else in this cold wind.'

The cobs, who had no doubt been kept waiting a good deal longer than they liked, appeared to share her sentiments. With staring coats and ears laid back, they stamped and fidgeted until the groom left their heads, when with one consent they sprang

forward, dragging the reins through their driver's fingers. They had broken into a gallop before she could get them in hand, and were charging across the market-place, scattering the crowd right and left. Shouts and shrieks arose on every side; one man was caught by the pole and sent flying. The groom, left standing upon the pavement, ejaculated stupidly, 'Good Lord!' and off went Harold at the top of his speed in pursuit.

It was bad luck for him that he was unable to overtake the vanishing equipage, but worse luck still that it should have fallen to another's lot to effect a rescue which could not but evoke the applause of the populace. For who should be standing upon the steps of the Conservative Club, as Miss Gardiner was whirled helplessly by, but Captain Desborough, R.N. And by whom was the tradition of being ever ready to succour beauty in distress more sure of maintenance than by that handy man? Captain Desborough, strong in the arms and as active as a cat, boarded the phaeton in a hop, skip, and a jump (somewhat uncereemoniously displacing its occupant), and, when once he had got a firm grip of the reins, the cobs, who were only fresh and out of temper, not really frightened, made prompt surrender.

'I beg your pardon,' Captain Desborough said, as soon as he had brought them to a standstill; 'I'm afraid I must have given you no end of a dig in the ribs with my elbow, didn't I? But there wasn't much time, you see. You might have fouled a lamp-post and been shot out, head first, at any moment.'

He was a pleasant-looking fellow, with a broad, smooth-shaven face, clear eyes, and white teeth. Josephine, who took a fancy to him at once, thanked him very heartily for his timely assistance.

'And I can't,' she was pleased to add, while she readjusted her hat, 'regret this John Gilpin exhibition of mine, since it has been the means of making us acquainted. Enemies though we are, it won't be possible for you to cut me now, after having saved me from being smashed up, will it?'

Captain Desborough replied in the style that was to be expected of a gallant (in every sense of that adjective) officer, and when Harold arrived, panting, upon the scene, the first thing that he heard was his opponent's willing acceptance of an invitation to luncheon at Dunville Manor on the morrow. Harold himself was not over and above graciously received. He was requested not to 'make a fuss,' although he had made none; his offer to drive Miss Gardiner home was declined without hesitation and without thanks; his denunciations of the groom's clumsiness

in having left the horses' heads too soon were interrupted by a curt 'Oh! it was nobody's fault but my own. Stand clear, please.'

Then, as her servant had by this time come running up, and had climbed into his seat, away went Josephine, with a parting smile and wave of the hand which were obviously not meant for the Radical candidate.

The two political rivals, thus left face to face, could do no less than exchange civil greetings, while one of them thought himself bound to say something complimentary and appreciative to the other. The whole scene had, of course, been witnessed by a large number of spectators, some of whom raised a cheer in honour of Captain Desborough, and presently Harold started to walk back to his hotel, feeling that an evening which had opened inauspiciously had come to an almost disastrous conclusion.

That local Conservative journalism would make the most that there was to be made out of the above episode was only what might have been foreseen; but it was certainly most unfair to describe it as it was described for the benefit of readers the next morning. Under the rather offensive heading of 'SPLENDID PLUCK! OUR FUTURE MEMBER SAVES THE LIFE OF A RADICAL LADY,' an account was given of Josephine's mishap which not only magnified the heroism displayed by Captain Desborough on the occasion, but more than insinuated that Mr. Dunville had shown himself the reverse of a hero. Mr. Dunville, it appeared, had not cared to attempt the risky leap so successfully accomplished by his adversary; he had confined himself to running after the runaways, and had, as a not unnatural result, been distanced. 'May we not regard this in the light of an omen that he will be left equally far behind in another contest which awaits decision? Mr. Dunville's somewhat colourless address to his supporters last night seems to confirm the impression we have had all along of him, that his heart is but faintly in his work. Where his heart may be we do not pretend to say; but he may take our word for it that nothing worth winning in this world is ever won by lukewarmness or timidity. Were it our business or our desire to offer sound advice to this singular scion of a good old Tory stock, we should recommend him to take a leaf out of his opponent's book. *Fas est ab hoste doceri!*'

It was with the echo of these spiteful remarks in his memory that Harold drove out to Dunville Manor—being careful, of course, to defer his visit until an hour at which lunching guests

might be expected to have taken their departure. He went thither prepared for a snubbing reception ; so that he was agreeably surprised to find Josephine quite good humoured. She had been enjoying herself very much, she told him, with Captain Desborough, whose breezy talk had been the more pleasant to listen to because he had candidly owned in the course of it that he did not anticipate victory.

'He says it is two to one on us, and I should think he is about right. All the same, you were horribly disappointing last night, with your platitudes and your admirable elocution. You almost made me despair of you.'

'I am afraid,' said Harold, 'I must plead guilty to having done my best.'

'Do your worst, then, next time, and you will obtain more satisfactory results. Of course these people don't know what to make of the sort of thing that you and Miss Fitzwalter consider your best. Miss Fitzwalter, by the way, seems to think of you in superlatives. May I ask whether you mean to let her go on following you about ?'

'I most sincerely hope she won't,' Harold answered ; 'but how was I to prevent her from turning up at a public meeting ?'

'Not knowing precisely how you stand with her I can't say ; only she struck me as having the elements of a possible encumbrance in her. Deeply enamoured of you and flatteringly disposed to be jealous of me, she gave me to understand.'

'She gave you to understand that !'

'Oh, not of set purpose ; but her sentiments were rather thinly veiled. You may thank me for having preserved you from a scene which I am sure you wouldn't have liked by intimating that I didn't think much of you. As a matter of fact, I did *not* think much of you at the moment ; so my task was easy. Ah, and that reminds me that she made me think ever so much more highly of you by mentioning that you had written an extremely clever play, which is to be produced soon. Why have you kept that achievement dark all this time ?'

'Perhaps I shouldn't have kept it dark,' answered Harold, 'if I could have guessed that I should go up in your esteem by announcing it.'

'Oh, you go up immensely !—quite immensely ! You know my opinion of actors, especially English actors ; but to be able to write a play is—well, it is to be somebody. Tell me all about it at once.'

He told her something about it, while she listened with unfeigned interest, nodding at intervals and putting in brief, approving comments, as though she had been a skilled judge of such matters. He omitted to divulge the authorship of the play, covering this suppression of the truth and quieting his conscience by the remark that it was all more or less of a secret for the present. The important thing just then was that he should recover ground with Miss Gardiner which he had evidently lost, and, since she chose to offer him this somewhat irrelevant method of so doing, he gladly profited by it. It likewise occurred to him as opportune to take this occasion of stating how anxious he was to obtain Miss Fitzwalter's professional collaboration.

'I don't want to offend her, you see, and that was why I took the liberty of bringing her on to the platform and introducing her to you,' he explained. 'Actresses are always apt to be umbrageous, and she is worse than most of them in that way, though in others she is a good creature. Of course what you said just now about her being enamoured of me is all nonsense.'

'I should have thought you would have discovered by now that I never talk nonsense. She is unquestionably in love with you, if it mattered—which it doesn't. It might have mattered if you had been at all in love with her; but that seems to come scarcely within the limits of possibility. You had better warn her off, though, unless you have already done so.'

Thus superbly did Miss Gardiner dispose of one whose claims upon Harold's gratitude and affection were somewhat more deeply rooted than she imagined. Waving the subject aside, she turned to that of practical policy.

'You will have to alter your style, which is altogether too literary. You want to use shorter sentences, hit hard when you get the chance, and drop that air of good-tempered superiority. Although I shouldn't wonder if the events of last night had cost you some votes, we have still a margin to draw upon, I believe. Only it won't do to make any more mistakes.'

Harold listened and laughed a little and promised obedience. 'Stick to me,' said he, 'and you will pull me through. I rely, as I have done from the outset, exclusively upon your good offices.'

(To be continued.)

Marine Steam Turbines.

HOWEVER far we look back into the vistas of the past we see man as a mechanic, and we find that in proportion to his proficiency in mechanics was his advance in civilisation. There is no exception to this rule, which applies even to the time when primal man emerged from the caves in which he had found shelter for an entire geological period, and commenced his struggle with the elements and his natural enemies. Wild animals, or animals wilder than himself, took their toll without stint off him and his progeny, temperature was largely a matter over which he had no control, and bacteria found him as easy a prey as did the beasts. To enter upon such a struggle, unprotected as he was by natural weapons, offensive and defensive, he had to manufacture artificial arms or perish. The birds and beasts he mastered or exterminated by means of his inventions; by scientific diagnosis he carried the war into the camp of preventable disease; and after millenniums of experiment he has chained the elements to his chariot-wheels. In this most strenuous struggle the first necessity man encountered, one with which he is still grappling, was to move himself and his merchandise from place to place with the least possible expenditure of physical energy, and at the greatest possible speed. He was gifted by grudging Nature with a means of terrestrial locomotion inferior to that of the horse, in natural navigation he is not comparable with the otter, and of unaided flight he has not the bare possibility. Transit was therefore the first, or among the first, of the problems to which he addressed himself in earnest. He hastened slowly, however, in its solution; but when we think of the vast ages it took him to discover that the stone axe or arrow was more effective on an enemy's or a neighbour's skull when ground to an edge, we need not wonder at his leisurely progress with machinery; nor would this introduction have been imposed on the reader save for the purpose of accentuating one of the most curious facts in mechanical evolution.

It is a trite reflection which contrasts the extraordinary

erudition of the ancients in philosophy with their childlike ignorance of applied science, one for which, like every other natural phenomenon, there is a very simple natural cause and explanation. It does not, however, concern us in this article. But it is a startling physiological and even psychological puzzle to reflect that centuries before the catapult and battering-ram had ceased to represent a siege-train, before sails had to any general extent taken the place of oars, the principle of marine propulsion, which is now expected to work a revolution in the navigation of the twentieth century, had really been discovered. Yet this is so; although few who read of the wonderful speeds achieved by the turbine steamboats some years ago, or read to-day of the world-wide interest which is centred on this development of the steam-engine, and the experiments, so far undeniably successful, which have been made with it, may realise that the inventor of the steam turbine lived in the second century B.C. Had that invention been used as we can conceive it to have been used, what a tremendous impetus would have been given to the slow march of civilisation! Hero of Alexandria, whose toy was invented, however crudely it was made, on the principle which it is believed will, in the near future, run all the high-speed shipping of the world, affords a powerful illustration of the uselessness of being too far ahead of one's own time. In recent history we have numberless examples of the futility, and not seldom fatality, of being even a century too advanced, and we can realise therefrom the impotent position of the Egyptian philosopher who was no less than two thousand years too enlightened for his period. He was not, so far as I am aware, burnt, beheaded, or tortured to death, in any of the regulation forms of the technical education of the ancients, so his invention at least did not bring any disaster upon him. It was not, it is true, a very fearsome contrivance, and it would have been difficult to associate it with evil spirits of any mythology. Mr. Robert M. Neilson describes it as follows in his admirable book on *The Steam Turbine*:¹

‘We find a reaction steam-engine mentioned by the Egyptian philosopher Hero in his book on *Pneumatics* written in the second century B.C. This engine consisted of a hollow sphere rotating on two trunnions, through one of which it received steam from a generator situated below the sphere. The sphere was provided with two opposite projecting arms at right angles to the axis of the trunnions, the arms being furnished each

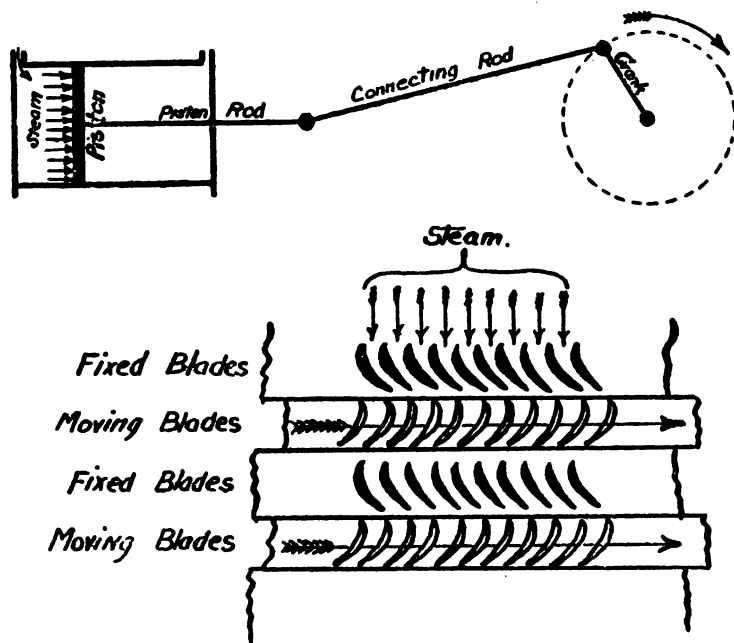
¹ Second edition. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 10s. 6d. net.

with a nozzle at right angles to the arms and to the plane containing the arms and the trunnions. The nozzles were pointed in opposite directions and the steam which escaped by them from the sphere caused the rotation of the latter about the trunnions.'

The first steam turbine was considered of such slight importance, Hero's invention had no imitators or successors for many hundred years, and when it next appeared in history it had not risen much in the world, being employed in the humble occupation of a turnspit. This was late in the sixteenth century, and early in the next Giovanni Branca gave the turbine a good push on its way by inventing a wheel with vanes or blades on which steam acted in the same way as in the modern engine, only, of course, much less efficiently. Many famous men in the annals of engineering tried their best to help the new engine on the narrow way by which evolution walks or crawls. Its development was slow but sure, until at last the Hon. Charles Algernon Parsons in England, Dr. Gustaf De Laval on the Continent, and Mr. C. G. Curtis in America triumphantly ushered it into the sphere of practical mechanics. They represent the turbine in its most efficient forms, and the latest and most successful types of engine go by their names. Mr. Parsons will always be remembered as the man who adapted it to marine propulsion, the ultimate results of which are at present an object of keen speculation to every marine engineer in the world.

As to the actual principle of the turbine and the advantages which are claimed for it over the reciprocating or ordinary piston engine, with its cumbrous mechanism of cranks, connecting rods, valve-gear, &c., with which every one is familiar, it does not require the technical education of a professional expert to understand the main essentials. In the reciprocating engine great masses of metal have to be set in motion by the steam, stopped at a certain point, restarted in a backward motion, only to be stopped again, and started again as before; in other words, *inertia* and *momentum* have to be encountered and overcome at every stroke of the piston. The least informed in engineering knowledge can therefore perceive that this perpetual starting and stopping, necessary in this type of engine, is a serious limitation to its efficiency owing to the tremendous waste of power inherent in its principle. Now, in the turbine the steam acts directly and continuously on oblique blades, some fixed to a revolving shaft, and others to the stationary portion of the engine encasing it. The action of the steam on these blades or vanes is much the

same as that of the water in an ordinary turbine, or, as a rough illustration, inversely to the action of the propeller. A further and more exact illustration may be found in the rotation of the propeller when a ship is being launched. The motion of the vessel conveys a relative movement to the water, which, acting on the blades of the screw, whirls it round on exactly the same principle that the steam gives a rotary motion to the shaft on which the oblique vanes are fixed. In this way continuous action is achieved, there are no dead centres, and no loss of power such as is suffered through the *inertia* and *momentum* of the



reciprocating parts. It has been claimed, indeed, for the turbine that the whole of the energy of the steam is converted into useful work down to the last pound; but, while this testimonial demonstrates the enthusiasm which the engine has aroused, it is against a fundamental principle in applied mechanics. There are many other advantages in the new engine, but they are of a more strictly technical nature, and unsuitable for discussion in these pages. The rough diagram given above may help to explain the essential difference between the application of steam power in the two types of engine. It may be enough to add, on this phase of the subject, that the turbine, at least for marine propulsion,

is as yet really on its trial, notwithstanding that an excellent start has been made with it and many very encouraging results obtained. If its practical efficiency can be brought up to its theoretical merits, a triumphant success is assured for it before many years will have passed.

When the turbine first went to sea it made a sensation which will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Parsons's first venture, the *Turbinia* developed a speed far exceeding that of any other vessel afloat. On her trial a speed of thirty-four and a half knots was reached when pushed, and thirty-one knots was no trouble to her. This, however, did not long remain the world's record, for the second turbine boat, the torpedo-boat destroyer *Viper*, rather easily beat it, by going, at her best speed, over thirty-seven knots or nearly forty-three statute miles per hour. The *Cobra*, which followed, was not quite so fast, but altogether it is not too much to say that the speed of these boats fairly astonished the world and stimulated to a marked degree interest in the steam turbine. The last boat, the *Cobra*, it must be admitted, also established an undesirable precedent by foundering in a heavy gale on September 18, 1901. She was constructed by another firm, but although the disaster could not be charged to the engines, it must have been very disheartening to the Parsons Company. With the *King Edward* and *Queen Alexandra*, built by Messrs. Denny & Brothers, of Dumbarton, for service on the Clyde, the turbine engine left the region of experiment and entered that of commerce. The *King Edward* steamed 12,116 knots on a coal-consumption of 1429 tons at an average speed of eighteen and a half knots. Another typical river steamer of the same class, but with the ordinary reciprocating engines, steamed 12,106 knots on a coal-consumption of 1900 tons and at the same average speed.¹ That speaks well for the first passenger steamer fitted with turbine engines. Quite recently the turbine has been more widely adopted and is giving satisfaction. Two new cross-Channel steamers, built by Messrs. Denny for the Dover and Calais and the Newhaven and Dieppe routes, are turbine-engined. At present a large steamer is on order for the Union Shipping Co. of New Zealand, one for the Larne and Stranraer service, two for the new Belfast and Heysham route, and a new Allan liner is being built by Messrs. Workman, Clark, & Co., Ltd., of Belfast. This vessel is worthy of special note as the first Transatlantic turbine steamer, and it will no doubt have an influence on the deliberations of the Cunard commission which is now considering the advisability of adopting the

¹ This is a contrast between turbine and piston engine.

engine in the two new liners that company has in contemplation. The order for another Allan liner, also turbine-engined, has been placed with Messrs. Alexander Stephen & Sons, Ltd., of Glasgow. Both these vessels will be 500 feet long and have a speed of seventeen knots. At the moment of writing, it is reported that Messrs. Sivewright, Bacon, & Co., of West Hartlepool, have placed an order for two or three cargo turbine steamers, the hulls to be built by Messrs. Furness, Withy, & Co., of West Hartlepool, while Messrs. Richardsons, Westgarth, & Co. supply the machinery under licence from Messrs. Parsons. These vessels will create a good deal of attention, as they will be the first ordinary cargo turbine steamers.

While the turbine has thus been advancing steadily, if not, so far, very rapidly, on its commercial career, it has been making its way in other directions. Already the British Navy has been represented among its patrons by the cruiser *Amethyst* and the destroyers *Veloæ* and *Eden*. The American Navy Department is asking Congress for a grant to experiment with the engine in a 5000-ton gunboat. Germany is employing it in a sea-going torpedo-boat and a small cruiser, the *Merkur*, of 10,000 h.p. France is also moving in the matter, and other Governments will no doubt soon fall into line. Private owners, at the same time, are introducing the turbine into the yachting world, where it has already established itself by the fine yachts *Tarantula*, *Emerald*, and *Lorena*, owned respectively by Messrs. Vanderbilt, Gould, and Barber. These have proved very satisfactory, and another, the *Revolution*, may be mentioned as the first American-built turbine boat. It is naturally engined with the Curtis turbine, which is now being built in very large sizes for electric power plants.

The question of economy admits of a difference of opinion, although the evidence of the *King Edward* is favourable to the turbine. In addition to a smaller proportionate coal-consumption, there is the upkeep of the engines to be considered, and here the turbine undoubtedly has the advantage. Besides, the small space occupied by the latter affords a great saving, and there is a further and very important economy of deck space, as there are no huge engine casings to encumber it; while increase of speed, steadiness of motion, and almost complete absence of vibration make up the case for the new engine. The speed which may be developed seems to have no fixed limits, so the dream of the enthusiasts who aspire to cross the Atlantic from Narragansett Bay to Berehaven in ninety hours, or only three and three-quarter days of open sea, may before long be an accomplished fact.

ROBERT CROMIE.

The King's Nose.

IT was the eve of the *fête* of the great king, who, though he had been dust for a generation, was still honoured in Mittenberg as the embodiment of a glorious past. His colossal statue in the centre of the chief square was surrounded by a scaffolding, from which a ladder was reared against the summit. This was to enable workmen in the dark hours of the morning to adjust laurels on the august brow.

The town was in holiday mood. Love and spring were abroad in the April-sweet air, and, from beneath the garden hedges, violets wafted the odours that quicken memory and hope. Every Jack had his Jill with him or, if not, seemed hurrying to find her.

Of those bent on this errand there were four who, from different points, were converging on one house.

The nearest to it was an Englishman, roughened and broadened by some years of Colonial life. The next was his countryman and cousin, a well-groomed wanderer from Mayfair, precociously calm and keen. The other two were noblemen attached to the Court, who having, as usual, left their quarters behind the *Residenz* at the same hour, were to meet in front of it, and thence, taking different routes, were to encounter once more, with mutual loss of countenance, at the door of the Desired One.

This magnetic door had not originally been designed to admit gallants. It gave entrance to a vast building whose function was to house girl-workers respectably at rather less than cost price, and for these the regulations were strict; but the occupants of the rooms on the first floor paid long rents and enjoyed corresponding privileges. Being for the most part heretics and foreigners, they were exempt from priestly supervision, and were even allowed the visits of secular males. Along this corridor silk skirts swept forth to the theatre, and the echo of spurred heels was not infrequent.

It was to a little room at the end that the Colonial was making his way. From the woman who lodged there he had parted seven years before with vows which he was now come to fulfil; and, instead of the foreign street, he saw the elms of an English garden, and a girl with wistful eyes whose farewell tears had kept his heart green ever since.

The destination of the other men was the *salon* just before this. It was furnished in American taste, and there a roguish and very lovely young girl stood smiling at her reflection in a pier-glass. She wore a princess gown of the period, the demure colour of which heightened her astonishing bloom; the old-gold of the fan-girdle was repeated in her braided hair.

This young person was Althea Gray, a student at the *Musikschule*. But though by way of studying professionally, she did not, in forecasting her future, exclude the likelihood of a matrimonial deviation; whilst her mother, who sat watching her at the moment with shrewd, unimpassioned eyes, reckoned the deviation a certainty, and was anxious for its speedy and brilliant accomplishment.

'You're just what I was at your age,' she remarked. 'We blossom young in our family—too young, for the sooner a woman blossoms, the sooner she fades. You'll be homely, Althea, before you're twenty.'

Althea was familiar with her mother's tactics.

'Now, mother, that's real mean! I'll marry when I've a mind to, and not a day before.' And, still smiling, she tied on an apron—one of the white embroidered trifles that had a drawing-room vogue in the earlier days of afternoon tea.

She was considering its folds when an older woman, flushed and rather untidy in dress, entered, and advanced to her with a sheet of manuscript music, the ink on which was still wet.

Althea glanced it over. 'A love song, Mary! Let's hear it.' And she skipped across to the piano.

The composer listened nervously at first. Then, as Althea's fresh young voice and skilled fingers gave the rapture out clearer and clearer, a great exaltation filled her eyes. At the close she sank into a chair, and Althea, jumping up from the piano stool, curtsied to her.

'Mary Grove, you're a real, big genius, but '—and she planted herself before the mirror again—'it's just as good, and better, to be pretty.'

This implied criticism of her appearance caused the poor

genius to wince, and as she had composed the song with the rustle of English elms in her ears, and a lover on his way to claim her, it certainly was unfortunate.

Perceiving that she had given pain, Althea sought to undo it.

'I've often wondered, Mary, why you never married. I'm sure when you were young you were just sweet.'

Here a heavy foot was heard approaching. All listened, but it passed the door.

'What!' exclaimed Althea, scandalised. 'A man, and not for me! I declare, Mary, it's for you. Run off and see who it is. If he's nice just bring him right here.'

But Mary's nerve gave way. Panic seized her. She had not expected her lover till the morrow. The meeting had been tenderly rehearsed—ah! so many times!—but the woman who figured in it had not had her dowdiest frock on, nor had her hair been rumpled, nor her face smudged with ink.

'Oh dear! I can't see him, I can't!' she gasped, darting to the Grays' inner room.

Althea whistled boyishly. 'My goodness, I believe it's a dun. I'll go and turn him off.'

The corridor was dimly lighted, and Mary's visitor, mistaking Althea, in her white apron, for a chambermaid, asked in German for Miss Grove.

Althea replied, also in German, that she was emphatically not at home.

'Do you know when she will return?'

'That depends on your business with her.'

The chambermaid was examined with more attention.

'I'll inform her of my business when I see her.'

'Well, you can't see her, but I'll give her your name.'

'I'll be d——d if you do,' was muttered in English, and the caller turned on his heel.

'You'll be what? Oh, for shame!' Althea laughed, delighted at her mistake.

At the sound of his own tongue the stranger wheeled round again. He also perceived his error, but fell into a new one, for he concluded that the apron was a pinafore.

'Won't you give me your name?' pressed Althea, curious both for Mary's enlightenment and her own.

'Oh, certainly,' with a teasing smile. 'My name is John. Now you must tell me yours.'

'Althea. Please come and be presented to Mamma.'

'Oh, I say!'

'Come right along. Mary Grove's friends are ours.'

Amused, but rather uneasy, John obeyed the imperious summons.

'Mamma, this is an Englishman named John, who has called to see Mary Grove. Now, I guess you're ashamed of that "John."'

In the light which the large *salon* windows threw upon Althea's age and station, John saw that he had indeed styled himself rather briefly, and, with an embarrassed laugh, declared himself in full.

'Sir John Stokes! Oh, this is lovely! My goodness, won't Gerald be mad! He was giving himself such airs about bringing you.'

'Yes, Gerald is distinctly mad,' a voice remarked placidly from the doorway. 'I've been hoisting myself into Mittenberg esteem by promising to trot you round, old chap. This young person has been grovelling to get a sight of you. In the natural history books of the American nursery it seems that the titled British animal is not given.'

'Hear him!' Althea cried, and, extending her arm, she declaimed, "'The German nobility who have the *entrée* to our *salon* treat Althea with a deference that bids fair to turn the child's head.'" That's a quotation from one of Mamma's letters home. She should have added, "But there's a nobody, called Gerald Stokes, who makes himself odious by trying to keep it straight.'" And she rang for tea.

Gerald and Althea seated themselves for hostilities at close quarters, and Mrs. Gray was about to undertake Sir John, when she remembered Mary, and bade Althea fetch her.

Poor Mary had been dreading the summons, but, by the time it came, she was so spent with emotion that her only clear desire was to save the situation from awkwardness, and to escape. So she emerged, wan and dishevelled, after the radiant Althea, and gave Sir John a limp hand.

'Didn't you guess who it was?' Althea asked. 'One hears quite well in there.'

'The voice seemed familiar,' Mary stammered, 'but of course it is some time since I heard it.'

'How long?' Althea's curiosity disdained roundabout routes.

'Oh, ages and ages. I'm so sorry I can't stay now. I am due at a harmony class. But I'm disengaged to-morrow afternoon,'

with a glance at Sir John, which did not reach the level of his eyes, 'and I shall be glad if you will come to tea then—all.'

And without waiting to have her invitation accepted, she slipped from their midst.

'Well, genius or no genius, that's real mean,' Althea commented. 'No wonder he looks huffed. I'm going right over to console him.'

Now Gerald, under his calm exterior, was deeply annoyed at what had happened. He knew what had brought Sir John to Mittenberg, but was not certain, of course, of the issue, and consolation proffered by Althea was what he dreaded above everything. The worst of it was that, in impressing upon her the superiority of English husbands to all others, he had been paving a way that any Englishman might walk—his cousin more smoothly than most, with novelty and wealth to help him. Indeed he was so upset that he blundered.

'Dear generous child!' he sneered. 'But I'm sadly afraid it's no good. John has come to propose, you know.'

'To Mary Grove!'

'They were sweethearts before you were born.'

Althea looked her naughtiest.

'Well, I'm born now, anyway.'

Gerald, seeing his mistake, choked down his wrath and took a wiser tack.

'I thought Mary was your friend. Chip in, and the poor soul's done for. My dear girl, is that your style?'

'Oh, if she cares!'

'It's the one romance of her life. He was a younger son, you know. Left her to seek his fortune in the Colonies. Didn't find it, naturally—not the kind. But meanwhile accidents were clearing the course for him at home; and now they're going to be happy ever afterwards. John, though dull, is quite a good sort, and he'll suit her well enough. She was brought up, don't you know? to the sort of life he'll give her, and won't mind being buried in the country among a lot of gouty old squires, with the vicar's wife for company, and Sunday school treats for her only amusement. Oh, yes, he'll do for her; but for you!'

'It seems to me there has been a drop in Sir John since he arrived,' smiled Althea. Then she added demurely, 'and since you have mentioned the matter, who *do* you think would suit me?'

Gerald's pulse was less calm than his voice as he designated himself in a periphrasis.

'Why a man with some devil and go in him—someone bound to make his mark.'

'That's so,' Althea nodded. 'Somebody the whole world would talk of.'

'Is not that rather a big order?'

'Well, if he was even the talk of the town.'

'The talk of the town for a day?'

'I believe even that would do. You've hit on my weakness, you see.'

'The talk of the town for a day,' Gerald repeated slowly.

'You won't go back on it, Althea?'

Althea laughed. 'I never go back on anything—except this stupid train,' and whisking it aside, she advanced to welcome the rival counts who had just been announced, and who, Gerald knew, would now engross her entirely.

But this did not trouble him. His jealousy was discriminating, and he had long ago dismissed the pair from his calculations as a negligible quantity; for Von Brück, the elder of the two, though an excellent fellow, had won a duellist's fame by the loss of an eye and a profile, while the younger had such an evil tongue that he could safely be left to his own undoing.

Sir John was the dangerous man, so at the first opportunity Gerald rose and carried him off.

The talk of the town for a day. He had paced the streets until he was footsore, trying to evolve some scheme by which he might claim the words as descriptive of himself, when he happened to glance up at the statue of the great king, and noticed the ladder which was reared against it. 'By Jove!' he exclaimed; then he chuckled, and his eyes gleamed for an instant, before the impenetrable lids descended on them. Tired as he was, he disappeared with a swinging step, and for the rest of that day was lost to the ken of Mittenberg.

Next morning the town awoke to a scandal which it will not soon forget, and which to this day it has never really sifted to the bottom. Laurels crowned the brow of the mighty dead; floral tributes perfumed his feet. But Jove was transformed to Bacchus—the illustrious nose was red.

Mittenberg was shocked, but it laughed, and King Hermann, the great man's grandson and successor, furious at the grinning faces, shook his fist at them from his chamber, and refused to show himself on the balcony according to programme. 'Find me the impious beast,' he raged, 'and I will hew him through!'

Then the count of the evil tongue, who was a kinsman of the King, and in attendance, seized the opportunity.

'Sire, as Gustav von Brück and I were returning late to our quarters last night we saw a man jump off the scaffolding. He passed beneath a lamp, and we recognised him as an Englishman of our acquaintance named Stokes. We could not imagine at the time what he was doing there.'

The older courtiers, who had looked grave on learning that the 'hewing through' might have international issues, were sensibly relieved when Von Brück broke in: 'Sire, I saw the man, it is true, and so distinctly that I am ready to swear it was no more Stokes than I am. The Englishman in question is a man of good position who moves in our best society, and it would be ridiculous in the extreme to bring such an accusation against him.'

The King looked from one angry face to the other, and then dismissed them both, that he might take counsel on the matter with men of a more sluggish pulse. 'If Von Brück has room for another scar, I hope he'll get it,' he muttered, referring to the duel which was, of course, inevitable after such a scene, 'for, by my soul, he lied.'

Meanwhile, Althea and her mother had happened to meet Sir John, and they had strolled together to the scene of interest, where they arrived just in time to see the nose before the paint was officially removed.

Everybody was discussing the perpetrator of the outrage.

'He has succeeded in making himself the talk of the town, whoever he is,' Sir John remarked. 'They say the King is quite bloodthirsty, and has sworn to hew him through when he catches him.'

'Oh, my goodness!' Althea exclaimed, and she dropped her parasol.

Gerald, who had sauntered up to them, recovered it. 'Yes, I'm the talk of the town,' he whispered.

'How *could* you be so mad?'

'It wasn't mad to win you; for I have won you, Althea. You never go back on your word, you remember.'

'You'll have to get out of this.'

'Nonsense; I'm perfectly safe. Oh, bother Von Brück! He has seen us.'

They had fallen a little behind Mrs. Gray and Sir John when Von Brück joined them. Without taking any notice of Gerald, he began in a low tone: 'You've been informed on, Stokes, and

must bolt for all you're worth. I drove to your rooms with a disguise for you, but found them watched. Thinking you might be at Mrs. Gray's, I went there next, but there was nobody in. Then I tried Miss Grove's, for I wanted to leave the bundle with some friend. She was out too, but her *salon* door was open. On her table you'll find the wherewithal to transform you into a Lutheran parson, and if that parson values his skin he'll contrive somehow to catch the two o'clock express. The King is in a fine taking, I warn you. He'll soon cool off again—that is his way—but I wouldn't like to answer for him just now.'

'All right; you're a decent chap, Von Brück. I may tell the Pater, Althea?'

'Oh, anything you like; only go!' and Althea stamped her foot in an agony of impatience.

When Gerald had disappeared she looked at Von Brück. 'I guess you've behaved rather well,' she said, 'for you hate him, you know.'

'I do,' Von Brück assented heartily.

'Then why——?'

'But, Fraulein, is he not my rival?'

Althea dropped her gaze, and there was something like moisture in her hard young eyes as she dealt the blow she could not spare him. 'He has no rival now,' she said gravely. 'He has just become my affianced husband.'

Although Von Brück's face was too scarred to be very expressive, it showed so much pain that Althea sighed. 'I don't know why I care for Gerald. You're twice as good a man, and I hope you'll marry a woman twenty times better than me.'

There was nothing further from Althea's contrite mood than to cause more mischief that morning, but Nature had so constituted her that she could hardly avoid it; and when, shortly afterwards, Sir John excused himself in order to join Mary, who was skirting the crowd, her smile, for radiant sweetness, might have been the first that Eve bestowed upon Adam in Paradise.

Mary saw it, and attributed the light in Sir John's eyes, as he approached her, to past and not anticipated pleasure. Indeed, she was in the frame of mind that pushes straws up the current, and so judges its flow. A night of anguished reasoning from false premises had made her ripe for martyrdom, and when Sir John invited her to stroll into a quiet street, and plunged desperately into business, she drew him up at once. 'Why should we re-open a question which circumstances have tacitly closed?'

'What circumstances?'

'I have changed.'

'You have indeed!'

'And it is only fair to you—and myself—that I should release you. I shall always retain a pleasant memory of the past, but if we did not break with it now it would only spoil our future. Good-bye, John. This is too painful.'

Sir John took a step or two after the resolute little figure, then he turned and trailed himself home like some mortally wounded animal. All through his starved years of exile his heart had yearned for this mate. She had meant England, hearth, and home for him. The thought of her was interwoven with his life, which, without her, fell to shreds. Certainly he had found her altered, but love like his adjusts itself unconsciously, and, after the first glance, he did not know that he had expected her to be otherwise. He was as nearly broken-hearted as a man in his prime can be.

And Mary's case was no better. Now that the excitement of the sacrifice was over she for the first time realised its cost. Also with the instinct of the wounded animal, she made straight for her lair, and, letting herself into her bedroom direct from the passage, threw herself on her bed and wailed aloud.

A Lutheran divine who had been fixing on a beard in her *salon*, with locked doors, and who was about to knock through and inform her of his presence, paused and listened.

'Now I wonder if that's a parson's business,' he muttered, as he moved about uneasily.

The weeping stopped. Mary had heard his step, and looked in. She was on the point of closing her door again and ringing for the chambermaid, when Gerald exclaimed, 'Good Lord! Mary, what's the matter?' and betrayed himself.

'Gerald, what *do* you mean?'

'Well, I haven't much time to explain, but, briefly, I'm in a hole. A little painting of mine—which was skied, by the way—has suddenly made me famous. Mittenberg is ringing with my achievement. Even the King, I hear, has expressed—to the police—a personal interest in my career. In fact, my dear girl, I am responsible for *The Nose*. So much for my affairs. Now for yours. Where is John? And why these tears?'

Mary was backing again, when Gerald caught the door-handle and eyed her sternly. 'Mary Grove, you wicked woman! I believe you have jilted the truest man living.' He had forgotten his suspicions of Sir John.

'Thank Heaven I haven't been base enough, at any rate, to trade upon his honour!'

'Upon his fiddlesticks! The proof?'

'Oh, you know! Everybody must have seen.'

'What?'

'Nobody could resist her—nobody. She is so terribly pretty and so young. I knew from the first moment what must happen.'

Gerald smiled grimly. 'I presume you refer to Althea. Well, you paint my future in alluring colours. She has just promised to be my wife.'

Amazement, joy, shame, struggled in Mary's face, but it was joy that triumphed.

'Now I'm off, or I'll lose my train, and if I find John on the platform, as is probable, I'll bundle him back to you, though it's a jolly sight more than you deserve, you know.' And before his interference could be declined, Gerald had whisked his clerical tails through the doorway.

But he was not to fulfil his programme, for he was met on the stair by Von Brück with the news that Sir John had been arrested.

'He had gone to your rooms, you see, and the name and nationality tallied. He will easily clear himself, of course; meanwhile the mistake is to your advantage, for the trains are not likely to be watched now.'

'Oh, stow it, Von Brück! You are not preaching as you would practise. No, John's affairs are critical, and he's due here within the hour. I must give myself up. But what sort of a man is this King of yours? Has he no common sense, no humour? Is he always engineering mountains out of molehills? How do you suppose the true and unvarnished tale would strike him?' And Gerald related it. 'There isn't much sedition about that, eh? Would it be possible to obtain an audience?'

Von Brück shook his head.

'Well, you can always get his ear, can't you? Turn on your eloquence on my behalf. There's a good chap! Whatever comes of it, I shall know you've done your best.'

Von Brück regarded him with a wondering eye. Did he realise whom he was trusting, what he was asking?

'Yes, I know. It's a lot to ask of any man—of you most of all. But, my dear fellow, you lick every saint in the calendar, and we'll bless you till our dying day.'

The King was a man of moods, and, by the time Von Brück
VOL. XLIII. NO. CCLV.

obtained a hearing, had come to the conclusion that the incident of the morning was beneath official notice. Indeed, he had already given instructions that the mad Englishman should be released with no worse penalty than the hint that Mittenberg did not relish entertaining foreigners who abused her hospitality. So when Von Brück, prefacing his disclosure with, 'Sire, I am now at liberty to confess to you that I lied,' had related the secret history of the nose, Hermann burst out laughing.

'By my soul, that young man should go far! He gains his end boldly and simply. But I await an explanation of your conduct in the matter.'

'This morning, sire, he and I were rivals for the hand of the woman he has since won.'

'Humph! 'Tis better to be your rival than your King, it seems. Still, it may console you, under the circumstances, to know that, as I cannot be the one, I am content to be the other.'

As soon as Gerald learned how things stood, he drove to Sir John's hotel and put a stop to his packing.

'Imagine aspiring to spend your life with a woman,' he scolded, 'and understanding her as little as you do Mary! Can't you see that she's one of those beautiful souls who perish for want of conceit. Of course she made a nightmare of Althea.'

'Of that baby!'

'Who will shortly be Mrs. Gerald Stokes. Oh, don't mention it. But of all the blundering idiots!'

So Mary sang her love song that night, while, next door, a clerical habit, already compromised by attendance at several fancy balls, was being brought into further disrepute by Gerald.

'But after all, you know,' said Althea teasingly, 'it was Sir John who was the talk of the town. It is he who ought to be rewarded.'

'There's something in that. Suppose we go and consult Mary. No? Well, let's go and be congratulated, at least.'

So they paid their call, and long before it was over Althea had seen enough to convince her that the reward would be best appreciated where it had already been bestowed.

MARGARET ARMOUR.

Some Scouts—but not Scouting.

'SCOUT,' 'scouts,' and 'scouting' are three words which were used more loosely, perhaps, than any others during the whole of the late disturbances in South Africa. Regiment after regiment of irregulars was raised under the name of this, that, and t'other 'Scouts,' which yet from first to last did no stroke of scouting, but remained purely and simply the invaluable mounted infantry such regiments proved to be. It followed that thousands of men rode about with the title 'Scout' big and bold upon their hats, who yet knew as little of real scouting work as if they were straight from Aldershot. And as to 'scouting,' I remember that a daily patrol over the same three miles of road, starting at dawn every morning, was called 'scouting' by the commandant of a most important depot point. My suggestion that I should be allowed to take the half of the men and push away for four or five days into the Free State was called 'idiotic talk' by the same commandant; but that was the first month of the war.

What, then, are real scouts and real scouting? The cavalry had a trumpet call, 'Scouts out,' but that only meant 'ground scouts'—men who, by riding two or three hundred yards ahead may give warning of any bad ground in time for the squadron leaders behind to change direction or formation to avoid it. 'Scouting' meant so much at least to the cavalry before the war, and perhaps more—parts of reconnaissance maybe; but, for the information which a real scout deals in, the cavalryman had to fall back, and rightly so, upon the Intelligence Department, that department which does or should employ real scouts.

For the real scout belongs, technically or not, to the Intelligence Department of an army, and is a distinct part of the intelligence branch of a General's Staff in the field. Go back to the regular use of the word in our earlier military history, and you find that Cromwell's 'Scoutmaster-General' was the 'D.M.I.' (Director of Military Intelligence) of that day. And, for proof

of the logicalness of the title, just note that during the latter half of our troubles in South Africa the Intelligence Department again staffed every military district and every mobile column with its complement of scouts. Naturally, the starving rule which stunts the Department of its best possibilities resulted here in such undermanning that the white scouts had to do most of their work, instead of only part of it, through Kaffirs. If the public is really looking to a reform of the War Office, one of the chief things it should insist upon is that of putting the scout's branch of the Intelligence Department upon a proper footing.

Still, in this respect a great deal lay with the column commanders themselves. Wools-Sampson's work for Bruce Hamilton will at once occur to most readers. One column, I remember, which finished not far from Frankfort, in the Orange River Colony, had a well-chosen body of from thirty to forty white scouts under an old 'Rimpie' (Rimington Guide). Damant, taking over the Guides from Rimington, had always an unsurpassable lot, because he found his own scouts from his own men, and was, moreover, his own scoutmaster. While for Rimington himself, he need only be mentioned, his name having become synonymous with the thing itself, since the Intelligence Department ultimately absorbed his original Guides almost to a man.

But in the earlier part of the war, when the Intelligence Branch was in evil case indeed, how many Generals knew how to pick and use a body of scouts? Few indeed: one or two names come up perhaps—as, for instance, that of French at Colesberg; and the disasters of the Black Week serve to remind us of those Generals who did not know how to use scouts. But to some of us comes back instantly the name of Hutton—Hutton who never once had to 'regret to report,' and who was whole-hearted enough to write to Rimington and say that, next to the splendid fighting qualities of his force, he owed his immunity from disaster to the work of 'the little band of scouts' he had drawn (chiefly) from the Guides.

Hutton kept no tame correspondents with him, and so he is little known. Restless, full of energy—and therefore oozing initiative at every pore—he gave his scouts a brisk time indeed. With him a scout was put to all of his proper work, and sometimes to that of cavalry besides. I remember being sent with four men on a two-days expedition which I afterwards saw written—and rightly so—as 'a reconnaissance.' And a hairy old reconnaissance it proved too; valuable in its results, anticipating all other

information by two days, though upon a point vital. There was some pleasure, however, in working for a man who not only let one see clearly what was wanted, but took pains to understand clearly one's own ideas in return, and who, above all, was loyal to the information gained, acting on it, if need be, whole-heartedly. No risk was too great to take in scouting for one who appreciated the results so truly; and the knowledge that our information was acted upon gave us that sense of responsibility which puts the salt into work well done. If one is killed while doing serious work, well, that is at least a man's death, and so not to be troubled about overmuch. It is the fool's death, the being killed in getting information for a General who neither dare nor can use it rightly, that makes a man hesitate. It is the thought of that epitaph 'Died as the fool dieth' which causes the scout to return to camp with half results; results upon which he himself would certainly not act if put in the General's place—such results, therefore, as are dangerous. The best work will only be done for a useful end. Other things being equal, the best General will evolve the best scouts from the men he chooses.

But, in gauging the work of a scout, it cannot be too clearly insisted upon that the amount of risk run in getting the information has nothing whatever to do with the value of the information so obtained. Remember also that there is one maxim over all, to the effect that the scout must never shoot unless forced to do so, for the scout must, if possible, see without being seen. Bearing all these points in mind, then, read here what follows, and understand the better.

It was on the morning of the Queen's Birthday, 1900, very early, that we—four scouts, myself in charge—returning proudly from being the first to cross the Vaal, found the head of French's advance just entering the grassy lawn-like streets of beautiful Parys. At first, mindful of the work we had done and the reports we had sent in these four days past, we took these to be the feelers of some wing force, clearing Parys by the way. We were no little astonished to find it was the main advance—French's division, with Hutton in support, come here to cross into the Transvaal. By a mistake, which does not belong to this story, our report of last night had failed to reach the General.

There was a row, very ungentle, which need not be reported, when Hutton found that there was no waggon drift at Parys, that it was impossible to get the baggage across, and that the transport would have to swing out again and trek north for another drift.

We were his ewe lambs, his pride and his boast ; and yet we had let him in for the open jibes of the scoffing cavalry and the stinging chaff of French himself—‘Why! my Hussars told me that, hours ago!’ said French, in answer to the belated news of a punt just up the river.

There was no help for it, and no use wasting time. A squadron was thrown across the river, and then the main force pulled away for Old Viljoen’s Drift, the waggons arriving there so near to midnight that few of the men would rouse out to use them. Food and blankets are good, but sleep is sweetest of all to an utterly weary man. Morning showed the drift too bad for more than a few light carts, and so, while the main body crossed and continued up on the Transvaal side, a sufficiently strong escort took the heavy transport still further on to Lindeque’s Drift, where the crossing was made that afternoon.

Now, all day yesterday we of the Scouts had been in disgrace with our father Hutton, and to-day was little better. But we were gorged with weariness and beyond caring just yet. The strenuous work of the last seven days and nights—especially the nights—had cleaned us out of all but mere endurance, and so we rode stolidly along as the ‘old man’s’ bodyguard, doing little or nothing in the scouting line. ‘The Hussars told him that, hours ago—did they? Very well, let ’em do it again to-day,’ said we to each other, in effect, that day. At any rate, we left it all to others on the outer flank, towards Potchefstroom, sending only to the inner flank towards the main Boer forces.

One must pay for one’s sins, however, and accordingly that night we had to face a plentiful crop of ‘information’ brought in by the different regiments, especially one circumstantial yarn to the tune that some thousands of Boers were threatening us from the Potchefstroom side. We grinned a little at that: it must be a very sudden Boer army indeed, unless our work in the three days before Parys was altogether wrong. A few hundreds, yes, as we had reported, but no thousands. Yet Hutton could not openly flout the whole cavalry division—crack cavalry division—and, moreover, he wanted a dry jibe back at French for that guffaw about the Hussars. He apparently fell in with the yarn, and promised to see about it. We grinned still more, until I got my orders. Then we rather swore a little.

For the orders, as I got them, were rankly illegitimate. I was to start at daybreak next morning with a few men, and to go nine miles on the road to Potchefstroom. Further, I was to make all

speed there and back, and report to the General by nine-thirty at the very latest—reconnaissance work, in fact, without the force. I call such orders illegitimate, because the route, distance, and time were all laid down exactly as for a reconnaissance—cast-iron lines to which I must shape all I did. If those orders did not get me hanged, my luck would have to be anything but cast-iron.

Explain to a scout what information you want, and up to what time it will be of use. Then let him go his own gait—you will get more good of him that way. To speak truly, this order was so far out of Hutton's usual way of doing things that I saw it at once as a logical consequence of an unnecessary situation, clearly the result of our sullen unenterprisingness all that day. It was quite our own fault that we got such orders, and with that notion in my mind I turned away to sleep.

I was no sooner in the blankets, however, than the men came stealing through the dark as usual, to beg me to name them for the party in the morning. I named the first four: Drybrough, and eighteen-year-old Creed of the Guides, with Irwin and 'Tiny' Marshall of the Canadians. Then we dropped off to sleep, happy enough.

Now Marshall was called 'Tiny' by reason of his gigantic limbs and stature.

In the morning, then, some while before it was day, I roused the four to see to the feeding of their horses before we ourselves took coffee. Then, just as it grew light, and while we stood by to mount, came a little knot of Staff officers—good, sound fellows mostly—and, amongst the rest of the talk, they told me that word had come in that the Boers in the direction I was going desired to surrender. This information had in truth come from a seemingly good source, as I afterwards found, but surely not good enough for the additional order which a certain officer in authority—not Hutton by any means—presently based upon it.

I had stepped aside for a moment, and this officer followed me. 'If you do meet any Boers,' said he, 'then you'd better see if they want to surrender first. That's really what you are being sent to find out.' Orders were given that way too often in the field.

Then I gave the word and we mounted. 'What d'you call it—a reconnaissance in force?' came as a parting 'rag' from the youngest of the Staff officers. It was the oldest of them who, after our return, called it a reconnaissance *by* force—of cheek.

But he had not heard the true story, and so misunderstood what really happened.

As we rode up out of the low-lying camp, over a little nek in the kopjes rimming it on that side, we found ourselves at this end of an ovalish piece of flat, drawing away south of west, and shut in all round, except for a slack place on the east, by high and rocky ridges, black and forbidding in that early light. Marking ahead, we saw that the going was bad across the flat. Bogs were there, with barb-wire fences crossing them, while along the right of the boggy strip, where the slightly sloping ground was drier, we saw, by the zuiker-bush and 'wait-a-bits,' that under foot would be all rocks and stones.

The worst part of the prospect, however, lay in the ridges along our right and in front; they looked as bad as bad could be—gaunt boulder heaps, patterned from end to end with sparse, single bushes, looking like a machine-made tapestry of grey and dull green, a giant 'art fabric' of the latest craze, with an Aubrey Beardsley inspired design. Only, while one might think of Regent Street 'art' and grin, one could not so treat these ridges; they were too perfect as cover for enemies to be laughed at. Moreover, if there were Boers in the neighbourhood—and we knew of one or two small commandoes which might be there—those ridges, being the nearest strong cover to our outposts, were certain to hold some of them at least.

Unhampered by time, I should have tried those ridges for Boers first, and then worked from them on, as the only decent chance of doing this piece of country at all. But orders must be carried out; and so, for better speed, and the quicker to hit the Potchefstroom road, I had to stick to the plain below. I did not like the look of things at all. One's motto under ordinary orders must always be—'First take all precautions, and then take all risks.' Here one read it with a certain difference, conforming to the difference in the spirit of the orders—'Having to take all risks, first take all precautions.'

Looking about as we went, that oval seemed very forlorn of possible precautions, till half a mile or so forward we came to a Kaffir hut. Here were only women and children; but I set young Creed to talk to them in Dutch, and presently, over a calabash of *dwala*, he learnt that a Kaffir from Potchefstroom had just lured the men away to loot that red house over yonder to the left—to the east, that is—where the rim of the plain was green and not too steep. Now, this Kaffir had yesterday deserted

from his master in a commando near by, yonder to the right front—the way that we would go. Here, then, was something to begin on.

Riding and picking our way through bog and fence, we presently bagged our Kaffir. He was a most promising spectacle, as he came out through the doorway in haste and fright at the sound of our horses' hoofs—spectacle because he had just finished arraying himself in choice samples of the Sunday best of the owner of the house, fled suddenly yesterday; and in fright because he feared that we were burghers come upon him. Which last was a hint to us.

His fright was not all done with either at finding us British instead of Boer. He had still been caught by white men while looting a white man's house. The proof was plain, nay, 'shouting,' as Drybrough said, 'upon him.' He was dressed, first, in a grey 'pot' hat, with a handbreadth of crape band about it. Next one saw a pair of new boots, much too large, and gorgeously yellow. Between were a coat and vest of most emphatic pattern, big enough to make greatcoats for him; sleeves down to his knees, and skirt almost trailing. Below were trousers severely black, and concertina'd all the way from the knee down by reason of their too much length and too stiff lining; while above was a collar some sizes too large, cravated in absolute scarlet. He out-niggered all the niggers the Christy Minstrels ever dreamed of staging. Poor beggar, it was the gaudiness of that looted rig which struck me deepest for him by contrast in the tragedy he presently rode into.

For the moment he seemed far enough from tragedy; indeed he looked mostly farce as he faced me, half impudent in hope, half shrinking in dread, guessing at what his punishment might be. Had he but known what that looting was to bring him to he would have shrunk more than half, for it was that which gave me the power to make him accompany us, and to force him, when the final grim moment came, to obey.

He spoke no English, but the few questions I put through Creed showed me that he was just what I needed. His knowledge of the country near, with its farms and their owners, would stand me in stead at every mile and turn. One thing, however, we could not get out of him—he would not acknowledge to having been on commando with his master. Yet that would no doubt come out in time when Creed had him riding alongside, talking guilefully to him of other things. Direct questions

beget evasive taradiddles with Kaffirs as with others. Lastly he protested that he had no horse, but we persuaded him to remember one grazing just round the little kopje in front, so that presently he was astride barebacked, and accompanying us as we laid spur to it along the little plain again, heading for Potchefstroom.

I have said the plain was something of an oval shape. We headed now, by the Kaffir's directions, straight for the westerly apex of it, where a beautifully formed spitz or pointed kop rose in the flat, some quarter of a mile this way from the farther edge of it. I looked long at that kop standing out alone and fair there in front, its beautiful scarps and rocks draped by bush and shapely tree. Good to look at, indeed, but good too as cover for possible Boers.

'Boers!' And here upon the thought, as I glanced to my left front in going, I was aware of two men who rode down from the bushy ridge on that side, perhaps a mile or so away, drawing rapidly across our front, heading to disappear behind the spitz kop. 'What place is behind there?' I asked of the Kaffir, through Creed.

'In the hook behind is a great farmhouse and good gardens,' came the answer. 'The road goes through there, and on over a little nek beyond.'

A farmstead hidden in a corner, eh? and having well-grown orchards, with willows, gum-trees, poplars, and the rest of it, for hiding horses in; and all in the mouth of an easy way of retreat, through which only fools would follow into the trap it formed. It sounded more than a likely place as we pushed on. If there were Boers at all in the line for Potchefstroom, meaning business, then this farm-place was the very spot they would occupy. And if so, then these two riders must be coming from the brandwacht, or picket, which would be posted on that ridge to our left—coming, doubtless, to report our appearance. And, further, then this spitz kop in front, dominating the approach to the farm, must be occupied by a like picket. It followed also that the comb of the long ridge to our right must be held, perhaps by more than one picket, for it was on the Potchefstroom side.

The thing was to know, and to know quickly, if all this were so. Already the two horsemen would have reported our coming, and one must get in, and out again if need be, before the Boers behind—if Boers were there—could get a move on and act against us. We pushed on quicker.

Presently we were within range of the kop, and I held rein,

halting the party. 'That spitz kop will have Boers all over it,' spoke Irwin, before I had time to begin.

'That is just what may make this such a hairy job,' answered I. 'Now, here is the only thing to do. I'll take Creed and the nigger, and push on as tight as I can go between the spitz kop and this ridge on the right—there's bush enough to give some bit of cover part of the way. You other three will dismount here in this nearest clump of trees, and then line your rifles on that spitz kop. If you hear any shooting yonder where we have gone, then you three will open on that kop before it has time to speak, and you'll just keep it jumping with bullets, whether it speaks or not. Remember that: lay on to that kop and leave all else. Remember that our only chance to get out to you again is to come back close under the spitz kop, then the ridge yonder on the right will have so far to shoot that it'll miss us nicely, and we'll depend on you to disturb the aim of the fellows on the kop. Don't forget; they'll be shooting at us from the farm behind all the time—that's if we find a commando there. If there is none, then I'll send back for you at once. And now keep your eyes jingling—and "so long!"'

Then Creed and I rode on, taking the unwilling Kaffir.

Keeping what apology for cover we could, amongst the sparse sugar bush and thorns, we pushed briskly forward and through between the kop and the long high ridge, while right and left our eyes were snapping for that sign of occupation which no brandwacht should show. And, because it was again our day for luck, I caught sight of the movement of a single rifle barrel upon the slope of the kop, showing like a grey flash against the skyline as it was whipped down into position against us. We were already abreast of it, less than two hundred yards away, but we could not turn back for that.

I knew now that both the left-hand ridge and this spitz kop had been picketed, and that made it certain that this farm behind was held, and just as certain that the ridge to the right was manned, though I could see nothing of either force. Yet we must see the farm, and judge the number there, which meant that we must still pass on, maugre the men of the ridge and kop behind us, yet within close range when we should halt in front to crane and count. And if we had to turn and gallop for it—fire behind and fire in front, fire from both flanks—we should need all our luck indeed. Well, it had to be done. This was not scouting, this was reconnaissance. Come on!

Then we emerged into the open, clear of the kop, and found, just where our open view should have been, the near end of a ridge of grey rock, worn down to a mere hog-back of slab and boulders, some fifteen or twenty feet high, trending away down the slight slope towards the farm.

Checking, with little enough of us showing as we peered through the crevices of the rocks, we found no chance of mistaking. Our coming may have roused them from sleep, but they were awake enough now. The farm-place was alive with men: long-legged *kerels* who ran to catch the knee-haltered horses grazing all about; stealthy *kerels* who stooped through the trees of the garden to line the thick hedge less than a hundred yards from us; bundly-looking *kerels* who jumped up in groups from where they slept at the foot of the rise beyond, all their gaudy blankets hanging Kaffirwise about their shoulders as they snatched their rifles up and ran to man the rocks above them, still within pistol-shot of us. Evidently we were taken as the advance scouts of our whole army, intending for Potchefstroom, instead of five poor beggars on a lone fool's errand.

And mounted *kerels*—five of them especially, of whom one went straight back over the nek, as if carrying word to some supports, while the other four bent away round, as if to go and rouse the pickets on the great ridge to our right. Boers enough, in very truth, if that were all we wanted to know. But the last order stuck uppermost in my mind—‘You are really sent out to find if they want to surrender.’

Ay, find out, but how? There was no time for plans elaborate. ‘Creed,’ said I, ‘I’ve got to go down to see if these men want to surrender. I’m going down this right side of the rock. I want you to go along that left side as far as you can without being seen—there’s a bit of cover at the point—and then stop and see what happens to me. If you hear an argument, listen to what they say. If you hear a shot, don’t stop to look or think, but turn and ride like blazes back to the General and tell him all you’ve seen. Stop for nothing; just ride.’

I had lifted my rein and was half out in the open on my side the rock when Creed answered: ‘One minute! Do you mean I’m to leave you in a tight place like this? Am I to go back safe, and let them all know I left you?’ He reined half a length towards me as he spoke.

‘That has nothing to do with it. The General must have this information, and some one must carry it. I’m in command, so

I must do the job, because if you went down and were killed I couldn't ride out anyhow. I'd have to stop and be killed too, being in command, and we'd look fine, two dead fools, with no information to the General, or anything to show for getting killed. You do as I tell you, and hang what others think. There'll be danger enough for you when you try to get back and they open on you from all the round world about.'

I was well out into the open as I ended, but with a stroke of the spur he was beside me. 'I don't care! I'm not going to let you go alone. I'm not running away. If you are going to be killed here, then I'll die here too. I'm coming.'

There is no V.C. for what the lad did then, as he rode out in speaking, but was it ever more truly earned—if you grant his quite erroneous view of his duties as a scout? If we had but pressed another length forward, then we had been dead men, thought he, for we saw the rifles levelling in the hedge. There was no time to drive it into the lad that a man's private feelings, his liking or disliking, or any regard to the opinions of the multitude, must all sink before the grim duty of getting information away to the General. All that his eighteen years could see was the unbearable shame of continuing to live if he should let me go and be killed alone; and well he reckoned this was death in front.

It was shining in his eyes and his face—sheer, fine, deplorable heroism. I saw it all at a glance and that I was baulked by the very fineness of his temper. Curses would be wasted, neither was there time. I reined back into cover, crowding him into cover likewise.

'Look you, then, Creed,' said I, 'the Kaffir must go, and we'll hear what they say to him. Tell him to ride down and speak to them. They can't shoot him, for they can see he's no fighting man: they can see he has no rifle or saddle. Tell him he must say to them that the General has heard they want to surrender. Say to him to tell them that if they do want to surrender and lay down their arms, then I'll escort two of them safe through our lines to see the General. Be sure he understands what you are telling him. And let him move quickly.'

It is easy to say that any fool could see that these Boers in front had no notion of surrendering. But if so, then please explain the reason why we were allowed to approach over something like three miles of flat, to pass through their outposts, and to come here to within a hundred yards of their line, and all without a single shot or challenge! They were asleep, say you?

Possibly; but where was my proof? For remember it is not enough that the scout must be convinced—he must have proof for it; he must lay out his proofs for any important opinion when he reports. I could not well prove that their outposts had been caught asleep, and therefore I could not use their allowing me to approach as any argument that they wished to surrender. I must have other evidence, and so I started the Kaffir down.

And the Kaffir went. Loth he was to move, but I said that to him which caused him to go, for I believed that he would be safe in going to them, riding unarmed as he did. After that day I knew better; but at the time I was honest in forcing him to go, in spite of the dread that was so heavy on him. Twice he halted in going, and once he reined half round to return. But his eye met the levelled eye of my carbine, and ‘Ride on!’ said I, and he rode.

It was so short a distance that he went not more than seventy yards and then he met the first of them, four long-bearded, long-legged *takhaars*, rifle in hand, running to catch their horses. I heard his voice, quick and shrill, half inarticulate with haste and dread, quivering out his explanation, and under it like blows the headlong wrath of the four in answer. ‘Creed,’ said I, as we watched, ‘there’s no surrender there; it is time to go.’

And then I turned quickly at the sound of a rush behind, and straightway spoke again, for in beside us reined the three I had left outside to help us. ‘— boys! but you have done it,’ said I, but speaking gently for the very gravity of it. ‘Who will keep the spitz kop quiet now while we ride under?’ They had feared they were missing some sport, and so had followed after. They deserved to be shot, no doubt, but there was no time to scarify them at that minute.

They had no word to excuse themselves, nor was there time for silence. I went on, ‘Take a good look now before we start, so the one that gets through can tell the General. This garden hedge, that red barn and stables, the farmhouse and kraals—they’re all thick with them. That ridge beyond is alive, and some have ridden over the nek to rouse others. This kop behind, and the ridges right and left, have posts on them. Now get mounted again and come away.’

‘Get mounted,’ repeated I, for while I was speaking Drybrough had jumped down with only one word for it all. ‘A shot! Gad! what a shot! Look yonder at that chance, under the tree on the other slope—seven six-footers in black. That’ll be the commandant. Climb off, boys; one volley will get the lot!’ It had been too

tempting for the rest to see the seven chief men of the commando standing, broad and quiet in the open, looking steadily at us. The seven must have thought the Kaffir was bringing our surrender, we being so far inside their outposts.

But I held Drybrough fast and dragged him back by the scruff. One shot from him would have brought a hail upon us from every side, and in the delay of mounting we must all have been hit. I saw all the tempting certainty of getting that seven; resting our rifles over the rocks we could hardly have missed such a mark at such a range. But we were not here to kill; our work was to get and carry away information. 'A scout must never shoot unless forced to it.'

Drybrough's eyes were snapping to shoot, yet even he could see reason as I dragged him to his stirrup. He as well as the rest could hear the louder din from the increasing cluster round the frightened Kaffir. 'What are they saying, Creed?' asked I.

'They are giving him fits,' answered the lad, as he mounted. And I saw that it was so, for one long, ruddy-bearded burgher struck the Kaffir sharply in the stomach with the muzzle of his rifle, shouting the while in tones that were themselves threats.

My four were mounted ready. I put my foot in the stirrup.

'Scatter now!' I shouted. 'Scatter, and ride for it! Stoop and ride! Go!

Then as I swung into the saddle I glanced behind again, and heard a shot in that angry cluster, and saw the Kaffir slip down amongst them. Whether it were that shot or the starting of my four I know not, but on that instant we got the tearing burst of bullets from every side. It came from hedge and farm and ridge; it came from mounted men all over the place who halted and shot from the saddle; it came from the spitz kop yonder; yea, it seemed to come from the very bushes at our bridle elbows as we went.

Yet neither man nor horse was hit, and, except that I carried the Queen's chocolate ribbon tied at the throat of my jacket, we had had no mark to show for it all. But as I laid the spur to start, a bullet snicked away one streamer of the ribbon as it lifted in the wind.

And if we must go so roaring fast over such bad ground, then it was well the bullets were so thick that they maddened the horses to get away; for maddened horses are sure-footed in the worst places. And here, where the going was all loose stones and stiff bushes, where the casual rider would scarcely venture his

horse at more than a walk, our horses kept their feet at the wild pace of fear. Picked horses, they were well worth their picking, all save one. That one was the handsome red bay under 'Tiny.'

'Tiny' himself was a sore weight to carry in such a desperate race, yet the horse promised well till we came under the spitz kop, where the fire seemed to burst more furious still. There 'Tiny' pressed him for a spurt to pass the quicker, and straightway at that the carrion heart failed in the beast, and I saw his tail lie out aslant, like a frightened mongrel's, as his rider urged him on. But so slow he went that I, who had purposely taken forty yards the worst of the start for the chance of helping any one hit, could not now keep my horse from drawing level with him, though some fifty yards to the right.

We were all riding at about the same distance apart, the better to divide the fire and miss the bullets, and I, watching 'Tiny' on my left, heard him shout, and saw his horse slow down so suddenly that I could only think one or both badly hit. At every stride the beast seemed about to drop.

'Boys!' I shouted, "'Tiny's" got it! One of you this way.'

But in that roar they heard nothing, and it was only as from time to time they glanced round that they saw where I had turned. Then straightway they all turned too, forgetting the information and the General and all else but the comrade in danger. For I had got a mighty pull on my own good horse, heading him round for 'Tiny,' though with not the slightest intention of taking that impossible weight up behind me. Even old 'Gold-dust' himself was not equal to such a burden. The rule was simple, with no room for heroics. I had to bring every man off the field, and be the last man out myself. Here I could give 'Tiny' my horse and send him on, till Drybrough or one of the others on a big horse could come and give me a lift out.

Then all the weight of that resolution was lifted from my mind, for as I came alongside, checking to swing down, my leg half over the cantle, I saw the wretched brute under 'Tiny' prick up his ears to old 'Gold-dust,' and straightway spring into shape again. The sight of another horse had given him fresh hope—one cannot say courage—and he plucked up a turn of speed that would serve if no bullet hit him. He showed no mark of having been hit, so far.

By this time the others were crowding in upon us (giving the firing fresh hope), all bent to see the last man out of it; all ready unconsciously to earn V.C.'s from the newspapers, and eternal

damnation from Generals awaiting information. But I swore loud enough in time enough to get them scattered again, and so we took up the running once more, until we drew away from all firing but that of the few mounted men who had followed us. Fewer grew the bullets, but closer—the rule was always good that the farther one drew away the straighter the burghers threw—till at last the final one fell far short. Then we held rein at the Kaffir huts again, where awhile ago we drank the *duala* and first heard of the Potchefstroom boy, now dead behind us.

Here I sent Creed in to report to the General, and Irwin to see 'Tiny' on as far as a fresh horse, while Drybrough and I dismounted to wait and see if any force of Boers would move this way. Nothing showed, however, save on the right, where I caught a glint of two Boers edging our way through the bushes at the foot of the great ridge. A brisk half-dozen shots put them back at speed, and after that was only the quiet and the sunshine, not a sign of Boer force in front, or British behind, where our army was again on its march to the north.

It was no use waiting longer. The Boers could not intend any move this way in time to affect the march of our army. We mounted and got away home.

The General was just preparing to mount as I rode by. 'Did you get my report, sir?' I asked.

'Yes, nothing of importance, was there? Just a sort of observation party to see what we were up to, eh?' said Hutton briskly.

'Something of that, sir; except that they have some other force behind them. They sent word to it.'

'But nothing to threaten us seriously,' finished the General. 'Thanks!' Then turning to a Staff officer, he continued, 'Let headquarters know that my scouts confirm the report I sent in from Parys. A few small bodies of Boers along the river—not enough to trouble us. That's all.'

Yea, that was all—except to the dead Kaffir behind, who knew too much now for troubling. And except to me, who had much more than that, for I had the memory of Creed's words—of the thing he had done when there was no gallery to see or to applaud; when there would have been only the Eternal to know why he had died, had I gone on.

That was all—it was enough. Scouting has its rewards, though they are not medals.

A. O. VAUGHAN.

Lament for Fionavar.¹

SHE is rescued from days and hours, she is lost to the years
 that pass,
 And the broken pride of her beauty shall lie near the roots of the
 grass.

In vain dost thou seek to recall her, O Queen, she was weary of
 war ;
 Let us bear her away to the peace of the lonely and dream-trodden
 shore.

Far away, near the haunted Rosses, where the sea shrinks out of
 the bay,
 And the world is a purple shadow from the Greenlands to Knock-
 narea,

Where the sky is above and about us, and the sand crumbles
 under our tread,
 And a rain-soft wind from the hills shall soothe the tired eyelids
 of the dead—

We will fold her round with our pity, we will lay her down in her
 grave,
 Fionavar, fairest of women, the daughter of yellow-haired Maeve.

O Mother, how shall we remember, how shall we bear her in
 mind,
 A spent lamp lost in the darkness, or a flame that went forth on
 the wind—

¹ Fionavar was the daughter of Maeve, High-Queen of Connaught. She died on the battle-field, and was carried in the evening to Maeve's tent by the heroes with chants and lamentations.

Is she broken and silent and gone, like the broken string of a lyre,

Or radiant—a child of the lightning—a spirit of music and fire ?

Did she mock at the growing flowers, think scorn of the spring in her pride ?

Though the guardian hills stood dreaming about her she would not abide.

The rain and the wind were her comrades, she left them, she went forth alone,

Now the rainbow's circle is broken, the dreams of the wind overthrown.

She forsook the kind hearth of the world, and the sweetness of things that are,

To build up the pride of her soul on some lonely and perilous star.

She is hidden away from the twilight, her secret is known to none ;
She has broken her faith with the wind and the sea, she is false to the sun.

EVA GORE-BOOTH.

Humours of Eastern Travel.

WE had been floating down the Tigris for many days ; Baghdad was our destination, Diarbekr had been our starting-point. We were still in the land of the Sultan's irregular troops—the Hamidiyeh. Our friends had been decidedly encouraging as we bade them good-bye : ' You will probably meet with Kurds,' they said, ' but if they do shoot at you, it will only be for the fun of sinking the raft ; they may rob you and strip you, but if you don't resist they won't kill you.' We felt distinctly elated ; we still clung to ideas of life ; our clothes and provisions were a convenience, but no doubt sheep-skins and rice would be always forthcoming if the worst happened. ' What would you mind losing most, X. ?' I said, as we lay on our backs on the raft, the muddy water rippling very close to our ears, and the muddy banks swinging round as the current changed. ' My hot-water bottle,' answered X. reflectively, ' and you ?' ' My camera first,' I said, after a pause, during which I had pictured X. alone with the hot-water bottle, ' and then my stylo.' ' Yes,' said X. sympathetically, ' I really don't see how you could get on without them ; but perhaps,' she added consolingly, ' if you persuaded the men that there was an evil spirit inside, they would let you keep them.' This was a decided inspiration ; I booked it for possible contingencies ; a hot-water bottle and a camera were obvious resting-places for the evil eye.

We drifted on ; the whirls of a slight rapid caught us—the top end of the raft where we lay dived suddenly into the water and then rose again ; the bottom end followed suit ; we became bowed for a second, then we were flat once more, and loose things which had started jumping about lay still. I shook the water off my sleeve ; X. stretched out a hand, without turning her head, to feel whether the Oxford book of English verse had been washed away. ' Marshallah, the Pashas like water,' volunteered our boat-

man, a little round-faced Kurd in flowing garments. 'The Pashas are English,' answered Hassan the Turkish dragoman, in a tone of dignified rebuke; 'the English fear nothing; why should they fear water?' The boatman paused in his work; he was plying the two poplar poles which served as oars, with which he guided the raft past shingles and kept it in the open part of the river. He started rolling up a cigarette: 'May it please Allah to spare us from an attack from Ibrahim Pasha,'¹ he said devoutly, 'or even these Pashas may have cause to fear.' Hassan looked at him sternly and with some contempt. 'The Pashas are English,' he repeated, 'and the Pashas are not afraid of Ibrahim Pasha.' Reasons are superfluous to the Oriental mind, statements are conclusive; the boatman lit his cigarette and resumed his task. The two Turkish soldiers who formed our military escort and who had been aroused to a slight attention during the conversation, became listless as before, and puffed away in silence after a simultaneous murmuring of 'Aha! aha! Ibrahim Pasha.' The remaining occupant of the raft, our Armenian cook, alone looked disturbed and uncomfortable. He was continually scouting the horizon, and retired behind the door of the hut whenever a black spot was visible. He burst into roars of forced merriment. 'Ibrahim Pasha! who is afraid of Ibrahim Pasha? let him come and we shall give him a warm welcome!' The Turks gazed in front of them in solid, silent contempt.

Silence reigned again—only the splash of the oars was heard and the beating of the water against the skins. There were 260 sheep-skins in the raft, blown out and tied with bits of string on to two layers of poplar poles fastened together crossways. At one end of the raft were the two huts which served as shelter, made of felt stitched across upright poles; at the other end were bags of merchandise which served as ballast, and on these we stretched our rugs and lay all day. Nothing broke the monotony: the river wound its way slowly in and out round mud-banks; the country as far as one could see was unbroken, endless mud; the water one drank and washed in and floated on was diluted mud; the occasional village on the banks was built of mud, the inhabitants were mud colour; the very sky gave one a feeling of mud; it was time for a diversion. Away in the distance, since early morning, there had been a black smudge on the horizon which was slowly taking more definite shape, as we followed the course of the shiny loops of the river, the one break in this endless

¹ A Kurdish chief. The head of the Hamidiyeh.

monotonous waste. We had lazily fixed our eyes in its direction; almost imperceptibly it had evolved itself into great masses of solid black limestone rock; a few more turns of the river and we shot right under them and were suddenly shut inside a narrow black gorge; bare walls of rock rose straight up on either side, and above a narrow stretch of sky line with its broken edges formed by the turreted ends of rock; and in a row on every point, silent, motionless, awe-inspiring, sat peering down at us, like sentinels on guard, great brown vultures of the desert. I fidgeted uneasily; an armed brigand flesh and blood could stand, but this penetrating, undivulging, inhospitable gaze was too uncanny. To appear unconcerned I took out my field glasses and stared back; with deliberate scorn, and of one accord, they slowly spread out their great wings, shook them and soared up in the air, dropped down the other side of the rocks, or took up a fresh standpoint a little further removed from the intruders. I felt happier; it was a distinct score. We floated on; the river was getting dangerous, a wind had arisen and the current was very fast; there was only just room for the raft to rush between hard, sharp-edged boulders of rock; it seemed as if every minute we should be dashed to pieces or stranded at an acute angle on one of them.

The soldiers helped with the oars, they and the boatman keeping up one prolonged yell of 'Allah! Allah!' They exerted themselves strenuously, a strange thing for Turks to do; the raft creaked and rocked and plunged; there was a very disturbing sense of fuss and unseemly exertion on board; the cook was saying his prayers inside; only Hassan, with an air of total unconcern or even apparent perception of what was going on, was laboriously adding up his accounts; and X., with equal unconcern, was mending her gloves. On such occasions one thinks of one's past sins and the future; I thought of the future. I stood up and leaned my back against the wall of the hut to steady myself. 'X.,' I roared above the din, 'I wonder what there is for supper to-night.' X. looked at me with a bored expression. 'The same, I should think,' she said, 'as we had last night, and the night before, and the night before that; why this sudden interest in your food?' 'Because,' I said, 'I have an idea I shall enjoy my supper to-night.' 'Yes,' said X. (X. was always sympathetic), 'this sort of weather does make one hungry.' Further conversation was prevented by a sudden leap of water and raft right into the air, and with the leap went up a loud cry to Allah as the men

threw themselves with one great determination on the oars ; we shot head downwards into the dark waters, past the white froth of foam ; there was a moment of turmoil, then everything became very still. The men rested exhausted on their oars ; the sound of roaring waters sounded faint in the distance. I looked round. Hassan was still at his accounts ; X. had finished her gloves, and was lying back with her eyes closed ; the cook's prayers had ceased. We were through. The cook came out rubbing his hands jocosely. 'Arten,' I said, 'your prayers have saved us from some inconvenience.' Arten looked conscious. 'What danger has there been?' he said. 'Was the Pasha afraid of the waters?' 'No, indeed,' I returned ; 'it was not the Pasha who was afraid of the waters, but she was afraid she might not get her supper to-night.' 'The Pasha is hungry,' said X. ; 'we must have onions as well as potatoes to-night.' The cook bowed assent and returned to his cooking-pots.

The wind had dropped. A fine drizzle was spitting in the air. The rocks rose less steeply, and a band of green vegetation skirted the banks. Little spurts of glistening water ran out higher up, and, as they dashed down to join the river, shot between masses of ferns or trickled through beds of green moss. It was months since we had seen anything green, and we feasted our eyes and senses on the unaccustomed luxuriance. Oleander bushes with bright red blossoms stood out against the dark rock, water birds darted in and out, and vultures hovered over head. Sentiment was in the air. 'X.,' I murmured softly, 'what does this make you think about?' 'It reminds me of Scotland,' said X. 'Why—what does it make you think about?' But I had stopped thinking about it, and agreed that I had seen places like it in Scotland. We were rapidly floating out of the gorge ; already on one side the rocks were giving way to mud-banks, though on the right bank the sides rose steeply in high, jagged cliffs. I lay back with a sense of enjoyment of life and peace ; my thoughts had strayed to western scenes. We turned a sharp bend in the river, and I vaguely noticed a native woman carrying a child in her arms. All of a sudden the atmosphere seemed disquieted. The two soldiers had seized their rifles and dropped on one knee as if marking prey ; even the imperturbable Hassan was handling a dangerous and antiquated-looking weapon. There were men on the shore hailing us, and our boatman was shouting back vociferously. 'Pashas,' said Hassan in a solemn voice, 'put on your hats.' I slowly woke to the situation as I obediently

donned the insignia of our nationality. There were men on each bank; they were armed men, and their arms were pointed at us. 'Why, X.,' I exclaimed ecstatically, 'we're held up!' X. looked at me with a pitying expression. 'You've been rather a long time taking that in,' she said. This was not the moment for feeling snubbed; I wished to show that I was now acting with cool deliberation. 'X.,' I said, 'before leaving England we took some trouble with revolver practice. With much inconvenience we conscientiously wore our revolvers all through the wilds of Mesopotamia and Armenia. For some weeks we slept with them loaded under our pillows in the Taurus Mountains; they are now hanging discarded on the walls of the hut. Do you not think the moment has arrived for giving ourselves some little return for all the bother they have been?' 'They have been a bore,' assented X.; 'perhaps it is our duty to have them now.' I went and fetched them and solemnly handed X. hers. 'They are loaded,' I said 'but they seem rather sticky and rusty. I wonder if they will go off.' 'Please point the other way if you are going to try,' said X. I could not allow this challenge to my want of knowledge in firearms to pass, and replied with dignity: 'Remember to aim at the middle of the man; then if you miss his heart you have a chance either way at his head or his legs.' 'I do not think I shall fire,' said X., 'because I cannot do it without shutting my eyes. I will just point.' 'I, for one,' I replied firmly, 'am determined on having a shot at them,' and I unscrewed my Kodak. The river had become very narrow, though the current was slow; the men could keep pace with us at a walk. We were in a cocked hat. I gathered my wits together and debated on chances. The Kurds did not alarm me, but I cast nervous glances at Hassan. 'X.,' I said at last, 'if Hassan fires that blunderbuss he cannot fail to hit either you or me.' X. surveyed the situation critically. 'I don't think it will fire,' she said; 'he was trying to shoot with it one day and it would not go off.' I breathed more freely. 'Effendi,' said one of the soldiers to Hassan, 'tell the ladies to go into the hut.' 'Pasha,' said Hassan, 'you would be more out of the way in the hut.' X. laughed, Hassan laughed, the soldiers laughed, we all laughed—except Arten; he did not laugh—yet. Meanwhile the soldiers and the boatman had been yelling and shouting at the brigands as they kept pace with us on the shore. As they spoke Kurdish we could only wait developments, and were unable to know what negotiations were going on. They were a fine set of men—dark, handsome, well set up, their

long, black curly hair worn down to the collar; they were dressed in bright colours and armed to the teeth with long knives and pistols, besides the rifles they were flourishing.

'There do not seem any villages near,' said X.; 'we shall be very cold if they take our clothes and we cannot get sheep-skins.' 'Yes,' I said, 'and very hungry if we can get no rice. We have longed for this moment, but there do seem to be inconveniences connected with it.' My heart suddenly warmed within me. 'X.,' I said, 'isn't this a splendid piece of luck?' 'Glorious,' said X., and we gave ourselves up to the full enjoyment of the situation.

We had got into a faster bit of current, and the men had to run to keep up with us; they seemed to be yielding to the importunities of our escort: one by one they dropped behind and finally, with a few parting yells, stood and gazed at us as we floated on. Indignation swelled in my veins. 'X.,' I said, in a voice struggling with emotion, 'they are letting us go.' X.'s face reflected my disappointment and disgust. 'And they did not even fire one little shot,' she said bitterly. 'Or try to burst our skins,' I gulped. X. tried to take a cheerful view of the situation. 'Never mind,' she said, 'cheer up, we may have another chance; we are not out of their country yet.' But I was not so easily comforted; I wanted some outlet for my rage and disappointment, and seizing my revolver I fired six shots up into the air and flung the weapon across the raft. The reports rang out loud and clear, and the echoes slowly died away in the answering rocks. Arten's white face peered through a chink in the door. X. turned to the soldiers and demanded of them a full account of their conversation. 'Effendi,' said the officer, 'it is merchandise they want; they dare not touch the personal effects of the English; they have had some good lessons.' 'But,' I interrupted, 'we are loaded with merchandise.' 'Effendi,' said the officer, 'we swore by Allah that it was all your luggage, and that if they took it, the English Padishah would send his soldiers and kill them all.' 'Yes,' broke in the other soldier, 'and we swore that his Excellency the English Consul was on board, and that if they fired a shot he would come out with his great weapon and blow them all into the next world.' The little boatman's face beamed with radiant smiles. 'Ah! the English are a great people,' he said; 'with you English we are safe. I have been down the river scores of times and always at this place I have been robbed. You saw the solitary woman as we turned the corner; she was put there to signal when the rafts were coming; if you see a woman alone

on a bank you know what you are in for. The river here is narrow and the current slow—you have no chance; on the one side the banks are low, and they can draw the rafts on shore and unload the merchandise while the men on the other side high up on the cliffs cover you with their guns.'

'Why do you not carry arms?' we said. The man smiled sadly. 'Pasha, what are we against these men? If we float on they sink the raft by shooting at the skins till they burst and we lose raft and merchandise and all; if we submit quietly they take what they want and let us go peaceably. Should we fire back at the men on the low bank within our range, we are at the mercy of the men on the cliffs who have good ambush. No. Allah wishes it: why should we resist?' There was silence for a few minutes; the Oriental's first refuge from the ills of the world is in his subservience to the will of Allah; his second is in his tobacco: our boatman slowly rolled up a cigarette. 'It is not you English they will harm,' he said, 'they are afraid of punishment. It is we poor ones, who can get no retribution. They take our little all and know we must submit, and they are safe.' 'Surely you can appeal to the local authorities,' we persisted. The man laughed, a low, quiet laugh. 'The Governor!' he said, 'poor man—he is no better off than the rest of us. He has no authority over these Hamidiyeh. Only last week he was set on and robbed himself by a party of them. They stripped him and threw him over a bridge; he was picked up half dead by a passing caravan next day. Aman—it is the will of Allah,' and he took long serene puffs at his cigarette.

During the conversation Arten had emerged from his retreat, and, after casting furtive glances in all directions to make sure of the enemy's absence, he seated himself amongst us on the raft and started winking and giggling. 'Worm,' I said to him in English, a language he did not understand, 'remove your sneaking, sniggering form from out of my sight.' 'Ach, Pasha!' he responded in Turkish, 'we scared them well. We are under the protection of God. Their shots came whizzing round our heads, but none could hurt us; they fell round us in the water like hail-stones, and the air was black with them, and when we shot back we left them dying in hundreds on the bank, and they were afraid to follow. Ah, ah! it was a great fight, and we shall be heroes in Stambul.' 'X,' I said, 'I fear this poor creature's head has been turned with fright; do you think a little quinine would be of any use? We have only that and the eye-lotion left in the

medicine-case.' X. looked at me reprovingly. 'You know you only hate him because he is an Armenian,' she said; 'you will not make allowances for his belonging to a down-trodden race. It is only natural he should boast when he knows what a coward he has been.'

X. was always putting new ideas in my head. I transferred my thoughts from insanity and quinine and looked with fresh interest at Arten; he was a typical specimen of his race, sallow complexion, dark hair and eyes and a huge hooked nose. He was closely buttoned up in a long, thin, black overcoat, which had evidently descended on his shoulders from those of a missionary; on his head he wore a dirty red fez, bound round with a still dirtier coloured handkerchief. He sat crunched up, shivering with cold or fright, and his eyes wandered about uneasily. I looked from him to Hassan, and the contrast was indeed striking. Hassan was the embodiment of strength; there was strength in the massive, well-balanced proportions of his huge frame; there was strength in the poise of his head and in the keen level look of his eyes; there was strength in the quiet repose of his mind and body. If these two men were to be taken as typical specimens of their respective races, one had indeed cause to reflect on the result of one race dominating and crushing another through the course of generations. I sat down to reflect about it. It was getting dusk; the waters were very still; we hardly moved. The sun was setting behind us, and the intense redness of the sky made the rocks underneath look absolutely dead black; the moon had risen and cast a silver glimmer over the dark waters, dark from reflecting the blackness of the rocks; the boatman felt his day's work was over and crooned a low song. We drifted to the shore and made fast the raft with large stones laid on the ropes. A very unsavoury smell of cooking alone kept our thoughts well on the solid earth. Arten appeared at the door of the hut. 'Supper is ready, Pashas,' he said. So we ate our supper that night.

LOUISA JEBB.

The Brown Puppy.

IT is not possible for any man to look dignified with a brown puppy attaching himself sportively to each foot as it carries behind the other in the exercise of walking; there could be no question of dignity, but the man bore the onslaught good-naturedly, for the puppy was so evidently enjoying himself to the top of his bent, with a rapture unknown to mere humanity, that no lover of animals could have refused to lend himself to such exquisite sport. His knitted stocking-heels might have been rent asunder but for the interruption of a clear voice which caused the puppy to desist with a guilty start:

‘Please catch him, and bring him here to be whipped.’

Being naturally kind the man hesitated, but the eyes meeting his over the quickset hedge made scruples ridiculous, so he picked up the aggressor and bore him through the garden gate. The active brown body wriggled in his grasp, but the puppy’s face was stamped with that tragical and wistful innocence which is the crowning glory of the canine race.

‘It was no use my calling him,’ the woman explained. ‘He has no awe of me since he discovered that my bark is worse than my bite. I could frighten him once, large as he is.’

The man laughed as he set the puppy down, and took off his hat to the lady, who had just desisted from using a garden fork and who looked tired.

‘I knew you did not mean to whip him, or I would not have brought him in. What a jolly happy little chap he is!’

‘Isn’t he? Look at him dancing and setting to that great indignant cat who will cuff him the next minute; he is without respect of persons, whether they go on two legs or four. At first his ridiculous youth offended me, but now I should wish him never to grow up into a serious dog with a poll-tax of seven-and-sixpence.’

Her ease of manner was only equalled by her lack of self-

consciousness; the *locum tenens* had never met a woman so untouched by the latter failing—not that his knowledge of life was extensive or his studentship many years behind him. His presence was not permitted to hinder her work, and he took this as permission to stay and talk awhile. He was glad to do this, for Mapledore was dull, and his medical erudition in some danger of rusting for want of use.

As she had repudiated his offered sacrifice of his pipe, he smoked and watched her efforts with an interested eye. Presently after a few remarks of no importance he made a more personal one: ‘I know very little about gardening, but are you sure you are on the right track?’

She put the fork aside as one who had earned a little dalliance.

‘I am on no track at all. I am carefully avoiding all previous footsteps. All my life until now my gardening has been done for me, and the things have seemed tasteless and uninteresting. My own growing will be so different. Nothing is fully enjoyed until it is purchased with the labours of one’s own hands.’

‘You may be right there,’ he answered grudgingly—which is the masculine way with feminine wisdom. ‘What I meant was——’

‘I know: you think my garden looks a little mad. It will look more mad when the things come up—as they will unless I am reckoning without the puppy. There will be great novelty of arrangement. I buried a potato here and there whenever the spirit moved me, and I am looking for their resurrection in most surprising places. The peas will appear in fairy rings round feathery crests of carrot tops; and the onions, in serried ranks of green spears, will keep order generally. My garden will be known as The Crookeries; but as a curve is the line of beauty——Oh, you might laugh, when you see me trying to be so brilliant!’

He smiled instead, for he was not much gifted with humour, and he had been wondering of what her face reminded him. He did not laugh, even to himself, when he decided that she was like the brown puppy: there was the same exceeding brightness and vivacity coupled with the same tragical innocence of regard. Now, in the puppy this look was entirely misleading, for he abounded in the joy of life, with no repentance whatever; as regards the woman the onlooker could not be so certain. Surely over her the winds of God had blown coldly—the winds of God, or else—he did not know, but he was much interested.

'I am quite sure your garden will be one by itself. But supposing nothing comes up?'

'Everything will come up,' she answered confidently. 'I have been generous with the seed, and even my mishandling cannot rob the earth of its quickening power; neither will the sun nor the rain notice that I did not use a garden line.'

'But even then there are slugs and things,' persisted the prosaic young man, who desired to be useful.

'I go slug-hunting by lantern-light at ten every evening. I make a collection on a cabbage leaf, and then the puppy and I convey them as far as the sand-pit. They can't do much harm there, and I do not think they could make the return journey in time for the lettuces, even if they were express slugs.'

'Very likely not—and they would call first upon me. If you take my advice you will hire a man to do this rough work for you.'

'Why?' she asked a little sharply, and her face flushed.

'Because you are not used to it; your wrists are much too slight to lift that heavy fork.'

With an air of relief she regarded her slight hands soiled with honest earth.

'But that is the way to get muscle up. I've always wanted to do such things—to iron my own frocks and wait upon my guests—when I liked them well enough. The old times were best, when even great ladies sat spinning with their maidens, and understood the art of calendering fine linen. Then they served the stranger within the gates with their own hands. Hospitality has lost its grace now that we pay hirelings to perform the least act of service.'

'You may be right; yet if we can afford good servants I do not see why we should not have them. The well-to-do have infinite scope for working off superfluous energy—a forty-mile cycle ride, for instance.'

'A pleasant sort of treadmill exercise; I have always wanted to grind something—to come and go with sticks for my own hearth, and work for my daily bread out under God's sky. The simple life has always been my ideal, with its wholesome self-respect and health of mind and body.'

'And you seem to have attained to your ideal,' he said lightly: 'comparatively few of us do that, you know.'

'I suppose I have, in a sense, yet under conditions, and hardly as a freeholder. I doubt if Damocles had reckoned with

the sword over his head—yet possibly it may have enhanced his feast.'

'She is afraid of poverty, now it has come to her,' he told himself, making a wrong diagnosis, but not committing himself to speech.

'You mean that too much security dulls enjoyment, and robs it of zest. It may be so, although the puppy has not discovered it yet.'

For the puppy, having been soundly cuffed for forward behaviour by the stately cat, had retired in good order to his own playground, decorated with various gnawed bones and all the curiosities of research which only a puppy can unearth in a given area. Much engaged as he was upon a hairless old scrubbing-brush, he could still roll his eye lovingly and roguishly upon his human admirers; he had even a propitiatory wagging tail for the stern cat, and would have loved her too, so full of kindness was that small puppy's large heart, if her vixenish temper would have suffered it. Stooping down, the woman held out her arms and the puppy leapt into them.

'I haven't whipped you yet,' she said softly into one drooping velvet ear. Then she rose and held out a friendly hand.

'Seven o'clock! I must go in and prepare supper, and it is your dinner-hour. You see I know the ways of the gentry.'

'It was quite unnecessary to tell me so. May I come again to see this "Alice in Wonderland" garden?' •

'By all means, when you are passing; life is so little without an audience.'

Gathering her tools together, she went indoors with the puppy as train-bearer, and a little later, during the consumption of his employer's tough country mutton, the *locum tenens* asked the housekeeper concerning the ways and means of the lady living at Cherry Cross. Mrs. Lockett, who prided herself upon knowing all there was to be known about any resident in the village, was quite equal to the occasion.

In her own words she informed him that Miss Lester had been at Cherry Cross one month come Whit-Monday, that she had brought an old servant with her who was practically useless through rheumatism; that Miss Lester, with occasional outside help, did most of the domestic duties, and mishandled the garden as only a rash and ignorant person could venture to do. Like an able judge, Mrs. Lockett summed up with no apparent leaning towards the prosecution or the defence.

'Sarah Lane—that's her with the sciatics—do say that Miss Lester has no call to do as she does, that it's just a whimsey, owing to her having been brought up so different. I declare to goodness it wouldn't be my choice if I'd money coming in reg'lar, as they say it comes to her. Seeing she looked genteel, the gentry had a mind to take her up, but the squire's wife warned them of that, because one day when she was a'most through the gate to pay a call she saw Miss Lester a-spreading tablecloths to bleach in the sun. She might have been doin' worse, I think; but high-life people has their own notions, so they don't go a-nighst her now.'

'Then the loss is theirs. All the same, I doubt if Miss Lester is well off.'

He doubted it still more as he watched her garden growing, for hers was not the calm content belonging to regular dividends and an assured future, although the brightness with which she plied her homely tasks had its great charm for him. And despite its mutiny against accepted formulas and the undisciplined efforts of the puppy to quarry out sepulchres for his bones, her garden grew and flourished.

She may have had that kindly touch which seedlings thrive under, for although they came up an irregular and undrilled squad, no lack of technical skill could retard their growth or make them weaklings. The puppy could enjoy the forest rights of the tall peas and beans waving far above his head, and in such ambushes he would lie in wait for the stately cat, and so ruffle her dignity and her fur by sudden rushes which overturned her into the celery trench that she thought worse of him than ever.

The *locum tenens* found Mary Lester and her dog very entertaining companions, so he went and came with the happy assurance of a free-lance. She told him once that he was lowering his social status by so doing.

'You have a reputation to lose, whereas I have none. In Mapledore I am quite outside the pale. Could The Crookeries, with its upstart, straying potatoes, belong to a person whom it was desirable to know?'

'Personally speaking, I would far rather come to The Crookeries, with its delightful surprises, than visit up at the "House," where it is so dull, and where there is not even a brown puppy to bite my stockings into holes.'

'We are going to knit you a pair between us, we are so flattered that you like to come and see us. At the suburban villa very few men ever came to see us. I am alluding now to ancient history, when the puppy was not.'

'Why?' asked Kingsford, with the bluntness which good-fellowship had established between them. 'Why shouldn't other men have been just as pleased to come and see you as I am?'

'Because times are changed. You know the dreadful gentility that reigns under the stern eye of a model parlourmaid. Here in Mapledore I can venture to be just myself—for better or for worse. By this horny hand of toil, I swear that I have done with pretending for ever and ever.'

'You should swear by something more substantial. I believe you garden in gloves when no one is looking; your hand looks smaller and weaker than ever.'

He might have added that the healthy sunburn had not tanned her face, with its strange wistfulness which no bright manner could ever hide. As she watched the great flaming sun drawing down towards the ripening earth he wondered anew what shadow was between her and its light. He was rather commonplace, with few inspirations save those belonging to a kind heart; but he was a gentleman, and Mary Lester and the brown puppy had discovered this at the very first attack upon the knitted stockings. She had so obviously forgotten her visitor in watching the splendid glow of earth and sky that she turned apologetically when the puppy thrust himself upon her in triumph to display a tramp's discarded boot, which at great personal risk he had wrested from a bigger dog than himself.

'I am like the little girl who could not believe that this is merely the wrong side of heaven. I also resemble the wicked old man who found this world more than good enough for him. If only that great dazzling sun would take me with it, I should escape the night, and see the Southern Cross put out by a greater glory.'

'The sun is not very long away from us at this time of the year,' he answered cheerfully; 'and you look as if you needed a good night's rest.'

'I think not, for the dark hours seem wasted with a summer so delicious and so brief. It makes me sorry to bid the sun good-night. I would rather see its gold upon the happy fields and shining through the clear still water than be rich in worldly gear. Now you—you think the sun well enough in its way, but your thoughts are fixed upon another sort of luminary—a bright red lamp burning over a brilliant brass plate in Harley Street?'

He laughed quite good-naturedly. 'Naturally they are; it is the romantic ideal of every youthful practitioner who has

managed to scrape through his examinations. But I have as much chance of arriving at Harley Street as your puppy has.'

She looked at the puppy struggling victoriously with the discarded boot, and answered thoughtfully :

'You might have made a more hopeless simile. It is characteristic of the puppy that he always gets what he wants. You might both go there—to Harley Street, I mean. You would do well there, I think, for you are kind, and so many go to a doctor when they are less sick than sorry ; you would do them good.'

Not the most conceited man alive could have misinterpreted her words or wrested their wistful simplicity away from the truth. He was not conceited, and he answered in the same spirit :

'If you really felt that, you would let me know what is wrong : even if I could not help you, it might do you good to tell me.'

Her face darkened as though the sinking sun had finally withdrawn its light. After a little pause she answered almost recklessly :

'There is no reason why I should not tell you, especially as you will be leaving in a few days. A little while ago, when I thought I was free to live my life in my own way—such a simple way—I found the sword above my head. I consulted Provis, and he showed it to me ; he even told me approximately when it would fall. Now you understand why I think so much of this summer—for it is the last I am to see.'

So this was the meaning of the look upon her face ! And the sentence had been pronounced by Provis—the man so famous for never making mistakes. He looked at the thin white hand which no sunburn could brown, and blamed himself for having thought that only the cares of poverty were weighing upon her. He spoke gently, as we do to those under sentence and with no hope of reprieve.

'I wish you had told me this before. Why did you not ?'

'Because no one here knows, and I wanted to play at life a little longer—to make believe, as children do.' And then she told him in a few words, and inexperienced as he was he felt that Provis had made no mistake—could have made none—in so simple a diagnosis of incurable ill.

'... It isn't as if I felt much pain—if I did I might be glad it is merely a question of months ; but you see I wanted to live—just that ! I had no ambition, no wish to get in any one's way ; I wanted to enjoy life just as the puppy does. At first I almost hated him because he was so young, so different from me ; but now I love

him too much to grudge him anything. You know now why the sun goes down with a splendour for me that others are blind to—why I never want the night to steal the colour from my flowers. I have to snatch at my joys, to reach for them through bars; and as the swift current hurries me away I grasp at each blossoming bough—and it breaks in my hand.'

He wanted so much to say something that was kind and pitying, yet nothing better than a stereotyped professional remark would occur to him.

'But surely you are not carrying out the instructions that Provis must have given you! Your old servant does hardly anything, and merely gives you trouble. You are using no means to prolong life.'

'I know what you mean—that I ought to have stayed in the suburban villa with a white-capped nurse in attendance, and all the paraphernalia of an incurable illness. I couldn't have endured it. I should have had the clergyman calling officially, and it would have shocked him to see the fear of death deepening upon me with each day; for I am afraid—that is why I play at life—why I shall plant bulbs in my garden for a spring that is not for me. In the quiet times I am so frightened of what is coming that I almost want to run and meet it.'

It was as though a child had put a timid hand into his through fear of the darkness, and all that was kindest and most faithful in him responded to the appeal. Wayfarers together for a little space, he wanted to cheer her for those last steps that each must take alone.

'I have no fear that you will do that—I know you far too well. You are only frightened of the shadow; you will be quite brave and hopeful when the call comes. I have seen many die, but so few afraid.'

She watched him earnestly—so earnestly that not even to give her comfort could he have spoken untruly.

'I am thankful to hear you say so. I feel that you would not dare—would you?—to speak peace unless you believed; for you see how soon I *must know*.'

'No,' he answered her simply; 'I would not dare.'

'Please don't think hardly of me for making so much ado about dying—I know it is the common lot, and one ought not to mind; but how I shall miss the pleasant homely things of every day—my little dog who thinks there is no one like me in the whole world! Why couldn't I watch the sowing and the reaping

just a little longer? and what harm would it be if the scarlet poppies flamed for me as well as for others until a few more years had passed?’

‘It pains me to hear you speak so sadly. Remember what you said about this being the wrong side of heaven; try to think of it differently.’

‘I have tried—so hard; but sometimes when I look up past innumerable stars into that nothingness which we call space my soul turns giddy. How lonely it will feel without its accustomed body—how lost in such desolate freedom!’

And with the youth of his own body almost denying its mortality he did not know how to answer her—how to reach the lonely place on which she stood; but his silent sympathy touched her more healingly than any words could have done, and the brave cheerfulness of her voice came back as the puppy rushed in breathless with triumph at having barked the mail cart right out of sight and surprised the driver into reckless language. He was so overjoyed at this piece of mutiny that he could not pretend to be sorry as his mistress took him to task.

‘Puppy, you will do that once too often. You should play with your disreputable scrubbing-brushes; they are safer toys, and will not break you. Who would think that one small body could contain so much delight? You must be very tightly packed, with no room for a good conscience—bad ones take less space.’

Then she turned brightly to her visitor, as one bestowing a favour rather than asking one:

‘As our friendship began with the puppy, I should like it to end with him too. Will you have the reversionary interest of him and his bag of biscuits—when we have to part company?’

He might have promised a greater thing and given less comfort. She bade him good-night so cheerfully that he could scarcely identify her voice with the one which had pleaded so wistfully for the denied gift. Her questions repeated themselves to him often, but there was no answer. Why not for her the sowing and the reaping, the splendid glow of the wild poppies, when there were so many blind and deaf to the simple wholesome joys of life—so many misusing the hours which she spent diligently and to no harmful purpose? He could not answer these questions, and he was only sure of one thing—that Provis had made no mistake.

The *locum tenens*, driving back from a case through the early

summer morning, thought the sight and feeling of it worth the sleepless hours.

It was still so early that the dawn had not broken two hours, and the rising sun sent level red-gold rays to pierce the white mist which brooded over fields ripening so fast towards the harvest. In a serene, clear sky the young crescent moon was fading out of sight—the same moon which at its full was to light tired harvesters upon their homeward way. The little breeze which stirs with the dawn had stilled like the twitterings of waking birds, and a beautiful silence refreshed the new day.

Neither indoor nor outdoor servants were astir, so he had to unharness the horse himself. His hands were busy at the first buckle when hurried footsteps made him turn round to encounter the driver of the mail cart, who was breathless with running and very obviously relieved to find the doctor up and out.

‘You must come to Cherry Cross—the lady’s hurt! That d——d dog of hers got under my wheels, and before I knew it or could pull up she was under them too. I believe she is done for; but she ran to her death, and I only knew what had happened when I felt the wheels jerk.’

The man was so white and frightened that he could scarcely speak, and it was only the consciousness of work to be done that steadied the other from such a shock.

‘Where is she?’

‘I carried her through the garden gate, and laid her down—she said it hurt too much; then I came for you. There wasn’t anyone else about!’

Rebuckling the strap, the doctor told the man to get up, and they drove swiftly off. Knowing that he had a simple restorative with him, he did not go into the surgery for splints and bandages, for an unerring instinct told him there would be no need of them.

He felt that the sudden call had come in mercy to save her those last lingering days which she had so dreaded. His first glance showed him the truth of this, for death was in her face—the peace and aloofness of death without its terror. She knew him, and could speak faintly:

‘It does not hurt so much; but, oh, do not touch me!’

There was little need to move her, and he checked the man, who wanted to be useful without knowing how.

‘There is nothing you can do here. Go into the house and rouse the servant.’

Watching his face, she understood ; she may have done so from the first.

‘Then this is the last chapter—the last page?’

‘Yes ; but you are quite brave and not frightened?’

There was nothing professional in his kindness, for this was a parting between dear friends, and her vision was clearer than his as she looked round wistfully before answering :

‘I don’t think I am afraid. It is morning, and I am out among my flowers. Those level sunbeams seem a kindly way for a lonely soul. I am a little sorry, but not afraid.’

So he stayed by her in the garden which she had planted so irregularly and yet by the law of love. Every old-fashioned dewy flower breathed fragrance, and the warmth of the ascending sun touched her white face and the whiteness of her lilies, revealing a glory in each. The brown puppy, unscathed and merry with his toys, was quite unheeding of what he had done—in a few more months he might have understood and broken his heart with grief—and presently came bounding to her side, and a whimsical smile dawned in her brave eyes.

‘I can’t whip you, Puppy ; that is all done with. As a big dog you will not remember what a naughty little dog you were once—I am glad about that.’

Then she addressed the man who was guarding her so carefully from the puppy’s ignorant and ecstatic affection.

‘It was pure accident ; the man did not see, and I had no time to think. Perhaps God meant that—to give me no time—to become afraid——’

Mary Lester had left the *locum tenens* more than the brown puppy, and although he did not reach Harley Street he was near enough to it for prosperity. As she had foretold, his kindness of heart served him better than more brilliant attainments, and those who were more sorry than sick found his counsel and sympathy very helpful. His wife drove out with a handsome St. Bernard in her carriage, but he himself never took the briefest holiday without one old and loving friend—an Irish terrier who was called in age, as he had been in youth, just ‘the brown puppy.’

ELLEN ADA SMITH.

Rahel Varnhagen.

THE GERMAN SIBYL OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

RAHEL VARNHAGEN stands at the tumultuous close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, a notable figure among the women of her time and nation. It was a time of which Gutzkow complained: 'The misfortune of this period is that the women are so far behind the men,' and 'the relations between men and women are a perfect caricature,' so that the few women like Goethe's Bettina and Rahel the Jewess stand out all the more sharply from their sisters of the German Hausfrau ideal. Friendships such as Rahel had with the notable men of her day; letters such as she wrote to these friends, frank expressions of her ideas and aspirations, were something unheard of until then in Germany; she was, as it were, the first of her sex to speak out plainly and declare her own individuality. And although she possessed no creative gifts, either literary or artistic, yet the force of her life and personality was such as to win for her the title 'The Sibyl of the Nineteenth Century.'

Two things are noticeable in Rahel Varnhagen, apart from her winning personality, from the charm of wit and manner which can only be realised by contemporaries: first, her passionate devotion to the Freedom movement which was animating Young Germany at the time; and, second, her marvellous intellectual appreciation and adoration of Goethe. This appreciation is wonderful indeed, when we remember that her recognition of the poet was so entirely the prompting of her own nature; that even as a mere girl, alone, she grasped and comprehended the significance of a genius as yet unknown to the majority, as yet only understood by a few. Quite alone, a mere girl, studying in her own little 'attic,' her nature responded intuitively to the master soul and, long before the world said it, she declared him boldly to be beyond compare the highest, greatest, only poet.

'A new volume of Goethe,' she says, writing of her girlhood, 'was a festival to me, a beautiful, splendid, beloved, honoured guest, who opened for me new gates of life, of unknown bright life. *My Poet.*'

When Rahel was twenty-three years of age she met Goethe at Carlsbad and charmed him by her sympathy and *esprit*. 'A beautiful soul,' Goethe calls her, 'harmonious—the more one knows her, the more one is attracted and lovingly held. A girl of rare understanding, who really thinks and feels—where can one find such another? Oh! we were constantly together, very friendly and intimate with each other. One admires her great originality, and even her originality is lovable.' As for the little Jewess she said simply: 'I worship him,' yet afterwards she made no attempt to force a continuance of the sympathetic friendship which must have meant so much to her. Some years later a friend sent Goethe some of her notes on his poems, without revealing her identity. The poet was surprised at their insight and said it must be a very wonderful nature which understood him so thoroughly, yet even then Rahel would not allow him to be told who had written the notes. She took a certain pride in her reserve, keeping, as she said, 'a pure shrine' for the poet in her heart, unknown and unrecognised, perhaps in contempt of the women who worshipped the great Olympian's very human personality and flung themselves at his feet. She does not seem to have met Goethe again until some twenty years later, when the unkind fates accorded a short, disappointing interview—an interview which had even a ludicrous side.

In the twenty or more intervening years Rahel had known vicissitudes, had loved more than once, and had married late in life after a long engagement. She was, in fact, forty-two at the time of her marriage with Varnhagen von Ense, and not until three years later did the eventful meeting take place. It was in August 1815 that Goethe came to Frankfort, and, hearing of the whereabouts of his sympathetic friend of former years, honoured her with a visit. At a quarter past nine in the morning the great man arrived, unexpectedly. Rahel was not yet dressed. Should she receive him *en négligé* or keep him waiting? Hastily throwing herself into a black wadded dressing-gown, 'sacrificing myself so as not to keep him waiting five minutes,' she rushed to receive her distinguished visitor. But the feeling of 'unloveliness' made her shy and awkward, Goethe was polite and unbending, the visit was short and constrained. The black wadded dressing-gown

spoilt it all, and one can only sigh for the ruined interview which slipped away for ever in the shadow of that unlovely garment. As for Rahel, she wrote to her husband that 'after he had gone, I dressed myself very carefully, as if to make up for it, to mend the matter! a pretty white dress with a high collar, a lace cap, lace kerchief, the Moscow shawl. . . . ' The touch of feminine vanity atones for the suspicion of priggishness which peeps out in her complacent perception of what was really due to the great man—namely, punctuality.

The story of her life is interesting as a reflection of the times in which she lived. She was born on Whitsunday 1771, the eldest daughter of the Jewish banker Marcus Levin. A child of delicate nervous organisation, she suffered acutely under the household tyranny of her father, who cherished the old Jewish idea of the father's absolute rule and kept his family trembling before his outbursts of wrath. Rahel suffered intensely, as a sensitive child would, under this *régime*. In a letter, written when she was about sixteen, she says 'if our mother were to die death would certainly be the best thing for us. I, at least, should prefer it.' She describes her lonely hours spent in a little room at the top of the house, which she was allowed to use as her own study: 'My attic, where I lived, loved, suffered, rebelled. Learnt to know Goethe! Grew up with him, adored him unspeakably.' Her position as a Jewess was the source of many humiliations, although it brought her exceptional advantages in the way of education and intercourse. The Jews were bitterly hated, as ever, by the Germans, and even the richest Jewish families were seldom received in German circles. They formed a society apart, and to this very circumstance Rahel Levin owed the exceptional position she took as leader of a *salon* both before and after her marriage.

Henriette Herz has described how the Jewish women in their rich luxurious dwellings, whilst their husbands and fathers were busy in shops and counting-houses, enjoyed almost unlimited leisure for study. They formed circles for reading literature and philosophy among themselves, Racine and Voltaire in French, Shakespeare in English; they learnt Italian in order to read Dante in his own tongue. Such women, with their quick Oriental minds, cultured and refined, were really the New Women of their epoch. Their houses were frequented by men of note and by the intellectual among the young aristocrats, attracted by the charm of intelligent sympathy and cheerful *sans gêne* which were too often lacking in their own homes. ('Schloss Langeweile' some

one dubbed the German aristocratic circles of the day, presided over by a dull routine and narrow forms of etiquette.) Among Jews of this cultured type Rahel Levin grew up to become the most brilliant and intellectual woman of her time and nation.

She, a simple girl of the *bourgeoisie*, without particular beauty or riches, contrived to have and to hold a circle of friends and a *salon* which was by far the most brilliant and attractive in Berlin. Royal princes, ambassadors, artists, learned men, poets, countesses, actresses—all came. Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, nephew of Frederic the Great, was one of her real intimate friends. He was a young man of uncommon personal beauty and intellect, and he confided in Rahel as in his dearest friend, she treating him in return with the greatest frankness and sincerity, advising or blaming him, as she says, 'not in the least as if he were a prince.' A. von Humboldt, Schlegel, Schleiermacher, Fichte, Gentz, Brinckmann, all were her friends.

It was quite an honour and an event for strangers in Berlin to be presented to the 'Demoiselle Levin,' as a French gentleman records in his memoirs, struck with admiration for his fair hostess, her charm of manner, her wit, her kindness of heart.

The Jews, it is said, have given *esprit* to the Germans, and Rahel was the first brilliant incarnation of this *esprit*, which culminated in Heine. Countless witticisms and epigrams from her lips became national property and exercised the widest influence upon the life and art of her day, all the more because she was so absolutely in touch with the aims and aspirations of Young Germany, its patriotism, its longing for freedom, its Goethian cry of 'Light, more light!'

She had a fine contempt for the people who lived for what she called the 'is-it-proper morality' ('es-schickt-sich-Moral'), their contentment with the material things of life, their talk of things which 'we' left off discussing ten years ago. 'How very few people have ideas!' she sighs.

Her letters are full of reflections and little philosophies of life, which show a real insight into human nature.

'We are really what we wish to be and not what we are.' 'If one listens to the conversation of passers-by in the street, one seldom hears anything but complaints or boasts. All men really aspire to a more worthy and dignified existence; if they do so sincerely, they complain, if falsely, they boast.' 'What makes us really so very unhappy is that we cannot make up our minds not to be happy. But once we have been driven to this point, old age

suddenly comes upon us : we no longer trouble ourselves about the Infinite, but take our share of life and live, as the saying is, for the moment. Tears, splendour, and rage are over ; we become stiff, kindly disposed, and wrinkled. Old age comes suddenly and not by degrees (as we fancy), like all true knowledge.'

She aimed in herself at finding what she called Unity in Life, feeling how much the young minds of her day suffered from being torn asunder by conflicting aims. 'I am at one with myself and consider myself a good, beautiful gift. I am free within myself, not bound to the earth.' Her own youth had its storms and trials. She suffered acutely from the prejudice of the Germans against the Jews, and although she was not ashamed of being a Jewess she felt bitterly the social degradation of a large portion of her race. Speaking of many good gifts which had fallen to her in life she says bitterly : 'But Fate added, "Be a Jewess," and now my whole life is a wound.' For this reason she had to break off her engagement to a young nobleman named Finckenstein, to whom she was deeply attached. The young man himself was too weak to take a decided course, he even told Rahel how difficult it was for him to choose between her and his family, and naturally Rahel set him free.

A few years later she fell in love with a handsome young Spaniard named D'Urquijo. He, however, was afflicted with true Spanish jealousy and could not bear to see her beloved and admired by so many, as she was in her circle. He tormented her with mad scenes of jealousy and reproaches until, at the cost of great suffering to herself, she broke off this second engagement.

Varnhagen describes her at their first meeting as small but well formed, with tiny hands and feet, dark eyes and hair, and a beautiful voice. 'The most wonderful way of speaking I had ever heard, naïve and witty, keen yet loving, true and warm-hearted.'

Her meeting with Madame de Staël deserves to be recorded. Brinckmann the poet had spoken of his friend Rahel with enthusiasm, as a genius. 'Ah! you compare her with me?' said Madame de Staël, amused. 'That is not bad! Has she written anything?' 'No, nor do I believe that she ever will; but I wish she could inspire twenty authors with her genius, some of them would be the better for it.' Madame de Staël naturally wished to make the acquaintance of this 'marvel,' and they met at an evening reception, crowded with princes, learned men, Court

ladies, poets. Disregarding these, the two ladies sat on a sofa and talked together earnestly for no less than an hour and a half. Madame de Staël then said: 'She is wonderful! Germany is really a mine of genius, as I have remarked during this journey of mine.' (She was travelling in Germany and met Rahel in Berlin.) And to Rahel herself she said: 'If I stayed here, I should envy your superiority,' to which the clever little Jewess replied by a neat compliment capable of disarming any and every form of feminine jealousy. Her own estimate of the great Frenchwoman shows her remarkable insight into character, one of her strongest points. 'She has intellect enough, but her soul never *listens*. It is never still within her. She never seems to meditate alone, but always to be talking about it to others; those early *salons* have done her harm. . . . Everything about her is *à rebours*, as when one strokes blades of grass upwards, nothing sweet or gentle. Among so many gifts it is a pity that one is lacking, the one which could make her harmonious: the gift of a quiet simple soul-atmosphere.'

The above extract gives an idea of Rahel's way of writing, of her style of expressing herself both in speaking and writing. Above all things she was natural, clear-headed, and simple in a most affected and unnatural period. She tried to write and speak exactly as she felt, without pedantry (for of this she had the greatest horror)—in short, as clearly and simply as possible.

'I don't wish to write speeches but conversations, as they are carried on by living people,' by which she meant, to write down ideas and moods just as they came, letting the style form itself. She had learnt the art of conversation in Paris and regretted that the Germans knew nothing of it—that their language was, as she says, not moulded by social intercourse like the French. And her influence was felt in this respect of the moulding of the German language both conversationally and in writing.

After her mother's death and before her marriage she passed through dreary years, alone and poor, 'sitting alone in the morgue of my heart,' as she expresses it—during the terrible period of the German struggle with Napoleon. But she writes at last, 'Since I have no more hope for the beauty of life, and have lost or had to give up all that was dearest to me, I no longer feel so keenly unhappy, and I can look upon beautiful objects in Nature with real understanding. . . . My birth shut me out of the world, happiness would not let me in. I hold for ever fast to the strength of my own heart and the teaching of my soul'

This was the philosophy of her saddest days.

Her letter written on the death of Heinrich von Kleist, the poet, who shot himself in despair at the failure of all his attempts to make even a bare living in this period of national distress, is very characteristic :

‘ You know how I think of suicide : as you do. It is not well that men, wretched men, should have to suffer to the very dregs. We must hope in Divine love. Could *that* be made to cease by a mere pistol-shot ? I am glad that my noble friend—for with bitter tears I claim him as a friend—would not suffer an indignity ; he has suffered enough, and not one of those who will perhaps blame him would have given him ten thalers, would have sacrificed nights to him, or have had patience with him, if he had let them see his misery—would never have left off calculating whether he had a right, or whether he really had *not* a right to a cup of coffee. . . . He is and remains a Courage.’

Her marriage to Varnhagen von Ense, a man much younger than herself, but of the same intellectual and literary tastes, was a very happy one. He thoroughly understood and appreciated her, and during the nineteen years of their happy married life their *salon* was, like that of Rahel’s early life, the meeting-place for social stars of every kind. Fichte, Hegel and his disciples, the poet Heine, De la Motte Fouqué, the Mendelssohn family adorned this later *salon*, which Rahel called her ‘ old company of the attic, continued and enlarged.’ Childless herself, she adored children, and her greatest delight was to have her nephews and nieces to play with. The once impetuous Bettina, Goethe’s ‘ child,’ now the worthy mother of seven, in engaging a governess expressly stipulated that she should be ‘ exactly like Madame Varnhagen with the children,’ and a letter of Rahel herself, written about two years before her death, speaks of the ‘ children to dinner for a birthday party, and Dore (the old servant) sitting at table too, because she has been ill. *Voilà mes fêtes !*’

As regards her own sex Rahel had ideas far in advance of her time and suggested a University education for women long before such a thing existed even in dreams. She thought that women had a right to work as citizens, and that social economy was, above all, a suitable sphere for their activity. When some one considered that a literary woman had ‘ missed her true vocation’ Rahel exclaimed : ‘ Granted ! So many women miss their true vocation that the few who miss it by writing may well slip in among the rest. There is no need to pity them more than those others who

have but little pity bestowed on them.' And she had a beautiful saying that 'all mothers should be held in honour and innocent—like Mary.'

She died in 1832 at the age of sixty-one, and a year later most of her letters were published by her husband under the title *Rahel, a Book of Remembrance*, a book which was received enthusiastically. Many of her aphorisms had been published during her lifetime by Fouqué in his weekly paper under the heading *Aus Denkbüchern einer Berlinerin*.

Her ideal of life forms a not unworthy epitaph to her own: 'To see, to love, to understand, not to wish for anything, to be simply resigned, to revere the great Being, not to be ever improving, inventing, and hammering, to be merry and to grow better.'

MARY HARGRAVE.

At the Sign of the Ship.

A WEEK or two ago I was reading *The Antiquary*, amused by Monkbarns's powers of self-deception. The author himself once found a helmet in the ruined chapel of Buccleugh, on Rankleburn, but had to yield to the theory of the Ettrick Shepherd that the prize was an old metal pot that had held tar for sheep, or so the Shepherd tells us. A few days after finishing *The Antiquary*, I came across a Portuguese journal of archæology, *Portugalia* (i. iv., 1903), and found myself first at a fray likely to be more prolonged and important than the feuds between Monkbarns and Mac-Cribb.

* . *

The question of forgery or fraud is raised, on a large scale, by the contents of *Portugalia*. Two learned priests, Fathers Rodrigues and Brenha, have found a wilderness of totally unexpected and very odd objects under the floor of certain dolmens in the rural province of Traz-os-Montes. Nothing is so dangerous to a man's character as to find things which antiquaries never heard of before, and never wished or expected to discover. If the finder is a mere amateur, then he is obviously a poacher on the Monkbarns estate, and the hands of official *savants* are against him. He is accused of 'faking' the novelties himself, or of having been imposed on by local humourists, who, to do them justice, are wonderfully quick at mocking the spectacled archæologist. But if the finders are themselves of the brotherhood, like Fathers Brenha and Rodrigues, then their mates are not sorry, from professional jealousy, to give them the choice of being knaves or gulls.

* . *

It is an old story, now, the finding, by Dr. Schliemann, of what he boldly called 'The Treasure of Priam,' at Hissarlik, or Troy, in 1874. Dr. Schliemann was an enthusiastic amateur, no scholar. He noticed some ruins on the hill of Hissarlik, which he declared to be Troy. He went and dug, and had the impudence to find a strange large copper object in the middle of

ancient cinders. Behind it he thought he caught the glitter of gold. Now Dr. Schliemann was in a quandary. He had no European witnesses, except his wife. He could not trust the local peasants with gold, so he gave the signal for luncheon. The workmen retired, and the doctor, with a knife, howked out a treasure of gold and silver cups and vases, with a diadem, and dozens of earrings, bracelets, buttons, and so forth, of gold, silver, or electron. The ornaments and plate were of unfamiliar forms. Dr. Schliemann handed them to his wife, a young lady, 'my dear wife' he called her in his report, and she wrapped them up in a great piece of cloth and carried them away. I repeat there were no unbiased witnesses. The newspapers were full of the wondrous tale. 'Europe was wringing with it,' as the young buccaneer says in *The Human Boy*. Professed archæologists gnashed their teeth.

* * *

Among these one of the most eminent was M. G. de Mortillet, the great authority on prehistoric man in France, and on many other matters. He said that the doctor's report must be studied without party feeling, and he began by stating, in the most impartial way, that 'every excavator must be struck by the impossibilities of the narrative.' Therefore the doctor must be a liar, and M. de Mortillet, like all scientific men, must know the bounds of the possible and impossible. Diggers, especially Asiatic diggers, cannot be whipped back when gold is in view. Dr. Schliemann had not said that the diggers saw the gold *que l'on remarquait*. Dr. Schliemann was the 'one' who saw the precious metal, at least he says so in his English book. At all events, his tale could not possibly be true. 'How again,' asked M. de Mortillet, 'could the doctor's "dear wife"' (he harped on the phrase) 'carry away the things during the lunch of the diggers?' The doctor must have observed the easily detected character of his fable, for he proceeded to draw a red herring across the trail by talking of the 'owl-headed idols' he found, which really were primitive figurines of women with no mouths, a type now known to be very common in early art, from the caves of Australia to the illuminations of the *Celtic Book of Deer*. The attention of *savants* was drawn away to these objects. That was the essential thing to do. One may be a *savant* without being too innocent. Still, there were doubts. To meet these, the newspapers were made to say that golden jewels like those of the treasure had been found by the Turkish police in the possession of the doctor's workmen. A very

likely story! The diggers would have sent the ornaments to the melting-pot. Besides, the doctor declared that 'his dear wife' had carried the precious objects away. And M. de Mortillet ended with the good old tag :

timeo Danaos et dona ferentes,

Mrs. Schliemann being a Greek.

* * *

It was gallant and generous, was it not, this of the French official archæologist? And it was safe to give the lie to a retired grocer, on the other side of Europe. M. de Mortillet wrote in *l'Anthropologie* (iii. 172-174). If you look for Dr. Schliemann's reply in the index, you are directed to p. 542. It is not there. Under 'Troyes,' however (why 'Troyes'?), you find a reference to p. 562. The doctor had read M. Gabriel de Mortillet's remarks 'with the most profound surprise.' He did not know much of antiquaries, so he was astonished. The objects which he discovered had been examined by M. Emile Burnouf, director of the Ecole Française at Athens, by the French Ambassador, by M. Barthélemy de Saint-Hilaire, and by Mr. Newton, of the British Museum, notoriously one of the foremost of European scholars. Mr. Newton wrote a report in *The Academy*, February 14, 1874. Herein he said 'some few persons have received Dr. Schliemann's narrative with scornful incredulity, and have insinuated that the gold and silver ornaments were fabricated at Athens, or that they were purchased by Dr. Schliemann in some other part of Asia Minor, and associated with the antiquities from Ilium Novum. In other words, they consider his story of the finding of a treasure as altogether apocryphal. I think it right to say that, from the day I first saw the photographs of Dr. Schliemann's antiquities and read his narrative, I entertained no doubt whatever as to the genuineness of the objects found, nor did his account of the mode of his discovery suggest to me any doubt as to the truth of his statements.' On examining the actual objects, Mr. Newton's favourable opinion was confirmed. Moreover, it was true that, three months before the doctor's discovery, two of his men had found and stolen smaller assortments of jewellery, as an ambassador and M. Burnouf attested. The things were now in the Museum of Constantinople.

* * *

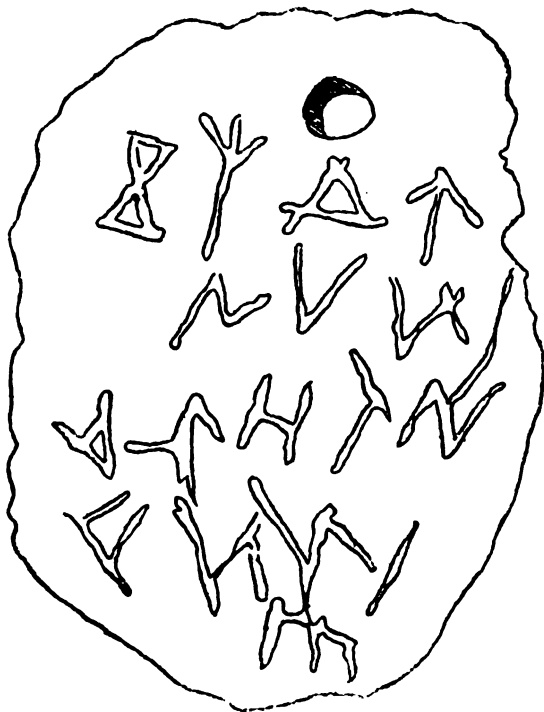
M. de Mortillet replied that the doctor's letter was but another example of his system of advertisement (*réclame*). 'In

face of what he says and what he does I can only maintain my conclusions; prudence is the mother of safety.' In France, had Dr. Schliemann not been an elderly grocer, M. de Mortillet might not have found 'safety' except in his skill with the small sword or the pistol. In fact, he did not find archæological salvation. He was so resolute not to be *naïf* that he tricked himself into denying veritable and verified discoveries, which opened a new field of scientific knowledge. The cruelty of Nemesis has taken a posthumous revenge by allowing the Louvre to be gulled by the sham Tiara of Saitaphernes, instantly spotted by German acuteness: it is the work, mainly, of a modern Russian jeweller, copying ancient models. In this case the motive of the forgery was money; the sham was sold at a great ransom. Dr. Schliemann's motive would have been to prove, by forgery, that Troy was an historical city, and that he had found it. For that purpose he would have bought, or had made, Græco-Phœnician jewels and plate, not things such as no archæologist had ever seen. This fact, so obvious, does not seem to have occurred to his accusers.

* * *

After this little lesson from real life, let us return to our Portuguese discoverers. They are both enthusiastic antiquaries. Their motive for fraud would be vanity, I presume, and the desire to be talked about, for silver or gold or any other metal they did not find. Or they would forge for the fun of the thing, or, again, to prove that man of the dolmen age possessed alphabetiform written characters in the Peninsula—a theory maintained by the eminent archæologist Da Veiga. Vanity, humour, or the proving of a point are all possible human motives. That they should carry away captive two priests of unstained character I must deem morally improbable; nothing is morally impossible. One priest I could fancy doing such a mad act, or one layman; two priests are 'one too many if not two,' as Mr. Harris said of Mrs. Harris's last. But take the other alternative; the priests were gulled by a local humourist, who filled the ground, under a kind of pavement within the dolmen, with hundreds of extraordinary objects. An aggrieved parishioner, or a dissenter, may have taken this liberty with the churchmen, who would not recognise a sham pavement and recently disturbed soil. Now, there *were* aggrieved parishioners. They fancied that gold was in the dolmens, they disturbed the reverend diggers, and they tried to

sell what they found in the country town, Villa d' Aguiar. To the hypothesis of the aggrieved parishioner and local wag, it is replied that, in this remote district, no such person was likely to have the necessary knowledge. Any one who knew palæolithic art might so far imitate it as to do rude scratches of deer, in the style of the pictographs of the Red Indians, the most childish linear designs, quite unlike the beautiful art of palæolithic man. The jester must have known this much, also that neolithic man in Prussia used amulets of amber, some marked with little cups, while others are like Shakespeare's mannekin, 'made after supper out of a cheese-paring,' odd stiff figures of men and women. Such figures our knowing local wag made in the granite stone of the Portuguese district, much harder to work than amber or shale, so that the dollies are armless: in Prussia the arms, hanging close to the body, are rudely indicated. The local wag also knew enough about the ancient alphabetiform characters of Caria, prehistoric Egypt, Crete, and the Peninsula, to inscribe them on stone amulets, small oblong pieces, with a hole for a string I give an example:



It is trying the local jester rather high to expect him to have known all this, and forged all these things before 1894-95, when the Reverend Fathers dug, and when the researches of Mr. Flinders Petrie and Mr. Arthur Evans had not reached their present point, and, perhaps, were not very familiar to remote and rural but aggrieved parishioners. For these reasons I dismiss the theory of the local wag, like the hypothesis of the two false priests. The local wag did not know enough. Therefore, if there is fraud, it must be the fraud of some fairly clever and knowing Portuguese antiquary, perhaps a free-thinker, who, at great trouble and some expense, constructed a cartload of queer scratched and cupped and inscribed stones, and dumped them down in two or three dolmens, all to poke fun at the Church. He has got his fun now, for Don Ricardo Severo has written a long and erudite article on the commodities, which he and other *savants* whom he called to council regard as genuinely antique. They are the queerest grotesque unlikely things in the world, and one design may represent a rhinoceros with two horns (no such beast was contemporary with the dolmen builders in Portugal) or, as several observers prefer to believe, may be meant for a boar. He has huge bristles on his back, in any case. The female dollies in stone are, granting the material, very like other *poupées* which neolithic man made in shale, amber, and pottery in many places, for religious or other reasons. No metals were found, but stone knives or lance points, and a great deal of pottery in small sherds and scraps. The whole collection is almost (I think not altogether) unexampled and heterodox in Europe. There will certainly be a war of antiquaries over the matter, and I am sorry for the Reverend Fathers. They, like grocers, cannot fight duels, but their foes should remember that they can 'do the Curse,' like the Archbishop in the *Mort d'Arthur*, 'in the best manner and the most orguilous.' Bishop Kennedy, of St. Andrews, brought down his man, the Tiger Earl, in one year exactly, by daily cursing, and, like Lesley le Balafre, I will give gold for anathemas on the sceptical 'in whatever manner the Church can best get at them.' Not that I can venture at so high and deep a hazard as denying that the clerical diggers have been 'bit,' but I like their pluck and spirit.

* * *

People who dig ought to do so in the presence of a worthy magistrate, a geologist, ten Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries,

Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and Mr. Maskelyne, the conjurer. Otherwise, to find anything unexpected is as dangerous to the character as to see a ghost. But there is no safety. I say, for example, that a site which I have found is neolithic: B, who did not find it, says that it is of the bronze age. If I find neolithic things, B says I put them there, but if a bronze thing turns up, I am not allowed to say that B dropped it there, 'and the same with intent to deceive.' The hostile spectator is above the suspicion which falls on that very dubious character the discoverer. There will never be an end of the Portuguese war, unless a sceptic finds the same sort of things himself. And even then, I deeply regret to say that some finders are capable of keeping their finds dark, if out of harmony with their theories. Some one found a curious figurine of a woman in the caves at Mentone, and the person whom he consulted advised him to destroy it, 'as it made the caves too recent,' whereas, really, it rather suggested the opposite inference. For my part, when in doubt, I hope that discoverers are honest, and the more unexpected the object found, the less likely I deem it to be forged, speaking generally. It is certainly better to say nothing than to write like M. Gabriel de Mortillet; indeed, I would liefer be duped, and own the fact (it has befallen better men), than bring railing accusations. But then I am not an official authority, with a reputation to lose, and always in a twitter of fright about that inestimable possession.

* * *

I hope the following story of a successful fake is true, especially as, this time, the victim was a very learned German. There was exhibited, not long ago, a set of Greek works of art, in which there was an object in terra-cotta. Who owned it, or what its pedigree was, who found it, when, and where, I do not know. These, of course, are important points. This work of art was very highly praised by the German *savant*, and of this fact I was ignorant. But, visiting the place of exhibition with a lady, we observed the work of art, and I ventured to observe, 'Made in Germany!' I am acquainted with the Teutonic copies of Tanagra figurines, and thought that I recognised the Teutonic thumb. Now I am told that many good judges were dubious, that they examined the work of art, applying all sorts of tests, and finally—O Sherlock Holmes!—that they found a portion of the cuticle of the human hand burned into, or otherwise adhering to, an ancient fracture of the clay. Now, the cuticle of a potter dead some 2300

years ago would not persist till now, and a most unfavourable inference as to the genuineness of the object was drawn. So the story says, but the mere look of the thing was as modern as may be.

* * *

By December 19, we are told in circulars, the *Times* will no longer assure us that we once showed some inclination to buy the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and that now or never is our chance to get it cheap. I certainly never nibbled at the bait, but I got the circular. The 19th of December will be a happy day if circulars are really to cease. In the spirit of Keats I sing :

On the Nineteenth of December,
Oh happy, happy we !
We need no more remember
The *Encyclopédie* !
The *Times* no more will cry it,
But booksellers supply it,
And any one may buy it ;
But I will not be he.

* * *

Consulting the *Encyclop. Brit.* lately, one seemed to have lost one's reason. I looked up 'Alphabet,' and there was a long article on the subject, about twenty-five years out of date. There was a table, showing the Egyptian hieratic characters, and the Phœnician characters supposed to be based on the Egyptian, but no more like them than chalk is like cheese. Later I again took up the same volume, as I supposed, but under the head 'Alphabet' found no article at all, only 'See *Writing*.' So I saw 'Writing,' a good up-to-date article, based on the discoveries of Mr. Petrie and Mr. Arthur Evans. One seemed to have been dreaming. But, really, on the second occasion I had got hold of one of the *new* volumes, including an article on 'Women,' by Lady Jeune. I do not think that there is an essay upon 'Men,' but woman is beginning to assert herself.

* * *

The following examination paper has been sent to me by an intimate friend :

HUMOUR UP TO DATE.

By the Authors of *Wisdom while you Wait*.

1. 'John Banyan, author of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, took his

name from the circumstance that his father's smithy was under a spreading Banyan tree.' (P. 82.)

Would it not be equally funny to say that '*The Pilgrim's Progress* was by Bunnion, an ally of Mr. Richard Cobden in his crusade against the Corn Laws'? Would either remark be worthy of Corne Tooke?

2. *Rhyming Reminders.*

'When the glass is low, oh Lork,
There'll be rain in Kerry and Cork.'

To which of the two authors do you attribute this Irish witticism? State your reasons, linguistic or meteorological, for preferring to read:

When the glass is low, oh very!
There'll be rain in Cork and Kerry.

Estimate the value of either text, if contributed to the humorous column of the *Globe and Traveller*. State the market price of either jest in the early days of Charles Lamb.

3. 'Sir H. H. Howorth's *History of the Mongrels*.' Restate this piece of humour in the original form, giving the date, if possible, and naming the publisher of the *History of the Mongols*, with any remarks on Turgot's legislation as to chestnuts in Corsica.

4. 'When you meet your doctor . . . be careful to resist the temptation to put out your tongue unless he asks you.'

Quote the source of this jape, name the artist who illustrated it (in *Punch*), and compare the Maori form of the witticism, as given in Mr. Haddon's *Evolution of Art*, Plate VI., figure 10.

5. (Candidates for 'Divers' must answer this question, subject to a fine of 5*l.*)

'Herr Sandow has long bestowed personal attention upon a special Gaza class in which instruction is given in the art of bodily removing such fixtures as pillar-boxes.'

Explain why 'Gaza,' with remarks on the postal system in ancient Philistia.

6. '*Dinna forget*, S. R. Crockett.' To what clan's motto is the reference? Render it into Latin, and illustrate from *The Lost Pibroch*.

7. 'Lord Rosebery (when indisposed), Primrose 'Til.'

Explain this joke, giving the earliest name of Primrose Hill, and your opinion as to the verdict in the case of Hill, Green, and Berry.

A copy of the Christmas number of the *Strand* will be presented, on application to the present writer, to the competitor most successful in answering this paper.

* * *

Who does not love 'Literary Intelligence'?

'Mr. Edward Jones hopes to have his new novel finished by the end of the month.

'Mr. Poseidon Hickes is contemplating a new sonnet. Though the subject is not yet announced, those intimate with Mr. Hickes assure us that it will be "colossal."

'We learn that there is severe American competition for the serial rights of Miss Blenkinsop's new novel, *The Veteran*. In the first and third parts the scene is laid in South Africa, in the second part in Kamschatka. Miss Blenkinsop here breaks new ground, introducing us to the *vie intime* of the Eskimo, or Inuit, as they prefer to be called. The main interest is the love of Tant Mœe, a Hottentot woman of fifty, for John Bunting, the Finnish captain of a whaler. The novel is not political.

"'Bonnetts I have Worn" is the title of a series of essayettes which Miss Caroline Frocker will contribute to the *Woman's Parterre*. The book rights have been secured by Messrs. Bungay. The work will be illustrated with photographs of Miss Frocker in the bonnetts, by the artist of *The Bonnet Conspirators*.'

Like Mr. Vincent Crummles, one marvels how these things get into the papers.

ANDREW LANG.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to

The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,

39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1904.

*Nature's Comedian.*¹

BY W. E. NORRIS.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CHOICE OF THE DIVISION.

'WELL, what news?' inquired Anne Dunville, when the Rector came home to tea on the polling-day, after having voted in consonance with his duty and convictions.

'Oh, we're beaten,' answered Dick, dropping into an armchair and stretching out his legs, 'pretty handsomely beaten, they tell me. For the matter of that, we never expected to win, you know.'

'Some of us,' observed Anne, while she poured out the tea, 'weren't particularly eager to win, I suspect. You, for instance, appear to take defeat cheerfully.'

'I can't pretend that I shall regret it,' Dick owned. 'On public grounds the loss of a seat is of small importance to us at the present time, and on private grounds—well, I suppose I wish Harold to be returned.'

'Aren't you sure?'

'How can I be sure until I know what the sequel is to be? And even then——!'

'I take it that the sequel is a foregone conclusion by now; everybody says that it is as good as announced. Not that all this advertising of herself with him would deter Josephine for an instant from throwing him over if she felt inclined; but, as

¹ Copyright, 1903, by Longmans, Green, & Co.

matters stand, only disappointment is likely to give her that inclination, I should say.'

Dick nodded and sighed, gazing pensively at the glowing fire.

'Now, I know just what you are thinking,' his sister pursued; 'but really it is absurd and out of place to have such thoughts about a man like Harold. What difference do you suppose that it would make a year hence if he were as passionately devoted to Josephine at this moment as he isn't? He may make an excellent average husband, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if he did; but that can never come to pass as a result of his being in love with his wife. And he will certainly love being rich.'

'Yes,' agreed Dick, with another sigh, 'very likely he will; although I don't believe he is mercenary. Then, too, one may assume that he, or rather his son, will eventually inherit the old place, which should be a matter of rejoicing for us. But—to tell you the truth, I wasn't thinking so much of him.'

Without superfluous inquiry as to what or whom her brother had in mind, Anne rejoined: 'It's a mere question of time. Be patient and generous enough to allow her a little time.'

But Dick shook his head. 'Perhaps I know her better than you do,' said he. 'At any rate, I know—I wish I didn't!—that she loves him.'

'Lilian can't have told you that!'

'Of course not; but I couldn't be more certain of the fact if she had told me. She is bearing it as bravely as possible; she doesn't give me the faintest excuse for condoling with her; only I am afraid she is breaking her heart. Like her neighbours, she expects from one moment to another to hear of Harold's engagement to Miss Gardiner: but, unlike her neighbours, she acquits him of sordid motives. She believes, in short, that he cares for Miss Gardiner and that he doesn't care for her. Which, as you know, is not the case.'

'She will be none the worse off for believing it to be the case.'

'Ah, but won't she? All depends, you see, upon whether Harold really loves her or not. Supposing, just for the sake of argument, that he does?'

'He doesn't in any sense worth considering; but what then?'

'Well—then Captain Desborough would have my very best wishes, in addition to my vote.'

Anne, who had got up to give her brother his tea, remained standing in front of him, with her hands on her hips.

‘Do you know, Dick,’ said she, ‘that sort of thing makes me feel rather ill. Self-abnegation is all very fine up to a certain point, but it loses its beauty when it is carried to such grotesque lengths. Now, you needn’t trouble to say what you are going to say, for I can hear it all before you open your lips, and, as your premisses are false, your conclusions can’t be worth listening to. Firstly, Harold wouldn’t marry Lilian if he lost the election; it stands to reason that he wouldn’t have money enough left. Secondly, he would make her quite miserable if he did marry her, for he would tire of her in a few months. Thirdly and lastly, she must know in her heart that he is not fit to black your boots.’

‘My dear Anne,’ protested Dick, looking up, with a laugh, ‘are you so little acquainted with your sex as to imagine that there would be the least relevancy in that “lastly” of yours, even assuming it to be true?’

‘I am acquainted with Lilian,’ Anne returned. ‘You say you know her better than I do; but I make so bold as to doubt that. Oh, I grant you that she has been bewitched; it is a great pity, of course. Nevertheless, she will get over it, and sooner than you suppose, perhaps. Give her time, I tell you. I hope and believe that she will be my sister-in-law yet, though she will never be Harold’s wife.’

Anne’s prophecy, at which Dick smiled, as being kindly meant, despite its inherent absurdity, might have been partially confirmed by Harold, had he been distressed by overhearing it; for indeed he did not see how Lilian Ormond could possibly become his wife. That impossibility had been recurring to him at intervals during the last few busy days and had robbed sundry small triumphs of all their zest for him. In affairs of the heart he was always prone to mourn over the impossible, while the probable as invariably scared and repelled him. He was destined—more and more irrevocably destined, he perceived—to be Josephine’s husband, and the prospect, apparently upon the very brink of fulfilment now, smiled less and less at him. All his natural instincts, reinforced by a half-conscious self-knowledge, rose up and waved him back from irrevocable steps. However, he was, as he kept on reminding himself, ‘in for it this time,’ and his misgivings, after all, were but intermittent.

On the polling-day he was quite happy, driving about the constituency on a drag which one of Sir Joseph’s wealthy friends had brought down from London for the occasion. Cheers and waved hats saluted him throughout his progress; Miss Gardiner,

on the box seat just in front of him, was made the recipient of ovations which might perhaps be interpreted as bearing a double significance; he began to feel the species of elation which had hitherto come to him only when, at the end of a thoroughly successful performance, he had stood before the curtain, bowing to a mass of upturned faces, white and misty beyond the glare of the footlights. One cannot in this world have everything; but it would be something, surely, to be jerked up into public life, official life, celebrity of an entirely fresh order. And then some day to be Dunville of Dunville Manor, as his forefathers had been! Almost he persuaded himself that he was playing a truly heroic part, and that the old Dunvilles from their niches in the family vault should be applauding him for his splendid abandonment of their political principles, as well as of his own little personal inclinations.

And when evening came, his supporters had a flattering tale to tell him. The urban portion of the constituency had, according to their information, done rather better for him than had been anticipated, and with regard to the outlying districts they were full of confidence. The estimate of the least sanguine was that he would be found to have left his Conservative antagonist a couple of hundred votes or so behind him.

'Which,' remarked Josephine complacently, 'is all we want and more than we need. I don't mind confessing now, strictly between ourselves, that I have had some qualms of doubt latterly. Not so much about the discontent of the division with Tory rule as about you in your personal capacity. If you had been beaten I should have been furious with you, because I should have felt that it was all your own fault.'

'And may I hope,' asked Harold, smiling, 'that, since I have not been beaten, you are the reverse of furious with me? May I hope——'

She checked him quickly. 'Oh, I can't tell you what you may hope for or what you may not until the result is declared at noon to-morrow. But so long as your aspirations are not too extravagant, I should say that you will have a very fair chance of seeing them fulfilled from the moment that you are entitled to add "M.P." to your name.'

She spoke, so far as he could judge, with intention and comprehension. She was evidently pleased with him, as well as exultant, and these combined emotions were so becoming to her that nobody just then would have dreamed of pronouncing Miss

Gardiner a plain woman. Harold, too, was pleased and exultant. To win cannot, under any circumstances, be otherwise than pleasing, and if Josephine must be regarded as the price of victory, there was no denying that in the eyes of most men she would have figured rather as its reward.

Sad and silent were Captain Desborough's friends that night, while the counting of the votes went on, and although encouraging rumours from the more distant parts of the constituency caused their spirits to revive a little the next morning, the utmost that they dared to hope for was a close finish. Mr. Ormond, who called at the Rectory on his way to hear the result announced, and who offered Dick a lift in his dogcart, did not expect even so much as that.

'Desborough has worked like a man,' said he, 'and we've all done our level best; but the fact of the matter is that we weren't as prepared as we ought to have been. Moreover, we had to contend against those rascally Gardiners, with their money-bags. It's the long purse that is bound to win nowadays.'

'Wasn't that rather apt to be the case in the old days?' asked Dick.

'Well, perhaps it was—oh, yes, I daresay it was. Only in those days, you see, the purse was in the right hands instead of the wrong ones. Which makes all the difference.'

Dick laughed aloud. Presently he remarked: 'It is a good many generations since the purse has been in the hands of the Dunvilles, anyhow.'

'And do you relish the notion of its coming into their hands this way, sir?' demanded Mr. Ormond, red and gobbling. 'Are you by any chance proud of your precious brother?'

'I am not ashamed of him,' answered Dick quietly.

'Then, my dear Dunville, I can't help telling you that I think you ought to be. I quarrel with no man on account of his convictions,' declared Mr. Ormond (who never failed to quarrel with those who did not share his own); 'I can understand there being such a person as an honest Radical, though I don't believe there ever was a wise one. But I do despise a fellow who sells himself for gold!'

'But have we any right to assume that Harold is doing so?'

'Well, he doesn't appear to me to make much secret of the circumstance. It's pretty well understood, isn't it, that he is going to marry old Gardiner's daughter?'

'I don't know; but if he were, it wouldn't follow that he was

selling himself. The question is whether it is just or fair to condemn him for having his own opinions and his own tastes.'

'Oh, excuse me, my dear Dunville,' returned the old gentleman, tartly; 'that isn't the question at all, and I think you know it isn't.'

The Reverend Richard, than whom nobody knew better that that was not the question, held his peace. Poor old Mr. Ormond had very good reasons for being sore and angry, although he had put forward others less irrefutable; the mischief that Harold had done with a light heart could never be undone, perhaps. Spectators, meanwhile, were powerless.

Spectators in thousands thronged the streets surrounding the Town Hall, which building Mr. Ormond entered, Dick preferring to remain outside in the dogcart. Plenty of hats were touched and some rough hands extended to the parson, whose popularity was as wide as the county.

'Well, sir,' said one burly farmer, 'I've voted same as yourself, I expect, though this here Gov'ment ain't done much for the likes of us, nor never will, so far as I can see. But I dunno as I shall be much sorrier than you if the young gentleman gets in.'

'*He's* in all right,' growled another, 'and a good job, too! No more Tories for me, thank 'ee. Farmers' friends, indeed!—wolves in sheep's clothin', *I* calls 'em!'

A lean, cadaverous personage in a long black coat and tall hat, whom Dick recognised as one of the pillars of local nonconformity, volunteered the information that he had departed from the principles of a lifetime by recording his suffrage in Captain Desborough's favour.

'We frequently 'ear it said,' he remarked oratorically, 'that we oughter vote for measures, not men. I tell you, my friends, that that is a pernicious fallacy. Let alone that there's no dependence upon what I may call 'alf-'earted promises of disestablishment, I look to the fact that our elected member represents ourselves in the councils of the nation, and I, for one—I care not *who* 'ears me say it!—I, for one, will never willingly be represented by a godless play-actor.'

'Cap'n Desborough's a sportsman and a good feller,' somebody else observed. 'Free-handed, too, from what I can learn. Don't know so much about t'other, nor yet I don't know what money he's got to spend. I'm for Desborough myself.'

Most of them, Dick gathered, were for Desborough, although the general opinion seemed to be that they would find themselves

outnumbered. Nobody, save the Methodist, appeared to care very greatly who won, nor was the result in its political aspect alluded to with much interest. Only, it was noticeable that—in contradiction to forecasts—those who sported the Radical colours were almost exclusively townsmen. Had Harold, after all, failed to commend himself to a class which, despite grumblings and mutterings, remains instinctively Conservative at heart? If so, his victory could scarcely be assured.

But assurance, one way or the other, was imminent, and while the observant Rector was forming conjectures from the faces and voices around him, the big clock in the market-place struck noon. Immediately afterwards the window above the entrance of the Town Hall was flung open, some half-dozen figures appeared upon the balcony, and then, in an instant, arose a roar and hubbub from the assembled multitude which caused Mr. Ormond's mare to plunge wildly. By the time that Dick, who was holding the reins, had induced her to stand still, a huge placard was exhibited before his eyes, for the sight of which his neighbours' shouts had prepared him :

DESBOROUGH 5,372

DUNVILLE 5,198.

A somewhat narrow majority out of an unusually full poll ; yet, taking all the circumstances into consideration, a decisive one. Dick and others, whose calculations were thus shown to have been completely at fault, could but stare and ejaculate, ' Who would ever have thought it ? '

Captain Desborough, addressing his constituents in stentorian accents, frankly avowed that he, for his part, was surprised, as well as grateful. He had hoped for nothing more, he confessed, than to make his friend Mr. Dunville gallop, if he might so express himself. Conscious of the disadvantages under which he laboured as a stranger in those parts, he regarded his election not so much in the light of a personal compliment—which indeed he had no right to expect—as of what was far more satisfactory to him, a proof that the division reposed unabated confidence in a Ministry which, &c., &c. He would only add that it would be his hearty endeavour to show himself worthy of the high honour conferred upon him, that he intended to make his home in the neighbourhood, and that it was a great pleasure to him to recognise the spirit of fair play which had characterised the struggle from start to finish.

This little oration, especially that part of it which referred to the new member's future place of residence, was received with loud and prolonged cheers. Harold, who followed, was less successful, although he spoke much better and said, in graceful language, the sort of thing which it is customary for a defeated man who has kept his temper to say on such occasions. He must deprecate, he declared, the explanation suggested by Captain Desborough's modesty. He preferred, on the contrary, to think that of two strangers—'for I must, unfortunately, plead guilty to being a stranger amongst you, notwithstanding the place of my birth'—they had chosen the one better qualified to attract and retain their sympathies. That choice he must be permitted, on public grounds, to regret; but perhaps he might also be permitted to congratulate himself and those who had worked so indefatigably for him on the fact that they had reduced by a considerable number of votes the Conservative majority in a division hitherto obstinately opposed to the cause of progress. His supporters, he felt sure, would not be discouraged by defeat; his own conviction was that, had they been provided with a better candidate, they would at that moment have been rejoicing in a victory.

'Oh, you had to say something—you had to say something,' was Sir Joseph's remark, as Harold withdrew, to an accompaniment of applause, not unmingled with laughter. 'I don't think that, if I had been you, I should have said exactly what you did say; but perhaps it doesn't signify much.'

Perhaps it did not signify at all; perhaps nothing in connection with this unforeseen reverse signified beyond the dismal certainty that it had occurred. Harold, who was not much accustomed to reverses, was moved towards that despondent view by the behaviour of the volatile Josephine. Her glance at him, as he approached the spot where she was standing, talking and laughing, with a few of her friends, expressed neither displeasure nor condolence, only a sort of amused curiosity.

'How funny of you to proclaim in public that you were no good!' said she.

Then she resumed the conversation which his advent had interrupted for a moment. 'Apparently it was the rustics who threw us over, after all. I should wonder why, if it were ever worth while to wonder why one has lost a game. The reasons wouldn't be far to seek, I daresay; only I really take so little interest in the game of politics that I doubt whether I shall

meddle with it again in my life. Too tedious, too monotonous, too generally unremunerative! Let's play at something else now.'

And, on being asked what fresh form of amusement and excitement she had to suggest, she replied carelessly, 'Well, I was rather thinking of Monte Carlo for the rest of the winter; there's the music, you know, and the human comedy, in addition to the tables. But I haven't had time to make up my mind yet.'

To Harold, who escorted her downstairs, where Lady Gardiner was waiting for her in an open carriage, she said, without a trace of disappointment or resentment, 'I suppose you, too, will have to find some other outlet for your energies after this tiresome little breakdown. When and where is the new play to appear?'

He answered rather gloomily that he could give her no definite information upon that subject as yet. 'I have been rather busy wasting my time down here of late, you see.'

'Ah, yes, to be sure! That is so unfortunate, isn't it? But mind you let me know as soon as anything is settled, for I want to see your piece. Possibly Heaven may have meant you to be a brilliant playwright; I don't think, somehow, that Heaven can have designed you for an M.P.'

Harold, after she had been driven away, said to himself, with no little bitterness, that it looked uncommonly as though the intention of Heaven had been to make a fool of him. His dreams had been dispelled; he had spent, or would shortly be called upon to spend, almost the whole of his small fortune; he had flung his professional prospects to the winds; he had all but jilted the girl whom he loved, and now he was obviously threatened with being jilted in his turn. 'With the best will in the world,' he muttered, 'one could hardly contrive to be a bigger fool than that—or to look a bigger fool either!'

The smart of looking a fool was, for the moment, even sharper than that of being one. It spurred him, at any rate, to a determination that Miss Gardiner should not throw him over without his consent. Hang it all! he had never failed with women yet. If he was good for nothing else, he did at least possess the trick of winning their affections, and so far he had scarcely exerted himself to win Josephine's. Almost he persuaded himself that he must be a little in love with her, so eager was he to gain what she seemed to be under the impression that she could so easily deny him. Moreover, he was quite sure that he was thoroughly

in love with the idea of recovering the old home. He had made—or so he told himself—immense sacrifices for that idea; he could not and would not now tamely admit that they had been made in vain.

CHAPTER XVI.

A GOOD LOSER.

'THE evening papers have just brought us the news of your defeat,' wrote Shepherd to his former patron and *protégé*, 'and I suppose that in common courtesy I ought to say I am sorry to hear of it. But, as I can't say so in common honesty, courtesy must go to the wall. Westminster, I imagine, will be able to rub on more or less respectably without you, whereas I really doubt sometimes whether the contemporary stage can. Anyhow, I have something beyond a doubt as to whether this theatre can. *Renunciation*, I am sorry to tell you, shows signs of perishing unborn. Moore, who funk'd his part from the first, now declares that he will never manage to make it go, and he is determined not to risk a fiasco. Rather than do that, he says, he will pay forfeit (though we could not legally claim one, I fear), and revive an old piece which might run for a couple of months or so, giving him time to work up some fresh production. I shall be much disappointed if your play falls through; for I think better and better of it myself, and I know who could make its success as assured as any theatrical venture can be. Pray consider the situation and let me hear from you as soon as possible. Of course I am quite in the dark with regard to your plans for the future; but it occurs to me that you may, under present circumstances, have some thought of returning to the boards, and in that case a splendid opportunity would now lie open to you, I believe. The combination of author and actor is so rare that this in itself would probably suffice to fill the house for many weeks, and Moore, I am certain, would be only too glad to meet you half way. You may depend upon it that he will agree to any arrangement that you can see your way to propose. Let me, as an old friend, take the liberty of impressing upon you that such a chance as this is most unlikely ever to present itself again in your lifetime.'

The above missive, which, with many others, reached Harold

on the morning after the election, brought the colour into his cheeks and a sparkle into his eyes. It was almost like the offer of a fortune to a ruined man, and his first impulse was to telegraph joyful acceptance to his correspondent. But on reflection he decided not to act quite so hastily as that. He was going, of course, to see Josephine, and it would certainly do no harm to pay her the compliment of consulting her. It was, however, in the last degree improbable that she would attempt to dissuade him. Calling to mind her parting words on the previous day, he perceived that Fortune was favouring him in a sense unsuspected by Shepherd, that nothing was more likely to take Miss Gardiner's restless fancy than the picture of a playwright rescuing his own piece by assuming the part in it which was declined, as too difficult, by his fellow-actors, and that her interest in him—so perilously and avowedly diminished—was susceptible of being re-kindled by other and perhaps surer methods than those which he had contemplated.

With a serene countenance, therefore, and with a genial cheerfulness which everybody admired, he received the numerous visits of condolence which kept him occupied throughout the morning, and more than once was he congratulated upon being 'a good loser.' It remained to be seen, thought he to himself, whether he was a loser at all. Personally, he inclined to believe that he might gain by his loss; for he was confident of scoring a triumph in *Renunciation*, whereas he had feared from the outset that the House of Commons might have pitfalls in store for him. Besides, it was something that he could now present himself at the Manor with an air of independence which would have been impossible had he been returned as member for the division. For in that event his first step must perforce have been the humiliating one of requesting pecuniary assistance from Sir Joseph. The hired conveyance which took him at a later hour from his hotel towards Sir Joseph's residence may have symbolised his fallen estate to wayfarers who turned their heads to stare at him as he passed through the streets, and who had recently seen him perched upon a more imposing equipage, but he himself had no sensation of having been worsted. Rather did he feel like one who has recoiled in order to leap the farther.

No sooner had he entered the Manor domain than he overtook a stout lady, enveloped in furs, to whom the driver touched his hat, and who, in acknowledgment of the salute, called out sharply:

'Mind what you are about with that star-gazing brute of

yours! You'll be over one of my dogs presently, and then you'll be prosecuted with the utmost severity of the law, I can tell you!

Harold, jumping out, dismissed the fly and made his bow to Lady Gardiner, who nodded to him.

'Oh, it's you, is it?' said she, speaking in short gasps—for the weather, though grey and misty, was mild, and she was somewhat too heavily clad for pedestrian exercise. 'Sounds inhospitable, I'm afraid, but I can't help wondering *why* it's you! I should have thought you would have been off to London by the first train in the morning, like Josephine.'

'Is Miss Gardiner in London?' asked Harold, visibly dismayed.

'Don't know, I'm sure; I forget at what hour the boat-trains leave. But she was to be on the Riviera to-morrow, unless she decided to stay a day or two in Paris, where she has friends who would be glad to put her up. One blessing about Josephine,' continued Lady Gardiner musingly, 'is that she always has friends everywhere to put her up and chaperon her. It saves a lot of bother; because of course she would go anywhere she wanted to go, whether she had friends on the spot or not. Tell me, do you notice a difference in Chatterbox's figure? I do hope it is only want of exercise; but servants are so careless, and it would be too tiresome if any mishap had occurred!'

Too preoccupied with the mishap which had occurred to himself to reply, Harold bit his lip in silence. Presently he faltered out: 'I—I suppose Miss Gardiner wanted to go to the Riviera.'

'Well,' answered the old lady, with a laugh, 'I suppose she wanted to get out of this. That's always her way when things don't come off. She doesn't sit still and cry over spilt milk; she simply drops the subject and makes some fresh start. It isn't a bad plan, you know.'

'A most excellent plan,' agreed Harold rather grimly. 'The only quarrel I have with it is that I happen, on this occasion, to be the dropped subject.'

'Ah, just so! But didn't you know that you were sure to be dropped unless you headed the poll? That's why I took it for granted that you would have left the neighbourhood. It seemed like the natural thing for you to return to your cabbages at Covent Garden—or is it Drury Lane? I am so vague about theatres, for I never enter them nowadays. Can't stand the heat and the squash.'

Lady Gardiner's words did not sound very polite ; but her manner showed that she had not the least intention of being offensive. As usual, she was merely giving frank utterance to the thoughts that were in her mind, and upon the same simple principle she continued :

' I daresay you think that Josephine is treating you with scant ceremony, after having made so much of you all this time. Well, it cuts both ways ; nobody need feel bound to stand upon ceremony with her. And I'll tell you another thing which may help to soothe your wounded vanity, Mr. Dunville ; her bolting off in such hot haste is a sort of a compliment to you. Shows, I mean, that she doesn't look upon you as a sheer nonentity, in spite of your being a failure. One doesn't run away from nothing.'

This apparent hint (which was not in truth meant to be a hint, but was merely the result of Lady Gardiner's fundamental good nature) caused Harold to prick up his ears and take courage. There were things which he would have liked very much to say to Josephine ; but his being debarred from saying them need not prevent him from bringing all the eloquence of an accomplished fact to bear upon her, nor perhaps would it prove to his disadvantage in the long run that he should seem to accept dismissal. He pictured her drawn back unwillingly, but irresistibly, to London from the Riviera by reports of his triumph ; he foresaw in his mind's eye a return not less significant than her flight. What he clean forgot, in his sudden ardour to run down an elusive quarry, was that his affections were engaged elsewhere, and Lady Gardiner's next remark—whether by chance or by design—recalled that circumstance to him after a fashion which he did not like. She said :

' Now that this worrying election is a thing of the past and that old Mr. Ormond must be rubbing his hands over the result, I shall be allowed to see a little more of my friend Lilian, I hope. One of the nicest girls I know, taking her all round. A trifle old-fashioned, if you like ; but none the worse for that, by my way of thinking. Is she going to marry your brother ?'

' Good Heavens ! no, I don't think so,' answered Harold, starting. ' What put such an idea into your head ?'

' Somebody—was it Josephine or was it your sister, I wonder ?—told me that it was upon the cards. It wouldn't be a brilliant match for her, of course, and he isn't in his first youth. A good sort, though—your brother, I mean—and I shouldn't be surprised if she had sense enough to realise that brilliancy is a poor substitute

for the solid domestic virtues which one wants in a husband. Yes; all things considered, I shall congratulate her upon having made a wise choice if she decides to take him. Won't you come in and have a cup of tea? I daresay Sir Joseph is somewhere about, if you want to see him; but there isn't much for you and him to say to one another now, is there?'

The invitation was not so cordially given as to tempt Harold, who answered: 'Oh, no; there is nothing further to be said. I only called to take leave of you on my way to say good-bye at the Rectory; for, as you expected, I am returning to London at once.'

Lady Gardiner held out a fat, soft hand. 'Well, good-bye. Sorry for your disappointment; but somebody must be disappointed in every contest, and you might, after all, have found Parliament a bore. I should, I know! My love to Anne. By the way, I wish you would ask your brother to come up and take a look at Chatterbox; he knows as much about dogs as anybody.'

Shortly afterwards Harold delivered the first of the messages with which he had been charged. The second he was unable to give, his brother not being at home.

'Shooting over at Beechwood and thoroughly enjoying himself, I hope,' Anne announced, with a certain complacency which irritated, and was perhaps not wholly innocent of intention to irritate, her hearer; 'but he ought to be back soon, now that the light has gone. So Josephine has decamped already, has she? I told you she would.'

'Did you?'

'Something to that effect, anyhow. And now what are you going to do?'

Harold shrugged his shoulders. 'Follow her example, I suppose. Having put down my stake and lost my money, it only remains for me to walk off, whistling, with my hands in my empty pockets.'

'Ah, your pockets are pretty empty by this time, no doubt,' remarked Anne with a not unkindly laugh; 'but—whistle and I'll come to you, my lad! My resources, as you know, are limited; still, for the first time in my life, I have some capital to dispose of, and if you are in want of a loan, I'll accommodate you on easy terms. For the present, my income amounts to rather more than I know how to spend; so you need not hesitate.'

Harold was both surprised and touched. 'Upon my word, that's awfully good of you, Anne!' he exclaimed. 'Although I

am not going to borrow of you, and although, as a matter of fact, I believe I shall pull through all right, I am really grateful to you for thinking of it. All the same,' he could not help adding, 'I suspect the reason of your offer was that you were afraid I contemplated a raid upon Dick. Ah, I see by that truth-telling countenance of yours that I have hit the mark! Well, you are mistaken; I am not quite what you think I am, Anne.'

'Oh, I know what you are,' Anne declared; 'I know as well as possible what you are—though *you* don't! Come to me when you want help; don't apply to people who will demand exorbitant interest in one form or another. I have a sort of a weakness for you, Harold, and I think that must be because, in spite of my grey hair and my wrinkles and my ingrained spinsterhood and all the rest of it, I am a woman. I don't think it is because I am your sister.'

'Oh, no, it can't be that,' Harold agreed, smiling. 'You are rather emphatically Dick's sister, aren't you?'

'Just so. As long as you refrain from poaching upon Dick's preserves we sha'n't quarrel, you and I.'

Dick's preserves! That Lilian Ormond should be thus spoken of was scarcely to be endured, nor was it credible that she should already be willing to accept such a designation. Harold was upon the point of saying something very ill-advised when he was checked, rather dramatically, by the entrance of the two persons whose conjunction so offended his mental vision. They stepped in, side by side, smiling and fresh-coloured from the sharp outer air, evidently in high spirits and announcing that they had brought with them replenishment for the larder. If, on recognising Anne's visitor, one of them became abruptly grave, the other looked as pleased as he proclaimed himself to be. Was that because he had no longer anything to fear from his defeated and rejected junior?

'Hullo, Harold!' he cried; 'delighted to see you back again! You have come to stay now, I hope.'

'I have come,' answered Harold, with a mild melancholy, suitable to the occasion, 'to wish you all good-bye. It is about time, don't you think so?'

In the conversation which followed, and to which Lilian made but few contributions, he played to perfection the part of one who meekly accepts dismissal and bears no malice. He was so sincerely sorry for himself, so genuinely persuaded, for the time being, that the Fates had treated him with exaggerated asperity,

than an attitude of contrition was almost forced upon his audience. Dick, in particular, seemed to feel bound to apologise for what had happened, and even went the length of apologising for his own hostile vote.

'But to tell you the truth,' said he, 'my conviction was that if I had had a hundred votes, I might have given them against you without affecting the result. From what I can hear, nobody expected things to go as they did; Desborough himself certainly didn't. Well, at any rate, you made a good fight, and there's no disgrace in being on the losing side. I can't see why you should want to turn your back upon us in such a hurry.'

Did Lilian see why? She must, at all events, have been rather dense, had she failed to understand the motive which Harold so delicately and discreetly, yet persistently, insinuated for her benefit. Yet she made no sign, save once, when allusion was made to the hurry in which Miss Gardiner had been to turn her back. Then she glanced up quickly, and for an instant her eyes met Harold's, but were promptly averted. It was really no easy matter for him to judge whether he was making any impression upon her or not; but he began to think that he was—and so did Anne, who was growing visibly impatient.

Presently the parlourmaid came in to say, 'Mrs. Coppard is at the door, sir, and wishes most particular to speak to you for a minute, if it wouldn't be putting you about too much.'

Dick rose at once with a sigh. 'The old trouble I suppose,' he remarked. 'Coppard is a brute, but he has a shrew for a wife. If she begins shouting me down, I shall send for you, Anne; she has a wholesome awe of you, and she isn't a bit afraid of me now, worse luck!'

Lilian got up at the same moment, but was induced by the Rector's protestations to resume her seat.

'Oh, please don't go before you have had your tea!' he begged. 'I sha'n't enjoy mine unless you stay, and I don't mean to be detained more than a minute or two by this irate old parishioner, who threatens to hale her husband before the magistrates regularly once a week.'

Presumably, however, it was no such easy matter to get rid of Mrs. Coppard; for at the expiration of fully ten minutes, during which Harold behaved in such a fashion as to exasperate his sister, the anticipated appeal for help was conveyed to Miss Dunville, whose presence in the study was urgently requested.

'Oh bother!' muttered Anne, while she prepared to obey the

summons. And then, raising her voice, 'Lil,' said she in desperation, 'do you think you can manage to entertain Harold until I come back? You won't find him very heavy on hand if you will talk to him about Josephine Gardiner. She is his only subject just now, as I daresay you know.'

That Parthian dart was of little avail. As soon as the door had closed behind his anxious sister Harold remarked, smiling sadly: 'I daresay you know that that subject, to which I was bound to pay a good deal of attention while the canvassing went on, hasn't much intrinsic interest for me. There's another subject which does interest me above everything, and I should like to talk about it if I might do so without offence.'

'I don't think you will offend me,' said Lilian.

'I hope I sha'n't; but—well, after all, I believe I would rather take my chance of offending you than be kept any longer in suspense.'

It needed some audacity on his part to ask point-blank whether there was any truth in current reports which coupled her name with his brother's; but Harold in his relations with the opposite sex was nothing if not audacious. He repeated the substance of what he had heard from Lady Gardiner, made passing reference to Anne's undisguised wishes, and wound up by avowing that the mere rumour of which he spoke had given him 'a horrid pang.'

'For,' said he, 'although I know you like and admire Dick as much as we all do, I can't think that you love him.'

'Anybody,' returned Lilian, without loss of composure, 'might love your brother, and any woman who may marry him will be extremely fortunate; but of course the rumours that you have heard are all rubbish. He and I have been friends too long to trouble ourselves about them, even if they should spread, which I should think is unlikely. As far as that goes, there have been rather widespread rumours about you and Josephine Gardiner.'

'Oh, inevitably! But *you*, at least, haven't taken them for more than they are worth, I trust.'

'I don't know what they are worth,' Lilian answered, looking him straight in the face, 'but it seemed to me that you were doing all you could to encourage them.'

He had the readiness to plead guilty at once. A very powerful temptation, which at moments had almost assumed the semblance of a duty, had been presented to him, he said, and he had dallied with it. 'That is just the sort of fellow that I am,' he confessed, in an outburst of candour; 'I hate committing myself; I am

always putting off decision until I see what is going to happen. First and foremost, I wanted to win the election—a thing I couldn't have done without submitting to all that Miss Gardiner demanded, or appeared to demand—and I didn't look much beyond that. Perhaps, if I had won, I should have proposed to her, in the hope of restoring the Manor to the family. I can't say whether I should or not; nor can I tell whether she would have accepted me or not. What I do know for certain is that success would have made a miserable man of me for the rest of my days.'

This was quite sincerely said, and it had the effect upon his hearer which truth, in no matter what guise, must needs produce upon those to whom it is spoken. When Lilian was asked whether she did not consider him a very despicable being, she replied that his description of himself did not make him out a very trustworthy one; yet her softened expression and intonation seemed to intimate that he might, for all that, be a lovable one.

He was not slow to perceive and press his advantage. He rejoiced, he declared, in the defeat which had given him back his liberty; he did not even regret the heavy pecuniary loss which was one of its accompaniments; he would have to set his shoulder to the wheel once more, that was all, and he knew he had it in him to earn as much as he had thrown away ere long. Then, while he was expatiating blithely upon the chances of the future, and while her smile encouraged him, he had the unhappy inspiration of confiding to her that he had written a play which, as he hoped, would bring him both fame and fortune.

'Oh!—*you* have written a play?' Lilian asked, in a rather odd voice.

'Yes; a thing called *Renunciation*. It is upon the cards now that I myself may act in it; but this is strictly between ourselves, please; I don't want it to be talked about just yet.'

At this moment Anne re-entered the room, with anxious, troubled eyes—Anne, whose unwilling absence, had she but known it, had been the means of removing all further cause for anxiety, so far as her younger brother was concerned, from her mind. For Lilian now knew that she did not and could not love such a man as Harold had, by a few words, revealed himself to be. Nothing, she thought, could be more base than his declared intention of laying claim to what was not his; no charge brought against him by his worst enemy could have degraded him more irrevocably in her eyes than his own avowal had done. Her indignation may

have been a trifle overstrained, and it would assuredly have amazed Harold, who, if questioned, would at once have admitted that he was not the original writer of the piece from which he hoped such great things; but her disillusionment, whether warranted or not, was complete. Infidelity to herself she had been ready to condone; treachery to Dick she could by no means pardon. She did not, however, betray her sentiments by word or look, and Harold, when he took leave of her, bore away a lighter heart than he had brought to the Rectory.

(To be continued.)

Sikhim, the Land where the Rhododendrons Grow.

✓ ONE evening, whilst dining with some friends in Calcutta, I mentioned that I was shortly going for a little tour in Sikhim, whereupon a pretty little woman, smiling sweetly up at me, said, 'Where is Sikhim?'

Now, this fair lady had spent several summers at Darjeeling, the strip of Sikhim ceded to the British in 1835, and she had often gone as far as the borders of Independent Sikhim, therefore her geographical vagueness (to put it politely) was astounding.

In consequence of the British expedition to Tibet, everyone now knows where Sikhim is, but those who have not been in India may not realise its exact position and surroundings, or know much of its history, so I hope my readers will not think that I am imputing ignorance to them if I give a short account of it. Bounded on the south by Bengal, on the west by Nepal, and by Bhotan on the south-east, Sikhim has an important neighbour on the north, viz. Tibet, to which she is closely allied by religion and race. In the coming struggle for the Forbidden Land, one wonders if Sikhim will much longer remain that fast disappearing thing—a buffer State.

At present Sikhim is semi-independent—that is, the Rajah is subsidised by the Indian Government, and a British Resident is planted at the capital, with a small detachment of infantry.

The Rajah, or King of Sikhim, being of Tibetan descent, is much in sympathy with his neighbours on the north, and therefore easily influenced by them. He was induced by the powerful Lamas of Lhassa, under the instigation of China, to obstruct the opening up of trade between India and Tibet. The chief drink of the Tibetans and Sikhimese being tea, China has for years been sending enormous quantities of brick tea into those countries, and is very averse to another tea merchant (India) competing with her, and

strenuously objects to the making of trade routes through Sikhim to the passes which lead over into Tibet.

In 1888 the Indian Government was obliged to send up an expedition to drive out the Tibetans who were overrunning Sikhim, and it was in that year that we took the precaution of installing an Englishman and some troops at the capital, in order to prevent any further Tibetan invasions and to put a stop to their intrigues with the Rajah.

In 1890, after several years of negotiations, a treaty was made between the British Government and the Tibetans, by which the latter consented to the opening up of trade between themselves and India, and the boundary line of Sikhim and Tibet was settled. This treaty has been waste paper, as the Tibetans adhered to nothing which had been agreed on. By the aid and advice of the British Resident, a great improvement has been effected in Sikhim during the last few years; bridges have been built and better roads made. But, whatever happens, Sikhim has three obstacles which will prevent its ever being of any use to the Indian Government for hill stations.

First, the formation of the country, there not being a single flat piece of land, for Sikhim consists of a succession of sharp ridges which get higher and higher, terminating finally in the great Kanchen-janga, the second highest mountain in the world. Then the climate is extremely wet, the average rainfall being 146.36 inches; and, worst of all, during certain seasons of the year, land leeches make it almost impossible for either man or beast to go through Sikhim.

The Tibetan valley of Choombi, which adjoins Sikhim, is the desired land, for it has a dry bracing climate, and would make a valuable addition to our Indian health-resorts. It is easy of access from India, by way of the Jelap La, a pass which is seldom blocked by snow, and which can be ridden over. What will be the result of the British expedition to Tibet we shall now shortly know. Perhaps the Tibetans' preference for rancid soupy tea to that which is grown in India may be the cause of their losing the Choombi Valley.

The Rajah of Sikhim and his Tibetan wife are both devoted to the Choombi Valley, and would much prefer to live there, as they find their own country both dull and damp. The Rajah did remove to Choombi some time ago, and remained there two years, but we compelled him to return. In 1892 he again fled to Tibet by way of Nepal, but he was captured by the Nepalese and handed back

to the Indian Government, since when he has had to resign himself to remaining in Sikhim.

The Forbidden Land of Tibet has a great fascination for the Central Asian traveller, and the mystery which surrounds it pervades even the adjoining countries, and adds considerably to their interest. To wander through Sikhim up to the high passes which lead over into Tibet is, apart from the magnificent scenery, a real botanical excitement, for every day's march brings the traveller to a different type of vegetation. The trees of rhododendrons in full flower are alone worth an expedition to see. To the entomologist also Sikhim is full of interest, as there are six hundred species of butterflies found there, some being of great size and of wonderful beauty. A tour in Sikhim is not an easy undertaking even for those who do not aim at making any great ascents. The difficulties are these. With the exception of Gantok, the capital, there are no villages where provisions can be obtained, so everything has to be taken with you. The roads in many parts being too bad for transport ponies, provisions, tents, bedding, &c., have to be carried on men's backs. As the country is sparsely populated, special arrangements have to be made for portorage, which cannot be done without the sanction of the British Resident. To try to travel in Upper Sikhim without proper organisation of coolies means disaster. However, I was fortunate enough to be spared all anxiety on this point, as Mr. Claud White, the Resident, most kindly made all the necessary arrangements for me. He accompanied me to Gantok, and then sent on a reliable man with me to give me every assistance, so I had nothing to do but to enjoy the magnificent scenery and glorious vegetation of that lovely country.

It was a fine bright afternoon in March when we rode out of Darjeeling on our way to the land where the rhododendrons grow. Down and down we went to the tea gardens of Badamtam, where we stayed the night at the house of a hospitable tea-planter. The next day, still descending, we met a stream of men and women carrying huge logs of Toon wood (*Cedrela Toona*) on their backs up to the saw-mills, for making tea-chests. These wood porters took the inside of the path, in order to rest their heavy loads against the bank whilst we passed. My pony shied at all of them, which, with a drop on one side, did not make it exactly pleasant going.

At last we reached the great Rungeet River, which joins the Teesta and divides Independent Sikhim from British territory. The vegetation here was tropical, and so was the atmosphere, for we were over 6000 feet below Darjeeling.

Though this stifling valley is dreaded by Europeans because of its malariousness, it is the happy home of giant caladiums, parasitical orchids, and ferns. Crossing the river by a suspension bridge, we were met by some of the head men of the district, who had come to have an interview with the British Resident. They offered us *murwa* to drink out of a bamboo jug, with a small reed to sip it through. This *murwa* is a kind of beer brewed chiefly from millet, and is drunk warm. It might be called a Buddhist drink, for a similar beverage, called *chang*, is much drunk in Ladak. *Murwa*, as well as brick tea, is partaken of by the lamas during their religious services, and certainly those who blow the gigantic trumpets have some excuse for requiring refreshment.

Murwa is rather nice, and not at all intoxicating unless taken in large quantities. Brick tea, on the other hand, is a horrid mixture, like dirty greasy soup, and has not the slightest resemblance to the tea that we are accustomed to. It is the dust and refuse of China tea compressed into a slab or brick. A chunk is cut off and boiled with rancid butter or fat, to which some salt and flour are added. I have often had to drink it for want of anything better, but it never improved on acquaintance.

After a lovely ride through oak and chestnut forests, steadily ascending for two days, we reached Gantok, the capital, late one afternoon, having accomplished the fifty-three miles from Darjeeling in three days. The Residency, a charming chalet built by Mr. White, stands well above the village. Gantok cannot be called a town, for, with the exception of the lamasery, the palace of the Rajah, and the small barracks, it consists only of some scattered houses. The garden of the Residency was a delightful mixture of East and West. The turf was dotted with daffodils and narcissus and other European flowers, while from the trees, between which there were glorious views of the snows, hung masses of orchids. The unhappy frizzled-up orchids which one so often sees in the English hothouses can, many of them, trace their origin to cool Sikhim, such as *coelogynes*, *cymbidiums*, *dendrobiums*, and a host of others. Missing the fresh atmosphere and drenching rains of their native land, they drag out a miserable existence, and disappear, greatly to the surprise of the gardener, who insists on treating them as he should those whose homes are in the tropics. I once mildly suggested to the head gardener (a most pompous person) of one of the finest gardens in England that some of the orchids were in rather too warm a house, and that I had seen quantities of the same kind growing at an altitude of 6000 feet,

where there was snow on the ground. He looked at me with a pitying smile, presented me with a bouquet of roses, and bowed himself down the garden path, evidently thankful to be removed from the vicinity of such a lunatic.

We went one morning to pay a visit to the Rajah, or Gyalpo, as he is called in Sikhim. We were met outside the palace by the dewan (prime minister) and a gigantic lama of 6 feet 8 inches, who looked enormous in his long hanging red garments. The Rajah, accompanied by his son, met us at the door. This son is the heir, his elder brother being a lama at Lhasa.

We seated ourselves around a table on chairs covered with rugs, the Rajah carefully arranging to sit with his back to the light, he being painfully conscious of the hare-lip by which he is frightfully disfigured. Into handleless cups of delicate Chinese porcelain, brick tea was poured from an immense red pottery teapot, handsomely mounted in silver. Each time that I took a sip of the horrid mixture my cup was replenished, and I began to despair of the entertainment ever coming to an end. Interviews with native princes, where conversation has to be carried on through an interpreter, are always most unsatisfactory. One sits smiling inanely at a stolid figure, and can never rely on either questions or answers being correct. The Rajah and his son wore complete Chinese dress, dark blue silk petticoats, and embroidered overcoats, and carried in their hands the usual round Chinese hat, with a button in the centre. On our leaving, the Rajah presented me with a framed photograph of the Rani, or Queen.

I went to see the Rani another day. She is a pretty, bright, gay little woman, not of high birth, being the daughter of one of the servants of the Dalai Lama at Lhasa. She talked very vivaciously for an Eastern, and even laughed, which was still more unusual. She asked endless questions about our King and Queen, and seemed interested and extremely intelligent. Having so much more ability than the Rajah, the rumour that the Rani completely influences him is doubtless correct.

The Rani wore Chinese dress, and on her head an extraordinary high erection of pearls, turquoise, and coral, threaded on wire, which made her look top heavy. Like all Tibetans, the Rani has a fair skin, and from seldom going out in the open air her complexion is fine and smooth. From the extreme severity of the Tibetan climate, the faces of the working women become discoloured and leathery early in life, in spite of the application of large quantities of grease.

All the arrangements for my tour being completed, I started off by myself for Upper Sikhim. I had two ponies for my own use and a third for the head man. The little army of twenty-two men who went with me were chiefly Sikhimite Bhotias, and the rest Lepchas, all of them being Buddhists and wearing pigtails.

Sikhimite Bhotias are a mixed race of Lepcha and Tibetan, and are very tall, powerful, defiant-looking men, completely Tibetan in appearance. The Lepchas, who are the aborigines of Sikhim, are a most charming people, with the gentlest and most pleasing manners. They possess a wonderful knowledge of the birds and plants of their forests, but they are neither cultivators nor fighters like the Nepalese who pour into Sikhim, and they are fast dying out.

Lobsang, my head man, who was a Sikhimite Bhotia, wore a wide-sleeved long Tibetan coat of thick dark-red cloth, pulled up in front through a girdle to form a pouch, which acted as a pocket, blue breeches, and high boots. A soft black felt hat, which was turned up all round in fine weather, and a large turquoise earring in his right ear completed the costume. His pigtail had a good deal more hair in it than what grew upon his own head. Of the twenty-one other men, six were my personal servants and the remainder were coolies. Purboo, the Lepcha who was my bearer, looked most picturesque in a striped blue and white petticoat and short scarlet jacket. He wore on his head a small red and cream-colour straw hat like a reversed waste-paper basket, which glittered with talc and was further adorned with two peacock's feathers, which stood erect in front. When busy about his work, Purboo always pinned up his pigtail, availing himself of any hairpins I dropped. My other two attendants, Atté and Dukchung, were the dirtiest and most ragged objects, but always so merry and cheerful that it was impossible not to join in their laughter when we floundered in the mud, fell headlong over branches, and went sprawling down a landslip.

Riding at the head of this strange procession, I crossed Penlong La (6250 feet), from which there were lovely views down into the deep gorges beneath. Every now and then from across the valley there came a sharp roar, and flames would shoot up into the air from the burning bamboos which were being cleared away to make openings for some strips of cultivation, the loud report being caused by the bursting of the joints of the bamboo.

The banks of the path I crossed over were fringed with maiden-hair and a profusion of other ferns. *Daphne cannabina* was in full flower (from the bark of this shrub the natives make paper), and

bright-hued rhododendrons made lovely splashes of colour amidst the dense bamboo undergrowth.

Descending to the valley of the Dikchu, we crossed the thundering torrent by a good bridge, and climbed the 3000 feet up to Tumlong. The sturdy little pony which I had hired in Gantok rushed at the steep ascent at a tremendous pace. I held on by his mane, and in many places clasped him round the neck to prevent slipping back over his tail. Every now and then we floundered into a quagmire, when I slid off, and left the pony to fight his own way out.

Dragged along by Dukchung, with Atté as train-bearer to the shortest of skirts, I struggled on to dry land so encrusted with mud that I had to be scraped before I could proceed. Once I thought that I could avoid a bad place by climbing up a bank and creeping along through the undergrowth at the top.

I managed to drag myself half-way up, when my two ragged attendants rushed at me, screaming, 'Leeches! leeches!' and pulled me back. Not till then did I observe that from the overhanging branches hung hundreds of these horrible blood-suckers, waiting to drop on the unlucky passer-by. To the prevalence of these insatiable creatures is attributed the extraordinary scarceness of animal life in the Sikkim jungle. The leech seems to find its natural food of vegetable juice most uninteresting, and is always on the look-out for blood, whether human or animal.

One day, whilst staying at the Residency at Gantok, a little dog rushed into the room where I was sitting, jumped on my knee, knocking his head against my arm. Then he rushed wildly round the room, banging his head against the furniture. Thinking that the dog was mad, I ran and fetched one of the servants, who promptly picked out two leeches, filled to repletion, from the nostrils of the unfortunate animal. This happened before I had been through the jungle, but after my experiences there, not the wildest antics of man or beast would have ever surprised me.

When the delimitation of Tonquin was to be settled on, the French insisted on fixing their own time for the transaction. Mr. Hart, brother of Sir Robert Hart, who was employed on behalf of the Chinese, informed the French officials that they had come out at the wrong time of the year, and that the matter had better be postponed until after the rains. The French, thinking that this was a dodge to outwit them, persisted that the settlement should be commenced at once. But one day out in the leech-infested jungle was too much for the Frenchmen's nerves, so they fled back

to France, and returned at a season when they were fairly safe from these pests.

Tumlong, which was the capital of Sikhim before the Rajah removed to Gantok, is the place where Sir Joseph Hooker was imprisoned in 1849. A few houses and the deserted thatched palace are all it consists of.

A little way off is the Phodang Gompa, or lamasery, surrounded by the houses of the lamas. The head lama was too ill to receive me, but he sent me a present of oranges, and instructed a young lama to show me the image-room, which was smaller and dirtier than those I had seen in Ladak. As these image-rooms have no windows, light only being admitted by the door, it is difficult to distinguish the different objects. By groping around I discovered the usual Trinity (three gilt sitting figures above the altar) and that the walls were entirely covered with frescoes of hideous demons. As it was getting late, I hurried away, for I had a mile further to go to reach the rest-house, which is close to another little lamasery called Labrong. A thick wetting mist rolled down, completely blotting out the snows, and this was followed by sleet, so I arrived at my destination wet through.

In what is called the dry season in Sikhim (October to March) it rains for some hours every day. During the other six months there is a continuous deluge, when the roads become impassable, and bridges are washed away.

Travelling as I did in the dry season, I nearly always reached my destination wet through, my two macintoshes being as useful as a cloak of tissue paper. The only part of my wearing apparel which really did resist the rain was my solar topi, to which a friend had ingeniously given four coats of Aspinall's enamel. Purboo's beautiful hat was a subject of great anxiety to him, and he always carried a huge cotton umbrella to protect it. On arriving at a rest-house the precious hat was carefully deposited in a corner of my room, where it remained until he was ready to start the next morning.

The doors and windows of the rest-house would not shut, and as sleet was falling and a smouldering wood fire was of little use, I hastened into bed wrapped in everything I possessed and a sheep-skin coat over all.

A dirty ragged lama arrived the next morning with a message from the head lama of the Phodang lamasery to invite me to see some dancing mendicant lamas. These mendicant lamas always contrive to appear on the scene when a sahib is travelling through

the land, and extract alms from him. The whole of my retinue scampered down the hill and crowded into the courtyard of the lamasery to witness the strange gyrations which in Sikkim, as well as in Ladak, form part of the religious ceremonials. A chair covered with a rug was placed for me at the entrance of the image-room, and then, to the discordant sounds of drums and trumpets, the lamas, dressed to represent demons, began their hideous dance.

Though on a very small scale in comparison with the great devil dance at Himis, at which I have been present, the performance at Phodang was mysterious and interesting. When the horrible capering creatures came very close to me I felt inclined to shrink back, though they were not nearly as dreadful as the frenzied dancing dervishes of Egypt, who, I think, are positively disgusting. My men looked stolidly on at the performance, and did not seem in the least impressed, though authorities state that these dances frighten the Buddhist onlookers into leading better lives.

The setting sun was gilding the snows of the Chola Pass when I left the lamasery, and before I reached the rest-house it became so dark that it was difficult to find the path.

The march of twelve miles the next day was a hard one. At first we ascended by steep zigzags to a ridge of over 8000 feet, the track being so slippery that I felt it would be cruelty to the ponies to ride, so we all floundered about up to our knees in a mixture of snow and red mud. After several bad places, I felt perfectly exhausted, and it was with great difficulty that I could extricate myself, even with the assistance of Atté and Dukchung. Then we came to shaly landslips, the crossing of which was rather too exciting. Coming to one which seemed fairly steady, I tried riding over it, but in the middle my pony screamed and whizzed round. In an instant I was kneeling on the slippery shale, digging my fingers and feet into something which would not hold. The whole side of the hill seemed to be moving. Blinded by dust and gasping with fright, I crawled along until I touched a rock, when I dragged myself up and found that I had reached firm ground, and that the pony and Atté had followed me. With a roar the slipping shale we had crossed disappeared, crashing down into the abyss below. At the next landslip it took the pony and me some minutes before we could make up our minds to launch forth. He put out one foot and felt the slide, then drew back snorting violently; but, consoled and encouraged by his syce, he was at last induced to start, and confidence was restored. Feeling ashamed of my indecision when I looked at the heavily laden coolies who had to cross it, I dashed

over, and never allowed myself to hesitate again. We went through miles of dripping forest until we reached Sumatek, a lonely bungalow perched on a ridge of 8100 feet, from which there is the finest view of Kanchen-janga in Sikhim.

In the valley beneath were three or four houses, surrounded by some patches of cultivation. The occupants of the houses came up to stare at me, and brought with them a chicken and some eggs. They went away delighted with the cigarettes and bottles of sweets I gave them, the bottles being considered the greatest prize of all.

I was awakened in the night by a sound like people whispering in the verandah. Feeling rather alarmed at any persons daring to come there—for I was quite alone in the house—I jumped up and flung open the doors, ready to face the intruders, but not a creature was there. Again there came a faint whisper as if from behind the house. Knowing that by the brilliant moonlight I could easily see where any one was concealed, I sallied out to examine my surroundings. Around the corner of the house I was startled by a dark object, which proved to be a pile of my various possessions. I walked past the shed where all the men were sleeping, but nothing but loud snores could be heard. Satisfied that it was only the weird whispering of the jungle which had frightened me, I crept back to the verandah. In a moment all my alarm vanished before the wonderful sight of the moonlight streaming down over the great ice slopes. So magnificent was the scene that, entirely forgetful of the cold, I remained for a long time gazing at the icy splendour. At last a shivering fit reminded me that I had better hurry back to my room. The whispering of the ever restless bamboo had, in the meanwhile, developed into purring and ticking, a sound which is so fascinating that, huddled in my fur coat, I sat up in my bed to listen. The sougling wind came rustling through the branches, bringing along strange jungle voices. Great banks of clouds rolled up and obscured the moon. Then the wind sank suddenly, and for some minutes there was complete silence. A low roar, as from a distant city, made me spring up and dash across the room to try to barricade the doors and windows with everything available. Louder and louder grew the roar, till, with a crash of thunder, the storm broke over the rest-house, shaking it to its foundations. The doors blew open, but, terrified by the blazing lightning and the thud of falling trees, I buried my head in the pillows, and wished myself anywhere but in Sikhim.

The sun was shining when I awoke next morning. I had slept

three hours later than the time at which I was to have started. There was some excuse, for I had not had an exactly restful night. Lobsang expressed great surprise at the wreckage of the forest around the bungalow, and that the ground was so thickly covered with snow. He was quite unconscious of what had happened during the night, for, like all natives of the East, he slept with his head swathed, which rendered him deaf to every sound.

If I found it hard work climbing over fallen trees and creeping under boughs, what must it have been to the coolies with their loads? But they all took it most good-temperedly, and though it was a very slow process, they managed to get through without anything being damaged. The plucky little hill ponies scrambled over and under in the most astounding way.

Reaching the top of a small ascent, I looked down a wide ravine and saw what quite rewarded me for the fatigues of the day. Out of a deep bank of snow a gigantic *Rhododendron Falconeri*, covered with magnificent blossoms, reared its head to over thirty feet. A little below was another rhododendron, even taller, with beautiful large-belled white blooms and deep pink cone-like casings of the young leaves, the pink cones convincing me that it was *Rhododendron argenteum*. One of the Lepchas, being, like all his race, a keen botanist, immediately offered to go and gather some for me. I watched him with some anxiety, for the branches began so far from the ground that he had to swarm up a long way before he could get a footing. Then the branches cracked so loudly that he seemed in imminent danger of falling. He insisted on climbing to the top to get the finest blooms, and returned triumphant with his arms full of these rhododendrons and his clothes torn in shreds.

We met several parties of men and women from the Lachen Valley on their way to Tumlong to buy rice. Amongst them was a creature which appeared to be a man, but there was no face, and the top of the head was gone. The unfortunate object had been scalped by a bear, his eyelids, nose, lips, and ears having been torn off. I had seen several cases of scalping before, but this was by far the most horrible. We descended through dense jungle to Toon, where there is a bungalow; then down over a rocky cliff path until we reached the banks of the Teesta, which, a little further on, is joined by the Lachen and Lachung rivers.

Crossing the Lachen by a wooden bridge we came to Choongtang, a small lamasery situated on a high knoll at the junction of the Lachen and Lachung valleys. Instead of a lamasery there ought to be a little fort here, as it commands the two important

roads which lead over into Tibet ; that through the Lachung Valley, on the east, to the Donkia, Tata, Ghora, and Tangkar passes, and by the Lachen route north to Giaogong and the Kongralamo.

The Donkia La is the highest, being 18,000 feet. All these passes are closed by snow for some months of the year, and in the best of weather cannot be easy for troops to go over.

General Yeatman-Biggs inspected the Lachen route in 1897, and found it bad. He took some mules with him, which, being roped together, fell over a cliff and were killed, and most of the baggage was lost. In preparation for an expedition to Tibet, these roads have now been somewhat improved. It is on the Lachen and Lachung routes that grazing disputes have arisen with the Tibetans, who, for lack of grass on their own side, bring their yaks and sheep over the passes to feed in green Sikkim.

There used to be a solitary lama at the Choongtang lamasery, but he was either away on business or had moved on to a more populated place. The key of the lamasery was obtained from a cottage below, and I established myself very comfortably in a spacious apartment over the image-room, which I reached by a log ladder. It was a strange place to be staying in, but I found nothing to disturb me except the flapping of the prayer-flags, which were attached to a pole outside my window. From the wooden balcony which ran round the upper storey there was a lovely view across the valley, which was studded with scarlet rhododendrons, and on to the snowy peaks.

My spoils of the day, the white-flowered rhododendrons, were laid upon the floor. Whilst examining the beautiful red-brown leaves of *Falconeri*, I suddenly felt that the back of my neck had become stiff. On putting up my hand, I knocked off some well-filled leeches. I seized the offending rhododendrons and flung them out of the window, for it was amongst their glossy leaves that the bloodsuckers had hidden themselves.

Purboo lit a fire in my room with some rhododendron logs, which smouldered and caused such an irritating smoke that, in spite of the cold, I had them removed. I was constantly obliged to use rhododendron for firewood, there being nothing else available : my sodden garments had to be dried and the stinging smoke endured.

In the doorway of the image-room stood a large prayer-wheel, which groaned and creaked loudly on being turned. My retinue kept it in constant motion, this being the only sign of the religion of the Choongtang Gompa. A little way below was a large chorten, in the niches of which the ashes of the dead are laid.

Hearing that the village of Lachen was nearly empty, most of the inhabitants having gone down to Tumlong to buy provisions, I decided to go up the Lachung Valley instead. Following the right bank of the Lachung River, the road runs almost level for the first few miles. Then our difficulties began, the path in many places being washed away. Shaly slides threatened to shoot us down hundreds of feet into the river below, and the torrents of falling stones made one wary in selecting the right moment for skipping across. The nastiest thing of all was the getting round the corner of a cliff on a bamboo scaffolding wedged into the rock. There was a precipice on one side, which left no doubt as to the result if one fell over. Even Atté and Dukchung, who generally roared with laughter at all the unsafe places, seemed subdued. With head averted from the yawning chasm, I walked slowly over the bending bamboos, and, on regaining the path, considered the probability of my spending the rest of my life on the borders of Tibet. One of my ponies fought furiously when it came to his turn, but another more stolid one was led across first, and he followed with dilated eyes. Snuffling excitedly, he rubbed his nose against my shoulder, explaining to me how outrageous he thought it to risk such dangers.

Pursuing our way, crossing and recrossing the river, near which grew stunted bushes of scarlet rhododendron, we passed through Kedoom. The village of about a dozen houses stands on a flat shelf of land, about the only level piece I saw in Sikhim. Here, at an elevation of over 6000 feet, peach and apricot trees were growing. The apricot ripens at a great altitude, and flourishes even on the high lands of Tibet, where it is much appreciated.

On we went through forests of pine, poplar, and holly, and emerged on open grassy land, starred with lovely mauve primulas. My botanising was put an end to by a herd of yaks galloping down to inspect us. Whether they were only curious, like the natives of the country, or wished to toss us, as some yaks once did my luggage in Ladak, I do not know. All my men fled as fast as their legs would carry them, and Lobsang and I made a wide circle to avoid the animals. These yaks were very fine beasts, and their bushy tails and long fringes of hair swept the ground.

About a mile from the village, the head man of Lachung, accompanied by several others, came to meet me, their strange greeting of putting out the tongue and bending forward the right ear appearing more deferential than might be supposed. These men also presented me with a strip of drawn white silk, both the salutation and offering being a Tibetan custom, the inhabitants of Lachung

claiming to be of pure Tibetan origin. The head man persisted in taking the reins from me and leading the pony, but I dismounted on reaching the river, preferring to cross the staggering bridge on foot.

It began to snow as we entered the village, so I was glad to accept quarters in the head man's house instead of waiting to have my tent put up. The room allotted to me was a spacious one, but as all the inhabitants of the village crowded in to see the lady who was travelling alone, I soon felt nearly suffocated. One old man stared stolidly at me for twenty minutes, twirling his prayer-wheel the whole time, and muttering, 'Om mani padmi hum.' He was determined that not even such an unusual excitement should for an instant stop his progress heavenward.

The crowd was still further increased by the arrival of four huge Tibetans, who had come over the Tankar Pass.

Having distributed sweets and cigarettes amongst them, I suggested that the room should be cleared. They were most unwilling to go, and finally some had to be gently pushed out. The wooden partition which divided my room from that occupied by my host and his family, and a good many others, was so full of large holes that I had my tent hung up on one side so as to escape observation. Having got rid of my visitors, I took my solitary candle and inspected my room. In the further corners were two long black things which looked like enormous coffins covered with funeral pall. I prodded them with a stick, and felt satisfied from their abominable smell that they were nothing worse than some heaps of black yak skins. Still, they made me feel as if I were in a vault, so I twisted my little camp bed round to prevent looking at them. But, all the same, at the slightest creak I turned to see if anything had moved. Windows are never glazed in Upper Sikkim, and the piercing wind howled through the chinks of the rough wooden shutters, making the tent curtain flap dismally, and snowflakes whirled along the floor. Purboo, the Lepcha, was the only one of my men in the house, and he rolled himself up on a ledge outside my door to prevent its being opened. Thinking that I was secure from observation, I sat up in bed with a candle burning beside me, and began combing out my hair. To my disgust some leeches wriggled down on to the sheet. I flung them on to the burning embers, and heard them frizzle with great satisfaction. Some one was looking at me, but from where? The side of the room which adjoined the rest of the house was completely screened by my tent, and it was such a fearful night that not the most inquisitive person

could have been induced to stand outside and peer through the shutters. I tried writing up my diary to prevent myself from getting nervous, but still I had the same disagreeable sensation that eyes were fixed upon me. A creaking over my head made me look up. Lying flat on the planks above, with their faces pressed down between, were two of the Tibetans who had arrived the previous afternoon. I settled that matter by extinguishing the candle, and I heard them crawl back and drop down into the next room, where they soon joined the chorus of snorers.

Lachung lies at an elevation of 8600 feet, and is the last village on this road to Tibet, there being only some herdsmen's huts a few miles farther on, which are occupied for three months of the year. The houses stand on terraces, and are built, like those in most snowy countries, with projecting eaves, and on a foundation of stones and posts.

The Lachung people are very fine looking, but of course extremely dirty. Like all the inhabitants of these high lands, they neither wash nor change their clothes, and for this, considering the severity of the climate, they really have good reasons. But the want of soap and water, combined with wearing uncured sheep-skin coats, makes one object to their coming too near.

The brilliant sunshine and delicious bracing air drew me out early the next morning from my unpleasant surroundings. On appearing at the door, a crowd of people began to collect, and I noticed several cases of goitre amongst them. One man, who had a most enormous swelling like a bag hanging from his throat, was extremely anxious to have the most prominent place in a group which I photographed. As the good-looking ones hung back, I came to the conclusion that goitre is considered an ornament amongst the inhabitants of Lachung.

The women wore a great many turquoise ornaments and conch-shell bracelets. They had pretty striped petticoats, but their figures were so enveloped in rough brown jackets that they looked very awkward. A great many of the older men walked about twirling distaffs.

Having at last got away from my inquisitive friends, the muttering old man with the prayer-wheel being the most persistent, I started up the valley, from which branch tracks to the Ghora La and Tata La, the main road leading to the Donkia La, which, with the exception of the Kongralamo (16,000 feet), brings you down into Tibet nearer to Khamba jong (or the fort of Khamba) and Gyantse than any other of the passes.

I followed for five miles the Lachung River, which emerges from an enormous glacier in the Donkia Pass. On each side grassy moraines sloped down, with stunted scarlet rhododendrons growing in the hollows. Beyond came long lines of dark fir-trees and then the glittering snow peaks. The stony ground was carpeted in many places with primulas, gentians, saxifrages, and tufted worm-wood.

Beside the scarlet rhododendrons, which were growing in boggy places, there were a great many other rhododendrons—a creeping one, and some only a foot high. So long as they have their roots in a moist place some of the rhododendrons will stand any amount of cold, and are found in the Lachung Valley at nearly 17,000 feet.

As we got higher the view of the great Kanchen-janga range became more and more magnificent, and I caught glimpses of further giants which I had not seen before.

Towards the middle of the day great banks of clouds rolled over the mountains, and a thick wetting mist drove me down the valley and back to the village.

Along with us came some Tibetan traders, with a string of heavily laden yaks, who had come over the Ghora La. These men, in spite of their yak-hair snow-spectacles, had dreadfully bloodshot eyes, and one man seemed to be blind. They expressed great curiosity about me, and told my men that though they were continually passing to and from Sikhim they had never before met a woman travelling by herself so far up on the frontier of Tibet. It was very tantalising to be within a day's march of the mysterious land and be obliged to turn back. But even if I had had sufficient men and provisions for such an expedition, the Tibetan guard, which has previously always met the traveller at the top of each of these passes, would have prevented my proceeding. With much reluctance at leaving this little-known and most interesting part of Sikhim, I retraced my steps, and a fortnight later found me in Darjeeling.

I parted with much regret from all the men who had gone with me. Lobsang had managed everything admirably for me, and Parboo, Atté, and Dukchung were invaluable.

In these days things go apace, and since I began to write this little account of my travels a crisis has taken place in the British and Tibetan policy, and the fate of the Forbidden Land hangs in the balance. There seems every probability that the veil of mystery which surrounds it will be ruthlessly torn aside, and Tibet,

the only place left in the world about which any romance remains, will be exposed to the vulgar gaze.

When next I pass through the beautiful valley of Lachung, instead of running across landslips and creeping over bamboo scaffoldings, I may possibly be whirling along in the Lhasa express.

M. C. PAGET.

Astrida's Lover.

A GLORIOUS morning in early June, and that in a country and at a spot where the sun, when he is benignly disposed, looks down upon one of the fairest pictures to be seen even among the countless beauties revealed by this charming planet as it rushes and revolves continually beneath his all-seeing eye—in a word, a summer morning in Finland, the land of a thousand lakes and of ten thousand streams and rivers.

Little Astrida von Kolbein jumped out of her bed at five in the morning and ran barefoot to the window, for the sun had found his way in at every chink of the venetian blind, and she could not lie abed longer without first feasting her eyes with the sight of the picture she knew and loved so well.

'Oh, oh, oh!' she murmured aloud, as she leant out of the open window and looked to this side and that, 'sunshine and sparkle everywhere, and just a cloud or two in the south-west, and dear old Voksa rippling in smiles to see me, and the wind south-west too, and everything beautiful, and Minna coming down to-day, and a lovely day for fishing, and—best of all—Hendrick is here, Hendrick is here, dear, dear Hendrick!'

Astrida left the blind up and the window wide, and sprang back almost at a bound into her bed.

'Yes, Hendrick is here,' she murmured again, as she lay still to think quietly over the entrancing prospect; 'but oughtn't I to let Minna have him just for to-day? She has never yet seen him, and I want her to know him and like him; now *must* I—ought I—shall I? If I don't, Minna will have to fish with Mikki Petersen, and he is—— Well, I'll lend her Hendrick, just for to-day!'

Astrida was privately engaged to Hendrick Welleborg, and he was down here for a fortnight, living at his own fishing-lodge upon the little island in mid-Voksa, perhaps as charming a spot as you would find in all Finland, which is saying much. Minna

was a school friend of Astrida's, and was coming for a week's visit, to be taught fishing and swimming and the delights and beauties of life on the Voksa when the weather is warm and fine and the great salmon-trout in the mood to look favourably upon the minnow blue.

'May I tell Minna of my engagement?' Astrida asked her mother. But the Baroness von Kolbein shook her head: 'No one is to know for another year,' she said; 'you are too young.'

Hendrick came over after breakfast. He was a youth of middle height, fair—like a true Finn—and good-looking, though perhaps betraying about the chin and mouth a certain lack of strength. He rang the bell, and asked for the Fröken. The maid Lena, grinning as she always did when he came—Hendrick had laughingly complained of this, and Lena had been admonished, but she continued to grin; she could not help it, it was simple pleasure in Fröken Astrida's happiness—showed him into the 'morning verandah,' where Astrida presently came flying to his arms.

'Hendrick, I have sad, horrible news to tell you,' she began.

'Good gracious, what's the matter?' he asked, quite startled, for Astrida looked dejected and woebegone.

'I have been thinking, and I have determined I must lend you to Minna, just for to-day. It is only polite, you see, and——'

'Oh!' said Hendrick, frowning a little.

'I want her to know you and like you——'

'Yes, but what about *me*? shall I like *her*? I don't know that I care for being pretty nearly all day in a boat with a strange girl unless she's fairly entertaining——'

'Oh, Hendrick, she's my school friend—or was, two years ago; she's a darling when she's in the mood, as of course she will be with a man.' Hendrick laughed aloud.

'Is she pretty?' he asked, and Astrida replied that she was very pretty indeed—much prettier than herself; whereupon Hendrick kissed her and said he did not believe it, and so forth, and that he would try to bear his day's separation from his beautiful Astrida with resignation.

'Be nice to her, and don't show her you are bored and want me,' said Astrida; and Hendrick promised that he would be unselfishness itself, and pretend to like the girl for Astrida's sake, even though he should be bored to death by her.

Minna arrived early. She was a handsome girl, several shades darker than Astrida, who was a refined little blond of the Finno-Swedish type, with that wonderful fair complexion which is

peculiar to the race—the most delicious and delicate combination of pink and white that is to be seen all the world over. Minna was somewhat imperious in manner. She looked haughtily at Hendrick when he was introduced, but her expression mellowed into a condescending satisfaction when her eyes had completed their critical scrutiny of his face. Mikki, the pastor's son, was introduced also, but she scarcely glanced at him. Mikki was a youth of nineteen and very much in love with Astrida, who treated him as a child. He was wanted to-day as cavalier for one of the ladies, and now learned to his surprise and delight that he was to attend Astrida a-fishing.

'We might have a match, your boat against ours, for the day,' Hendrick suggested, as the party sat in their respective craft ready to start. 'Who catches most trout by weight; all under a pound to be thrown back.'

'Yes, yes—a match!' cried Astrida, clapping her hands. Then the two boats glided slowly in different directions over the broad Voksa. Each carried a boatman, whose duty was to propel the boat slowly—men who knew to a nicety exactly how slowly or how fast to move her in order that the minnows might spin in a proper and alluring fashion to take the eye of the great hungry *lochi* down in Voksa's unseen depths. A *lochi* is really a salmon, but the word is used by Finns for any trout over five pounds in weight, of which there are many, both in this and in other Finnish rivers and lakes.

Astrida and Mikki were good and keen fishers; they knew—none better—how much line should be let out, how the rod should be held and gently raised and lowered, so that the blue minnow with red belts across a white belly should spin in its best and most alluring manner. They knew, too, as well as old Lakoo the boatman, exactly where the big fish generally lay, deep pools out of which they would occasionally dart whensoever appetite insisted or the spinning minnow proved irresistible.

A few small fish were, however, for the first two hours, the sole produce of the united skill of the two keen fishers; and this was the more annoying, because Astrida had seen, from a distance, that Minna had hooked, while Hendrick had played and landed, a fine fish of something like ten pounds, so far as she could judge from a distance.

'Beginner's luck!' said Mikki; 'it is always the beginner who hooks the biggest fish!'

'I'm glad it was Minna!' cried Astrida, clapping her hands.

'There's plenty of time after coffee, Mikki; the big fish always rise best in the evening. We haven't lost our match yet!'

At coffee-time Hendrick and Minna had caught fourteen pounds of trout to Astrida's eight pounds.

It was nine in the evening before Astrida's luck changed. About that hour she uttered an exclamation and lowered the tip of her rod, as a good fisher will, to the leap of a big fish.

'A *lochi*, Mikki, and a big one!' she exclaimed joyously. 'Be careful with the oars, Lakoo.'

Out ran the line from Astrida's reel, forty yards of it. Something silver-white leaped high out of the water a hundred feet away. 'Did you see, Mikki?' cried the girl joyously, winding in her line slowly but firmly, only to have it imperiously whirled out again by the big trout. The fish made a great fight for life: even when Astrida had him at the very boat's gunwale, and Mikki leant over with the net to secure him, he was off again to fight once more for life and liberty. Within ten minutes, however, he lay a captive, and Astrida clapped her hands over the splendid fellow—fourteen pounds if he was an ounce, Lakoo declared, and Lakoo generally knew.

After this Mikki caught a ten-pounder and Astrida another fish of seven pounds; and when the match was over it was found, to her delight, that Astrida and her companion had just won by four pounds.

'We must have another match to-morrow,' cried Hendrick, who did not seem greatly depressed by his defeat. 'Shall we take them on again, Fröken Bindemann?'

Minna glanced quickly at Astrida and back to Hendrick. 'Certainly,' she said, 'if the Herra desires it.'

'Oh, but——' Astrida began, her face clouding over. She paused. 'Yes, of course,' she added a moment later. 'We will have another match to-morrow. Will you fish, Mikki?'

Mikki was only too pleased, and made no secret of his delight; he talked almost incessantly to her until the party dispersed, and told his sister when he reached home that he really thought he was getting on a little better at last with Astrida Kolbein.

'Well, don't get too deeply in love,' his sister laughed; 'there is Hendrick Welleborg to be negotiated. Your way is blocked, Mikki.'

'Hendrick! I don't believe she cares an atom for him, or he for her; they took no notice of one another to-day,' said happy Mikki. 'At any rate, I shall keep pounding at her!'

The maid Hilda, while combing her little mistress's hair that night, remarked upon her pallor and unusual silence. Astrida generally chattered from beginning to end of this function.

'The Fröken is not ill?' she said anxiously.

It appeared that the Fröken was only tired; but, as Hilda told Lena presently, this was the first time she had ever heard the Fröken complain of fatigue—she that was always so strong and so healthy!

Astrida cried herself to sleep, after assuring herself a dozen times that even though 'they' had fished together all day and had talked together all the evening, and would be together again all to-morrow, she was wicked and disloyal to think it horrid of Hendrick, 'Just as if I didn't trust him!' she sobbed.

She awoke, however, in better spirits, and made her usual barefoot pilgrimage to the window. The morning was a shining replica of yesterday, the Voksa as radiant and rippling, the sky as beautiful, the wind as soft, the forest-line in the distance as suggestive of peace and cool shades.

'If only,' Astrida murmured, getting back into bed, 'if only I had not lent him for another day—two days out of the six that remain before he must return to town! Oh!'

The match was a repetition of that of the preceding day, with this difference, that Minna grew tired of fishing before evening fell, and landed with her companion for a stroll in the woods, leaving their boatman, Anti, to look after the craft. Mikki observed upon the circumstance.

'They seem to be very friendly, those two, don't they, Astrida?'

Astrida turned quickly upon him; he had never seen her sweet face so disfigured by anger.

'And why not?' she said. 'Why have I sent them out together but that I desire them to be friendly? You speak foolishly, Mikki.'

That evening Hendrick walked with Astrida in the garden after supper. Minna had retired to bed, fatigued. Hendrick was kind and tender, and Astrida soon forgot her sorrow. In the renewed gladness of her heart she made a confession. 'I am ashamed, Hendrick,' she said. 'I have been wicked and jealous these two days. I have not trusted you as I ought—I, who asked you to accompany Minna and to make friends with her!'

Hendrick blushed, though it was too dark for Astrida to see it. 'Yes, you paired me with her and went off with Mikki,' he said,

laughing somewhat awkwardly. 'I am not jealous of Mikki; why should you be of Min—of the Fröken Bindemann?'

'To-morrow they shall go together and you will fish with me,' she murmured, as Hendrick drew her to him.

'I—I'm afraid the Fröken doesn't want to fish to-morrow; she's tired of it.' Hendrick hesitated. 'She—we—have agreed that a picnic in the woods would be nice; the lilies of the valley are out, you know, and she——'

'Oh,' said Astrida, withdrawing herself from his arms. 'What—what a pity, Hendrick! I did sô hope I was going to have you all to myself.'

'I daresay we shall get together now and then,' he said; and with this and a few more kind words and kisses to comfort her, Astrida went to bed fairly happy. She talked to Hilda during the haircombing and brushing, but not with her usual cheerfulness. This time Hilda made no mistake as to the cause of the Fröken's dejection, for old Lakoo the boatman had been up to the mansion to supper and had informed the servants that for two days Hendrick Welleborg had fished with the new young lady, neglecting their own beloved Fröken; while Anti, who came up for his supper with Lakoo, added that he had seen the Herra walk in the wood with his arm round the waist of the new young lady.

At this there was a general howl of indignation.

'Is it possible that any man could prefer the Fröken Bindemann to our own sweet, beautiful Fröken Astrida?' exclaimed the cook, and assuredly the 'Noes' had it.

The morrow came, and the picnic in the woods was duly held. The weather was perfect, the forest radiant with wonderful contrasts of light and shade, and sweet with the perfume of lilies that nestled in profusion on every side: there is nothing fairer on earth than a Finnish forest in early summer. But, in spite of Hendrick's promise that he and Astrida would doubtless 'get together now and then,' it fell out somehow that Minna monopolised him, and for the third time Mikki and Astrida spent the day with one another in almost unbroken companionship. Astrida was for returning home after the four o'clock dinner; she was very tired.

'I will escort you home and return,' said Hendrick; but Astrida replied that that would be a pity, since both he and Minna were town folk, and enjoyed so little of the delights of the country. 'Mikki will escort me,' she said. Mikki was charmed to do so, and charmed to have been preferred to Hendrick; being a thick-

headed youth, he drew conclusions from Astrida's words such as only a thick-headed youth could have drawn. As to the truth, he saw nothing of it.

'You are wrong about that Hendrick fellow,' he told his sister at home. 'Astrida doesn't care a scrap for him, or he for Astrida!'

It would certainly seem that he was right, for during the remainder of the time spent by Hendrick in the country he was almost exclusively in Minna's company, and saw but little of Astrida, who appeared to avoid him. When Minna returned to Wiborg at the end of her week's visit, Hendrick escorted her.

From that time and until the end of the summer neither the quiet woods nor the shining Voksa, nor the great *locki* that at sundown leaped and wallowed upon his broad waters had any attraction for poor Astrida: she lived a silent life within herself, doing her best to be the same as ever among her own people, to be kind and sisterly to Mikki, who prosecuted his hopeless campaign with persistence worthy of a better cause, and to seem to others the same Astrida as aforetime.

But Mikki gradually became aware that he toiled in vain; the neighbours nodded their heads sagely and said, 'Poor child! she will never get over it! What a rascal the fellow is! Who would have thought it?'

As for Hilda and the rest, they told one another that if the Fröken only knew it, she was well rid of the Herra Welleborg; while old Anti added that if only he had suspected this he would have set both the Herra and the new Fröken a-swimming when he shot the rapids with them on the first day.

Meanwhile rumours came that Minna Bindemann was engaged; Hendrick's name was mentioned. These rumours were denied, were resuscitated and again denied. Hendrick himself wrote—after six months. If Astrida had heard the reports, he begged her to disbelieve them. He had behaved badly, and had for a very short while lost his heart to Minna; 'but believe me, Astrida,' he wrote, 'that I have suffered for my fault. I do not ask you to forgive me, for I feel that I do not deserve forgiveness. I do not myself understand how I can have behaved as I did, I who—in the depths of my heart—have always loved you best. If I dared to hope that one day——' And so forth.

'Could I trust him again, mother,' Astrida asked, 'if we met and he—and he seemed to love me again?'

'He is not worthy of you,' said the Baroness von Kolbein; 'forget him, my dear!'

'Oh!' said Astrida, 'how can I, mother? Why, I love him!'

'If that is so, then let us wait and see what will happen,' replied the Baroness, tenderly philosophical.

That which happened was certainly not the 'expected.'

Astrida's brother, the young Baron von Kolbein, a captain in the Finnish Guards, wrote to his mother, a month later, that he was in love. 'She is beautiful,' he wrote, 'and much sought after; if she accepts me I will tell you her name, not otherwise.' In a second letter he announced his engagement; the name of his *fiancée* was Minna Bindemann. 'I flirted with her at first,' he wrote, 'for Astrida's sake, to cut Hendrick out, who seemed to have gone cracked about her. Why didn't you tell Minna that he and Astrida were engaged? At any rate, don't blame *her* for what has happened!'

Astrida was unaffectedly delighted to hear of her brother's engagement to Minna; she had never blamed Minna for last summer's catastrophe. How should she have known?

'Oh, that she *had* known! This summer he will not come,' she sighed. 'Why may I not tell him that I love him just as ever, and that he must, must, *must* come?'

But there was no talk of Hendrick's coming. On the contrary, her brother Svende wrote at Whitsuntide that he had hired Hendrick's fishing for the summer, and that he and Minna would come home for a month. 'A brother officer of mine will stay on the island, and we shall see much of him. Take care, little Astrida, of your heart!' Svende wrote.

Astrida knew that her heart was past safeguarding; nevertheless, when Svende arrived with Minna and praised his friend to the skies, she developed a feeble interest in him, and felt quite anxious to meet him when a fishing party was arranged for the evening of his arrival. He was to be Astrida's cavalier for the evening, Minna and Svende taking the other boat.

It was dark or nearly so when the two boats glided across to Hendrick's island. The new arrival would first entertain his guests with coffee and cakes. He stood upon the little landing-stage awaiting their arrival, his figure scarcely outlined in the dusk. Svende introduced his friend to his sister—'My sister Astrida—Mr. Penitent Lover,' he said, speaking Swedish; and Astrida thought, 'What an extraordinary name!'

'May I walk with you to the lodge?' the stranger asked, and

Svende called out, 'We will follow directly, Astrida!' The stranger's voice was a choky kind of organ, but it seemed nevertheless to strike some chord in Astrida's heart, for she started and gazed at her companion for a moment, and then suddenly screamed out, 'Svende, it is Hendrick—it is Hendrick!'

Svende and Minna reached the lodge before Astrida did, even though they gave the other pair a long start. What Astrida and her penitent lover may have said or done on the way history relateth not; but it is certain that the discussion between them was of a satisfactory nature, for it was a rosy, happy, grateful, bright-eyed Astrida that rushed to her brother's arms there, and cried, 'Svende, you wicked, darling brother, how *could* you play me such a trick without warning? What if I hadn't—hadn't forgiven him!'

'That's his look-out,' Svende laughed; 'he took the odds!'

And when, later in the evening, Astrida hooked and played and caught a *locki* that turned the scale at twenty-one pounds, establishing a record for the river, she declared that now she was certain this was the happiest day of her life.

FRED WHISHAW.

The Swimming Powers of Animals.

THE South American traveller Bates makes a remarkable statement in his account of the sloth. He says that he saw one swim across a river which was five hundred yards wide. Commenting on this assertion, I said that I thought Mr. Bates must be mistaken, and expressed the opinion that the animal is incapable of swimming. Writing to me about this remark of mine, Mr. W. H. Hudson asks if there are any mammals at all which are unable to swim. This letter has induced me to look up my notes on the subject, and give the result of some experiments on the swimming powers of animals.

I cannot believe that the sloth ever voluntarily takes to the water, yet I find some writers asserting that 'it swims well.' Those authors have evidently been misled by Mr. Bates's error, Bates being looked upon as an eminent authority on South American natural history.

The general ideas about the sloth are wrong. On the ground it is an awkward and nearly helpless animal; in the trees it is so active that its arch-enemy, the jaguar, has great difficulty in capturing it; in fact, seldom does so except by surprise. The sloth never willingly leaves the trees. It only does so to gain some fresh position which it cannot reach by climbing from bough to bough. Like the rabbit, the sloth never drinks; and I have never seen one approach the water. It is only on rare occasions that I have succeeded in getting possession of one alive.

On one occasion I sent some Indians up a tree to capture a three-toed sloth, or ai (*Bradypus tridactylus*); and they succeeded in cutting off its retreat to other trees, and driving it to the ends of some small branches which overhung a deep pool. It could only be captured by cutting the branches and letting it fall into the water. Here it exhibited great distress, crying piteously, and making futile efforts to climb the steep banks of the pool. It did not endeavour to escape by swimming across the water, and

permitted itself to be lifted out by hand. This seems to show that it was not gifted with any great swimming powers.

But it should be remarked that it had been completely immersed and wetted in its fall; and that some heavy animals, which can swim after a fashion, will drown as they float if their fur is completely saturated. This is the case with rabbits and many of the mouse tribe. The common mouse, and the field mouse, can only swim a few yards; they drown in the act of swimming. The same is also true of the rabbit, and most (perhaps all) small cats, though lions and tigers swim well, and often cross large rivers, as do the large cats of America—that is, the puma and the jaguar. The latter deserves the name of the water-cat; for it habitually haunts large rivers and lakes, and, contrary to the habits of all other cats, seems to love the water. None of the American small cats ever voluntarily enter water, but they fish from the banks of streams and from partly submerged roots, &c., clawing the fish out as they swim past.

Though the rabbit cannot swim, and avoids damp situations, the hare, as is generally known, swims well; and so, indeed, do the great majority of mammals.

All deer are expert and most graceful swimmers; and in this they are equalled by the horse. The latter animal can swim for miles without becoming exhausted. Horses have been known to cross the Niagara River from the American to the Canadian side for the purpose of returning to their old stables. It may be useful to give a few hints on crossing rivers with horses. A mounted man should slip off behind, and, holding lightly by the animal's tail, permit himself to be towed across. This method puts the least strain on the horse, and is the safest for the man. The horse, also, should be permitted to take its own way. It is remarkable with what strange instinct (or is it reason?) it will choose the best landing-place on the opposite bank, avoiding dangerous currents and quicksands—at any rate, this is my experience with American horses.

With the exception of aquatic animals, the bear is probably the strongest and best swimmer among mammals. I have known the American black bear to swim across small lakes, and arms of the larger bodies of water, a distance of at least, twenty miles without a break, and though many bears have, no doubt, reached the island of Anticosti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on ice floes, I am sure others have swum thither from the mainland, travelling probably, in some instances, thirty miles through the water. No

black bear will go a yard out of its way to avoid water, but passes straight through any river or lake that lies in its way. The grizzly bear is mostly an inhabitant of dry, rocky tracts; but even grizzlies often take to the water, for no perceptible cause except love of it.

Though the mouse cannot swim further than a few yards, the rat is a powerful swimmer, and the river that will bar its course must not only be broad but of strong current also. Lemmings and other small rodents are also good swimmers; but there are some small mammals that have as great a dread of water as they have of fire; among them the American squirrel. This little animal, like the mouse, can swim only a very few yards, when it drowns, the carcass remaining afloat long after death.

The mole also, though a powerful swimmer, drowns very rapidly, the reason in this case, as in the others, appearing to be an inability to hold the nostrils above the ripple of the water. Probably they would live a considerable time if they remained motionless and simply floated; but it is a remarkable fact that all animals, except man and monkeys, strike out and naturally go through the motions of swimming. I include birds among the animals; but of these we shall treat presently.

Monkeys cannot swim, and have a great dread of water. If they drop accidentally into a river, which they sometimes do when squabbling among themselves, or when they are pursued by an enemy, they seldom succeed in struggling out, but are speedily drowned.

I should have added that bats, also, are helpless in the water, and perhaps drown more speedily than any other mammal, though I have but seldom seen them in the water. A few were knocked into the river in an attempt to secure them in a net fixed to a pole; and I once saw one plunge into the water in its attempt to elude a hawk—species not ascertained, but probably a buzzard, a bird which, in America, frequently hawks in the dusk of evening.

There are many small mammals which, though good swimmers, dread the water exceedingly, and a river of very moderate width limits their habitat in a country as effectually as would the ocean. These are mostly the inhabitants of dry sandy plains or rocky districts. I do not say that the armadillo is one of these animals, but, though armadillos can swim well, they evince great terror of being immersed in water, and will struggle violently to prevent it. Once in, however, they act very differently from the sloth, and swim away rapidly to escape.

Everybody knows how much dogs differ in their ability as swimmers, retrievers and water spaniels being the water-dogs *par excellence*. A Russian retriever which I once owned was remarkable as a water-dog, preferring the sea to fresh water for his bath. He often swam so far out that I lost sight of him, and could not find him, even through a glass. He must have gone at least two or three miles straight out to sea, and several times I gave him up for lost. He always, however, came straight back to the spot whence he started. The liking of this dog for tallow was so great that he would eat all the candles he could find in the house, searching the bedrooms for them. He often took them when lighted from the tables; and he was so fierce that nobody dare interfere with him unless his master was at hand.

There is the same difference regarding liking for the water among wild animals of the dog kind as there is among the domestic animals. Wolves, though they can swim tolerably well, never care to enter the water except to escape pursuit. They will not enter it after their prey, as dogs do, but will gallop round a lake or pond to meet the escaping victim. If the latter cross a river, the wolves at once give up the chase.

Foxes take to the water much more readily than wolves; but even these are not fond of it—I am speaking, of course, of American foxes. It is singular that the Arctic fox, which is found only on or near the coasts, is far more reluctant to wet its fur than are the other foxes, known as black, red, grey, cross-foxes, &c., which are, however, all one species, as I have conclusively proved by finding all the various colours in one litter over and over again.

I have never seen any of the American porcupines (called tree-porcupines) in the water; but I found one drowned in a South American river. I conclude, therefore, that they cannot swim.

We come now to birds. One would expect that the light bodies of birds, with their bones full of air-cells, would be admirably adapted to keep them afloat. Such is not the case, however.

Birds drown more rapidly than most other animals that can swim at all. When they fall into the water, most species are submerged with the exception of the head and a very small part of the neck. They at once strike out with their legs, but never use their wings, swimming in an aimless fashion, or often involuntarily making a great circuit. They die in a very few minutes; which is the more remarkable as the head seems to be kept above water to the last; and I am inclined to think that they die rather from shock than from actual drowning. These remarks do not apply

to wounded birds ; but it seems not to matter whether or not the bird has been winged before falling into the water. The results are the same.

With regard to natatorial birds, these swim and dive well, even after being severely wounded ; but there are many water-fowl which do not dive, which either rise from the water with great difficulty or cannot rise at all, if the whole of their feathers are wetted. All persons who have carefully watched gulls must have noticed how reluctant they are to wet the feathers of their wings. When they drop on to the sea, the wings are stretched up out of the way, and when the bird is settled on the surface of the water, carefully crossed on the back where the wet cannot reach them.

Many gulls, if plunged under the water, cannot rise until the feathers have dried. In such circumstances they swim for rocks, or raise their wings the better to catch the rays of the sun. Neither can coots and moorhens rise if they are thoroughly wetted. These latter birds, with divers and some others, are heavy flyers at the best of times. The divers trust more to their tricks and subterfuges than to actual flight. I found it a difficult task to compel the great divers to rise.

Small birds, such as finches, thrushes, jays, &c., have no power of progression at all in the water ; and though they do not immediately sink, yet they drown very speedily.

Such birds as ducks, geese, &c., are provided with oil-glands, from which they keep their feathers greased. I believe that all water-fowl have this means of rendering their feathers partly impervious to the penetration of wet ; and though in some the oil is not sufficient in quantity to prevent the feathers of the back from becoming wet, this does not seem to be the case with the duck, which rises more easily from the surface of the water than any other natatorial bird. All I can say further with regard to ducks and geese is that wounded birds, falling from a height that caused them to reach the water with force enough to bury them beneath it for a moment, and thus ensure their complete wetting, would yet sometimes immediately rise again, which was never the case with gulls. Wounded ducks and geese are always more difficult to run down and secure in the water than any other kind of birds, divers excepted.

All reptiles can swim, but toads and many lizards never voluntarily take to the water, and, if put into it, will get out again as speedily as possible. They can swim, and never drown. Snakes are expert swimmers ; and many of them, of strictly terrestrial

species, will swim with facility if thrown into the water. Others, that are not in any respect organised for a natatorial life, frequently enter streams from choice, and probably in search of prey.

I think it is impossible to drown a tortoise. At any rate, it will speedily revive after being submerged many hours. The species can all swim, though many of them rather float than propel themselves. I have never seen them described as amphibious animals, but such, I think, they are.

Among lower animals the *Arachnida* are the easiest drowned, and the *Coleoptera* the hardest to destroy by means of submersion. In South America, I, not knowing how otherwise to destroy the large beetles I wished to preserve, in such a way as to prevent torturing them, tried to drown them. In a few minutes they were insensible and appeared to be dead; but after a submergence of a hundred hours, they recovered in a few minutes when taken out of the water, and were as lively as ever. These beetles do not sink, and can swim well; and if they accidentally fall into the water, usually succeed in crawling out again.

It is very different with spiders. These creatures do not even struggle in the water. They sink rapidly, spread out their legs, and are dead in two or three minutes. Even the large bird-eating spiders of Brazil, fierce and aggressive as they are, succumb the minute after they are placed in the water. They make no efforts to save themselves. The same remarks are applicable to the scorpions; but it should be noted that *Arachnida* are more easily killed than any of those minute animals which are popularly called insects. The slightest prick in the thorax with a needle results in the speedy death of a spider or a scorpion.

But some spiders glide on the surface of the water so quickly that the eye can scarcely follow their movements. I have even noticed a small spider riding on the waves of the sea on several parts of the coast of South America. It is never submerged; but when the water is unusually rough it mysteriously disappears, coming ashore, as I suppose, and hiding among the stones.

Insects generally can swim, and the specific gravity of nearly all of them is much less than that of water. There are scarcely any creatures, from the highest to the lowest, in the animal kingdom that cannot float buoyantly. Earthworms, caterpillars, and grubs sink; and immersion is usually fatal to butterflies and moths; but I do not know of any others than these, and those

previously mentioned, which have not a fair chance of getting out of the water if they accidentally fall in. I have seen small flies rapidly swim a distance of quite twenty yards to the bank of a river, climb up a blade of grass, and, after waiting for their wings to dry, fly gaily away. Insects falling into the water have far more to dread from predacious fishes than from the mere immersion, though of course many are lost.

On the theory, scientific or physical, of the swimming powers of animals I cannot enter. Whether their skill in natation is the outcome of experience, reason, or instinct is matter of opinion. As I find that the young of animals which are good swimmers (as the dog, jaguar, and even the otter) have no notion of swimming until they attain a certain age and have had some experience, my own opinion is that their powers are not merely instinctive; and I am disposed to place them on the same footing as human beings. I have long been of opinion that animals have reasoning powers—some of them very great reasoning powers—but that has only incidental connection with my present subject.

What I would say is that human beings have greater swimming powers than most of the lower animals, but few individuals develop those powers. Indeed, it is more than probable that not one man in fifty can swim at all, simply because he has never learned to, or lacks the nerve to act aright when he unexpectedly finds himself in the water. Recently a man, in endeavouring to swim across the English Channel, is said to have swum a distance of thirty miles. The only land animal I have seen swim a distance nearly as great as this was an American black bear; but American deer sometimes swim a distance of twelve or fourteen miles at a stretch. The Russian retriever alluded to above once followed a canoe for nine miles, but he was much exhausted at the end of that distance. A friend who is fond of coursing says that hares are found on islets on the Essex coast which are a mile from the shore, and I have known rats in America swim across rivers which were a mile and a quarter to two miles wide; but, unfortunately, I have only such trivial records of the distances animals can swim. A systematic table of their powers in this respect would be of great value to the naturalist.

PAUL FOUNTAIN.

Miss Fenella.

I.

IF Miss Fenella was not deeply loved in Mirbrook, she was highly esteemed. The small town felt a certain pride in her. She was not called a 'sweet woman,' but she was often called true as steel. She had never been known to do a mean action; and mean people seemed to contract visibly in her presence, though she uttered no criticism. Audibly she criticised no one—though there sometimes shone in her eyes a light ironic yet tolerant. She was a strong, silent woman. It was rumoured that she was sceptical, like her father, the old doctor, who had died twelve years ago—but if she were, she had never said so. She proffered no confession, whether of doubt or faith, but her steady refusal wholly to identify herself with the Zionists, whose chapel she attended, made the rigidly orthodox look on her with a certain suspicion—not unmingled with respect. Her religious experience, they feared, was defective, yet they surmised that the Almighty would take into account her sterling moral qualities, and were vaguely relieved that He, not they, had to classify Miss Fenella.

Everyone had called her Miss Fenella while her elder sister lived, and the name clung to her when she was left alone. It suited her—the clear pallor of the face, framed in grey hair, the firm lines of the lips, with their hint of gentle austerity. She was only thirty-five, but she sometimes looked ten years older. She had had a hard life. Her father had died suddenly, leaving his two daughters, one an invalid, almost penniless. Fenella at his death took up her burden uncomplainingly. She moved into a smaller house, sent away all the servants but one elderly woman, gave music-lessons, and eked out her income by taking a lodger, a lady lodger first, then a rheumatic old gentleman. She worked hard for ten years, and then her sister died. She had not been an ideal invalid—she had often been querulous and impatient—

but Fenella had loved her, with the love of a strong nature for a weak one, and had put aside for her the thought of any other love. There had once been a whisper of romance—a young doctor who had come to assist her father, and who, the townsfolk said, had been very friendly with Miss Fenella, when her grey hair was a lovely brown. But it had come to nothing. Miss Fenella had made him understand, when the two women were left alone, that her one thought now must be for Mattie, and he had gone away, and in course of time married another woman. Her thoughts of him, across many laborious years, were almost like a dream of a bygone existence. More and more, her interests had centred in the exacting invalid, whose hold on life seemed at once so weak and so tenacious—who died at last of a disease which many had begun to suspect was imaginary. Miss Fenella bore her death, as she had borne every other calamity, so quietly that people did not know how much she felt, or if she felt anything; they could not guess that in her heart there was often something resembling despair. She taught her pupils as carefully as ever; she went regularly on Sunday mornings to the little dissenting chapel which all her folk had frequented. For years Mattie had liked to hear every detail—the text, the sermon, the new dresses—who had spoken to Fenella, and with whom she had walked home. Now Mattie was dead; but there was still Hannah to be considered. Hannah would be ‘upset’ if she departed from the old custom. Miss Fenella had always been very careful to ‘upset’ no one, whether by deeds or doubts. The sky was dark enough; but if Mattie, and many another poor soul, gained hope and comfort from believing in the light of a certain star, to what purpose should Fenella protest that to her it was invisible? Their eyes might be right and hers wrong. She accepted their testimony with gentle deference, though, being perfectly sincere, she added none of her own. She bore her spiritual burden alone, as she bore all other burdens, and often wondered secretly—one always has time to wonder—whether God had forgotten her. That surmise did not rouse her righteous indignation. She was one who lived by remembering, not by tokens of remembrance, and her inner life did not fascinate her simply because it was hers. Moreover, being a busy woman, with a philosophic vein, she reflected that God must have a very great deal to do. And she went on with her own work in a certain grey peace.

Her best friend was her violin. That violin had a history: it was old and really valuable. It had belonged to her father's

younger brother—dead now, like nearly all the other people whom Miss Fenella had loved. He had been a splendid amateur musician, and he had taught Fenella all the music she knew. He was a good pianist, but the violin was his specialty, as it was hers, though pecuniarily she found the art useless. Mirbrook was one of the most unmusical of small towns, and it never occurred to its inhabitants to learn, or wish their children to learn, anything but the piano. For this Fenella was not sorry—she could hardly have borne the perpetual violin discords that a dull pupil would produce on her favourite instrument. Her father and Mattie, all the friends she ever had, loved her violin; it was instinct with old memories, that woke as she drew her bow across the strings. And now, since Hannah cared nothing for music, she grew to look upon it as a solitary traveller looks upon the slender stream of water in the wilderness, that is only dear to him.

When this story opens, Miss Fenella had no lodgers, and since Mattie's death made it possible for her and old Hannah to live somewhat frugally on the music-fees alone, she was in no hurry to let her rooms. If a suitable person turned up, well and good: in the meantime, they could manage. Things were in this position, when one Monday morning Fenella was startled by a visit from the Rev. Mr. Marshall, superintendent of the circuit of which Mirbrook formed a part. The ministers had visited Mattie regularly, but they were rather shy of Miss Fenella. She was not the kind of person on whom they felt inclined to bestow spiritual counsel at random, and Mr. Marshall himself had sometimes turned away from the door with a humiliating consciousness that he who was expected to 'sow beside all waters,' had withheld his hand, purely through a nervous fear of sowing the wrong seed.

But on this occasion his errand was purely practical.

'Miss Blake,' he began, 'we are in a dilemma. Can you board and lodge the supply? He is coming on Wednesday. Mrs. Jackson has entirely fallen through, and so has Mrs. Hawkins. I have not a soul to turn to but yourself, and I think you would find Mr. Maxwell an excellent—indeed, a delightful—young man, a true Christian. No one could look after him as you could; and I hope that in six months Mr. Burroughs will be back at his post. At present he is ordered south, as you know.'

Yes, Fenella knew. She had heard that a 'supply' was coming, but the information had not interested her. Her face fell involuntarily at Mr. Marshall's proposal. She knew the type of young man—at least, she thought she did. But she suffered

under the disadvantage of never in her life having refused to do a favour, if possible. And the rooms were empty!

'Oh, yes,' she said, rather blankly, 'you can send him here if you like! You know my terms, don't you?—or perhaps I had better reduce them a little for a minister. A pound a week for board and two rooms—I can't very well manage for less than that. I will do my best, but I am a very busy person, and——'

She paused. It had been on her lips to ask whether the young man would expect to conduct family worship more than once a day; but, on reflection, she forbore, and subsided into her habitual silence. The minister soon left, and she went somewhat heavy-heartedly into the kitchen, to tell the news to old Hannah. But Hannah received it with distinct approval.

'It will be a bit of company for you, Miss Fenella!' said she. 'Maybe he's a right nice young man, that'll freshen us all up.'

'Oh, I hope not!' said Fenella. 'I don't want company, Hannah! I have too much to do. Most likely he will spend all his time in playing croquet with the Brownes. That is what most of the young ministers do who come here!'

'Ah, there was Mr. Jenkins,' said Hannah reflectively. 'He was never off the Miss Brownes' doorstep. They did say he got himself engaged to all three of them, but nothing ever came of it. They're handsome ladies too, Miss Fenella, but I was never one that held with forward ways with gentlemen—and they're not so young as they used to be, for all their croquet.'

'None of us are, Hannah,' said Miss Fenella. 'Ah, here is Nelly's ring—I'll go: don't take your hands out of the flour.'

And Fenella turned to the door to receive her next music-pupil.

II.

MISS FENELLA, having accepted the inevitable, did not exactly meet it halfway. The young minister, however aggressively evangelical, would not probably remain more than half a year, and apart from the Miss Brownes and their croquet, he would have sermons to write, and many meetings to attend, so that she was not likely to see much of him. She would earn a few shillings every week by letting the rooms, and might buy herself a winter cloak and some snow-shoes, as well as Hannah's Christmas present, and gifts for various old pensioners whom she never forgot. Yet she woke on Wednesday morning with a sense of

regret. The post brought a brief note, signed 'Hugh Maxwell,' announcing that the writer would probably reach Mirbrook at six in the evening, and she felt relieved that he was not coming earlier. Her last pupil was due at three: she could have a good violin practice from four to half-past five. It would be well to secure this, since the young man might be studious, or nervous, and object to the violin. So she went on peacefully with her music-lessons, only once interrupted by Hannah, who came from her baking-board to ask 'whether the minister would like rock-cakes or buns?'

'Why, Hannah,' said Fenella, shutting the door carefully upon her pupil, 'how can I know? I should think—if he is at all like Mr. Jenkins—I should think you had better make both, and put in plenty of raisins, and lemon-peel, poor fellow! Bake enough, then on Saturday I shall have time to cook myself.'

'It's no trouble, Miss Fenella,' said Hannah stoutly. 'But as for your saying "poor fellow," I shouldn't wonder if the Lord had sent him, and I believe he'll be a consecrated young man, and a blessing in disguise.'

'Do you, Hannah?' Fenella replied dubiously. 'Well, perhaps he will—I'm sure I hope so!'

And she returned to her pupil, half smiling, half sighing. Hannah was one of the people who, in spite of all their love and trust for her, perpetually regretted that she did not join the church. And Fenella could not join the church, even to please Hannah, whom she would have done much to please. The Zionists laid great stress on what they called the inward witness—something of which Fenella was destitute, or which, at all events, always resolved itself into a consciousness of the next duty to be done. All through her life she had quietly repressed her emotions. They had remained strong and vivid—repressed emotions often do—but she had been silent in her pain, very silent in her joy, and presented an unmoved surface to the world. It had been partly innate reserve, partly the instinctive desire to perturb no one. Highly strung people thought her excellent but phlegmatic, and Zionists sometimes accused her of 'cold morality.' Their own was apt to be glowing, and they wore their souls on their sleeves. Miss Fenella's soul was perhaps morbidly shy, and never expressed itself save in action. Still she liked the Zionists, for old sake's sake, also because when they forgot their souls they were human, simple, and kindly.

By-and-by the last pupil was gone. Fenella drank a hasty

cup of tea, and settled down to her violin. The day was dark already—the March evening was closing in ; she chose the further end of the drawing-room, to catch the light from the window, and half an hour later was so absorbed in her playing that she never heard an irresolute tap, nor a brief colloquy, in smothered tones, outside the door, to which her back was turned. It opened softly, and two figures entered—Hannah's and another ; but she neither saw nor heard. She was playing a long sonata, and when at last it ended she laid down her bow with a sigh. Into that sigh Hannah's voice broke.

'Miss Fenella, here's the minister. He drove over instead of coming by train, and he wouldn't let me stop your playing. And shall I make tea for him, please ?'

'No,' said Hugh Maxwell, advancing into the light from the window ; 'I don't want any tea, Miss Blake ; I had some tea at Lowick before starting. I only want you, if you will be so awfully good, to let me listen while you go on playing.'

Fenella laid the violin down carefully by the bow, and held out her hand, while her keen quiet eyes scanned the face before her. It was not a strong face, but it was very beautiful ; and just now it was full of a boyish appeal that struck her as genuine. She glanced at Hannah, and saw that Hannah, between the compliment to her mistress, and the new comer's winning glance and voice, had surrendered unreservedly.

'Do you care for music, Mr. Maxwell ?' she said, to gain time. 'If you do, I am afraid the choir on Sunday will try you a good deal.'

'Ah ! but this is not Sunday,' he replied cheerily ; 'it is only Wednesday. Won't you let me be happy now ?'

'But——' said Fenella, surveying him with a puzzled brow. She was no martyr to convention, yet this struck her, somehow, as a most inappropriate beginning of a new lodger's career. 'Are you really in earnest ?' she asked lamely.

'Of course,' said Hugh, with the unshaken conviction of youth. But her question struck him as pathetic. It was the question of one whose rare gift has never been appreciated ; but he would alter all that. He was really appreciative, and he held that appreciation was a thing which put light and colour into the greyest landscapes, and made life richer all round. He was attracted towards this woman with the quiet worn face. The idea of enriching her life was distinctly fascinating.

'I have had no music for six weeks,' he continued ; 'and

music is part of my religion. You have read Browning's poem, "Abt Vogler"?''

'Yes,' said Miss Fenella soberly. 'Hannah, we will have supper early. Mr. Maxwell, won't you sit down? That arm-chair by the fire is comfortable.'

And Hugh sank into the armchair indicated, feeling that it was well with him. The fire was pleasant after a cold drive. He loved music, and Miss Fenella, after a few nervous moments, was at her best. She glanced now and then at his face: silhouetted in the firelight, it looked more delicate, more dreamy than ever. She had not yet surrendered, like Hannah, but she acknowledged that there was something extremely winning about this strange young man. At the end of an hour, however, she despatched him relentlessly, to get ready for supper, or high tea, whatever name the nondescript meal happened to merit, feeling that discipline would never be maintained if it were not maintained now.

Before the meal was over it became clear to her that it never would be, when she saw the lodger on his knees before the fire toasting fresh toast, and triumphantly offering her half the supply. Over the toast he dashed into confidential conversation. He told Fenella that he was converted at thirteen, that the chief aim of his early life had been to become a minister, and that, much as he loved music, he valued his voice first and foremost because it enabled him to start the tunes at mission-meetings.

'Don't you find your violin,' he suggested, with some diffidence, 'a great opportunity?'

'No—o,' said Miss Fenella, desiring to be accurate; 'not in your sense. You see, I am not religious.'

Hugh gazed at her.

'I don't believe that,' he said decidedly. 'You may not have found God; but I am quite sure that He has found you. I can read it in your face!'

The remark seemed an impertinence, yet, to Miss Fenella's own deep surprise, something smarted under her eyelids. When people have been lonely a long while, and have endured the criticism of the '*unco' guid*' in silence, they cannot always gauge the quality of unexpected sympathy or trust. And Hugh's sympathy was real, so far as it went. The only mischief was that it seldom went so far as it seemed to go. He was at the stage when many people have an unlimited rosy faith in almost everyone, and an unlimited power of expressing it. Later on,

their faith is more austere, if more tenacious, and perhaps cannot express itself at all; it is no radiant assurance, but the grip of a rope that hurts the hands. Fenella divined all this, yet Hugh's words touched her; she felt a sudden sense of human fellowship, and she smiled kindly, as she might have done at a trustful child.

'You know very little about me,' she answered quietly; 'and—you have no butter!'

'That was not what you meant to say,' said Hugh persuasively, accepting butter nevertheless, and buttering his toast with vehemence. There was certainly a great deal in Miss Fenella, he decided, and, if she did not care to talk, he could always talk for two, which he did, till supper was over, in a bright, irresponsible way that took her sympathy for granted as if, she thought, he had found an elder sister ready-made. Even now she was making excuses for what, two hours ago, she would have characterised as want of reserve; even now she was beginning to feel that she could do anything for him.

In a month, she knew she could. He had slipped, with charming audacity, into the position of a younger brother, a favourite nephew, what you will. The small household grudged him nothing. There were not very many companionable people in Mirbrook, and he made the most of Miss Fenella with cheerful alacrity. Sometimes he needed inspiration, and she gave him that in violin music; sometimes counsel, and here, too, she was ready, with few words, but fitting; sometimes—indeed, very often—he only wanted to talk about himself, and then he found her an invaluable listener. To be sure, his interest in her was real enough to make him wish, not infrequently, that she would speak of her own life; but it seemed like a locked chamber of which she had lost the key. So he fell back on Hugh Maxwell, his aims, his convictions, his career. It appeared that he intended to remain celibate. He explained to her, very soberly, all the reasons why he should not so much as fall in love, with a precision that made her wonder vaguely if he were not in love already. She laid claim to no philosophy, but she suspected that such elaborate calculations generally rested on suppressed data. She felt more sure of this one day when he was showing her photographs of his mother and sister and brothers. Then came a fresh photograph, and she asked:

'Is that another sister?'

'No,' Hugh said doubtfully. 'At least, I look upon her

almost as a sister—a younger sister. We used to play together ; and she is a great favourite at home.’

He glanced at Miss Fenella, half exploringly, half hopefully, as if to ask her approval of this fraternal arrangement. He had fallen into the habit of wondering what she would think about anything and everything.

‘You know,’ he explained to her one day, ‘you are a kind of Conscience ! No one would go far wrong, I fancy, who had you for a friend.’

On this occasion, however, Miss Fenella only said, ‘I see.’ But she said it kindly, and he went on :

‘She’s a pretty girl, isn’t she ? Rather delicate, though. She can’t tramp round like my own sister, and slum, and cook, and garden, and work in Sunday-school. The least thing knocks her up ; but she plays beautifully, and composes—you know—composes hymns. We had one of her hymns at the last Sunday-school Anniversary. I think—I am not sure—I have it in my pocket-book.’

He drew out his pocket-book with a slight flush, and finding the hymn after some show of perplexity, handed it to Fenella. It was in a woman’s writing, delicate, and very feminine, and was signed R. W.—Rose Wilfer, he explained. The hymn itself was quite correct and commonplace, without even a false rhyme. Fenella read it carefully.

‘I should think,’ she remarked, ‘that the writer has a sweet disposition.’

‘Oh, she has !’ returned Hugh eagerly. ‘One of the sweetest dispositions I ever knew !’

‘Yes,’ said Fenella. But she stored these facts in her mind, and though, during the next few weeks, she almost forgot them, she never quite forgot. It was like the knowledge that somewhere, behind a closed door, a gentle, implacable little Nemesis was hiding—a Nemesis all white and rose, with the sweetest disposition—and if that door once opened, Fenella’s summer day was done.

For it was a summer day. Perhaps she hardly realised it till one June afternoon. Hugh had been away for two nights, he was to be away for another. He was staying at Lowick, helping the superintendent with some financial work connected with the denominational synod. Fenella had been busy all the morning with backward pupils, and she and Hannah had dined frugally on tea and toast and eggs. It really did not seem worth

while to get a dinner ready for two women ; besides, Fenella's head was aching, and she wanted a cup of tea. It did her no good, however : the headache had gone too far. She took no notice of an ordinary headache, but two or three times a year a nervous attack came which refused to be ignored ; and an hour after lunch she had reluctantly given up the idea of visiting her old almshouse women, had tied a wet handkerchief round her head, darkened the parlour blind, and lain down on the comfortable old couch. By dint of quiet and the dim light the pain abated, and grew less like the twisting of a rack, more like the throbbing of an engine ; she lay half-dreamily quiescent, when suddenly she heard the front door open and Hugh's step in the hall. A gay voice shouted :

‘ Miss Fenella, Miss Fenella ! ’

She tried to rise, but, with the hasty effort, the pain leapt back into her brow, and forced her down upon the couch again, almost fainting. She heard Hannah's voice outside, half pleased and half reproachful, then a brief colloquy, and then the front door closed again, and Hannah's step returned alone from it. He had gone ; and Fenella lay still, with a sense of crushing disappointment. Next came Hannah's furtive tap of inquiry. For the first time for years, she did not answer, and the old servant, satisfied that she was asleep, went quietly away again. And Fenella, in the dark drawing-room, realised, on the top of a headache, what had come into her life, when just the sound of one human step made so great a difference. She was a doctor's daughter, and could diagnose her ailments. Ten years ago, she knew, this pain would have been curable ; to-day the chances were that it had come to stay. Very well, it was not contagious—as it might have been ten years ago !

The front door opened once more, this time very gently ; there was a stealthy step in the passage. After all, he had not gone back to Lowick—not yet ! The footsteps drew nearer ; a soft voice said at the keyhole :

‘ Miss Fenella, are you asleep ? ’

‘ No ; come in,’ said Fenella.

‘ It's only I,’ said Hugh, in his most persuasive accents. ‘ Do lie still, or I shall wish I hadn't come back. The work's done—the second minister turned up, and I've got home again. And I've brought you some eau-de-cologne. Hannah told me you used it, and you'd none in the house. You'll bathe your forehead, won't you ? and when you're better I shall come and read

to you—may I? You have done such lots for me!’ he added boyishly.

‘Oh, dear!’ exclaimed Fenella, struggling into a sitting posture; ‘how much did you pay for that big bottle—the very best, too?’

‘You mustn’t speak!’ said Hugh, ‘or you won’t get better. I’m so glad I’m back; you spoil me for everywhere else. The potatoes at Lowick were like young brickbats, and the tea was made of boiled chips, and there was no violin. And now I’ll begin a sermon while you go to sleep. We’ll have the reading afterwards.’

‘You *are* good,’ said Fenella. It was all that she could say. She was tired out, and felt like crying—than which she would rather have fainted away.

‘Good—to *you*!’ Hugh returned. ‘No one can be *that*, Miss Fenella! You soak up all the self-sacrifice in the atmosphere, you know—as leaves absorb carbonic-acid gas,’ he added, with a vague remembrance of his boyhood’s primer. ‘You don’t give any other fellow a chance. But I’m off, to let you sleep.’

And he retreated, leaving Fenella—not to sleep, she imagined. But as a matter of fact, when she had steeped her handkerchief in the scent, and thought how very novel and delightful it was to be taken care of for once in a way, she went to sleep out of sheer surprise; and when, two hours later, she woke, the headache was almost gone.

They had a quiet, very pleasant evening. Hannah sent up a delightful little supper, and though Fenella could eat little, strong coffee dispersed the last remnant of her headache. Yet Hugh would have it that she was ill; he made her take the armchair, and read to her—Lowell, Whittier, Matthew Arnold. He read well: genuine kindness and anxiety had banished any tendency towards affectation; and Fenella, listening and watching, felt that, for all his inconsistencies and crudities, he was a man whom any woman might feel justified in loving—which is a greater thing, with some women, than having their love returned. She lay back in the armchair, quietly happy, and Hugh was happy too. There was something in Fenella’s presence that always calmed and refreshed him, and brought out his unspoiled side—she said little, but her silence seemed full of comprehension. To his surprise, when he opened Matthew Arnold she asked for the *Forsaken Merman*.

‘I remember copying that out,’ she said, ‘when I was a little

girl. My uncle was a great lover of poetry—he used to lend me books. I always liked the Merman, but I hated the woman who forsook him. It was she who lost her soul; the Merman gained his.’

Hugh gazed at Miss Fenella with deep interest. It was really the first time that the oracle had spoken, and he felt triumphantly justified in the belief that she could always have done so had she chosen. Her voice was gentle, but caustic.

‘I never grasped that meaning,’ he said respectfully. ‘I read the poem as a mere legend.’

‘It is a legend that repeats itself,’ said Fenella; and, flushing slightly, she relapsed into a silence from which he tried vainly to rouse her.

‘I believe,’ he said at last, ‘that you think talking sinful.’

‘No,’ said Fenella. ‘I like to hear you talk very much. It is natural to you; but as for me, it would be like a lame man trying to dance.’

‘That isn’t it!’ Hugh retorted. ‘Confess that you are afraid of turning your soul into current coin, and common coin—as I do.’

‘No!’ said Fenella. ‘I think that is the only good of a soul, to turn it into current coin. Perhaps my coinage and yours would be different!’ she added, smiling.

‘Oh,’ exclaimed Hugh exultantly, ‘how you could talk if you would!’

But Fenella only shook her head gently. Her cheek, however, was glowing with the unaccustomed self-revelation; on her face, under the soft grey hair, there was an evanescent look of youth. For the first time for ten years she felt the frustrated youth within her beating and striving under her tranquil demeanour, like a living thing under funeral ceremonies. After all, it had never died! When she lay down to sleep, and sleep fled far away, Fenella told herself sternly that if youth was not dead, it ought to be. But youth itself laughed back, with irrepressible laughter, at the human reason that confounds an ageing body with an ageing soul. And—even in years, was she so very old? Only six years older—but that way lay madness! Before Hugh, doubtless, there was life, joy, love; before her, there was duty. There is always duty; that is the comrade who never faints, who never fails, who closes the eyes of joy or hope, heaps the sods above the grave, and marches on, impassive and relentless, calling on those to follow who only long to stay for ever beside their dead.

Life or death, hope or despair—what does it matter to Duty? what difference does a grave make? For those who at any crisis fail to answer to his call, there is a supreme scorn in the face of the old martinet. But those who have followed will follow, though with blind eyes and stumbling feet, and one day certainly it will be well with them. For Duty is a great comrade, the best of all comrades, save Love; and although Love and he often seem to walk estranged, their hearts know but one beat, and their steps one far goal.

‘There is always duty!’ said Miss Fenella. Then she thought of the eau-de-cologne, and smiled, and slept smiling. She had exacted little of the world and of God; now she felt that the world was good, and that God was real and mindful of all souls. A little share of the wine of life had been set apart for her, who was secretly faint with thirst. It was as if, having thought herself ignored, she found that all the while she had been planned for and remembered. She was very, very grateful—not only to Hugh, but to God. It seemed that life, and love, and faith had come back to her together, after the arid waste across which she and Duty had walked alone.

Her idol had feet of clay. She knew that, but it did not matter; indeed, she gave her homage the more unstintedly. An idol all of gold, or even all of brass, can look after itself; it is the poor clay-footed idol that needs our human allegiance. She knew instinctively where the clay ended and the gold began. His longing to save souls, was it not partly a longing to sway souls? and when the souls in question refused to be saved or swayed, was not his vanity wounded as sharply as his altruism? His determination to believe the best of everyone, was it not blended with a determination that everyone should believe the best of him? Yet the gold was the reality. Sometimes she looked at him, when these reflections crossed her mind, with a look that made Hugh wonder if she was not reading his soul, and hastily rearrange the said soul’s contents, on the spur of the moment. Not that there was very much to hide; but no one cares to be taken unawares. But Fenella’s scrutiny, if keen, was always kind, and full of the great trust that is justified, when a shallow trust is belied. Perhaps she exaggerated what he had done for her. It was not his buoyant sympathy that had lifted her out of her loneliness—that miracle will never happen. It was her love for him. It is better for men and women to love very faulty people with a great unselfish love, than for them to love

saints and prophets, or even Christ, with a love that is small and mean. But however that may be, summer had come back to Miss Fenella.

Once or twice it was said of her that she looked younger and more comely, but she never varied from the Quaker-like austerity of her dress. Once the thought came to her in the evening to put on a red ribbon. She had one lying in a drawer, an unused gift, and she knew it would suit her. She took it out, but put it back again—somehow, the adornment would have seemed to her unbecoming, like the demonstrative speech in which she was sometimes prompted to indulge. She thought of saying to Hugh: ‘You have given me back my old faith.’

But the words were never uttered. What she said instead was generally: ‘What would you like for breakfast? or for dinner?’

No; she could not speak, but she grew eloquent in serving him. He was not strong, and she resolved to build up his physical frame by the best of everything. She grew lavish in her housekeeping, and her cooking seemed to involve a double quantity of milk and eggs and butter. She made her tea recklessly strong, because Hugh liked strong tea, and she bought cream daily. In short, the profit arising from the letting of the rooms was almost absorbed. But Fenella committed her extravagances with a curious deliberateness. The outward gifts, the outward service, became mere symbols to her. When she reflected, she knew that she could always make shift for Hannah’s Christmas present, and the like, and it really mattered nothing about a winter cloak. One must express one’s gratitude in some way, and if cooking is an expensive method, perhaps, in the long run, it is less expensive than speech. Yet, if she had spoken, she would have spoken deliberately. She knew, and had always known, that people were mistaken who called her unemotional; yet she never feared that her emotions would betray her. She had the best of all safeguards—she was not thinking of herself, but entirely of the other person. The restraint of love is always absolute: it is the restraint of egotism that an emotional crisis breaks down. The one can walk through fire unscathed: you cannot strike a match in the neighbourhood of the other without risking an explosion.

III.

Two months later, Fenella sat waiting. Hugh's mother had been seriously ill, and he had been for a week's visit to her, but now she was convalescent, and he was coming back. Fenella was glad at heart—though there were only eight more weeks to run of the six months of Hugh's supply. She had learned to live a day at a time, and to live it thoroughly, even as she loved thoroughly. She could no more have half loved Hugh than she could have half dusted a room. She had no dream of marriage; but if she might serve him a little longer, giving him of her best, and reaping the affection, real and pure, if somewhat shallow, that gave her a deeper joy than a whole life's devotion can give a selfish woman! That was all she asked of destiny.

She heard the sound of wheels, and springing up, opened the door to him. But they had hardly exchanged greetings, when her swift instinct warned her that there was something amiss. Yet he sat down in the armchair, in his old way—praised the flowers, the bright fire, everything. The cat sprang on his knee; he stroked its fur, and said that it had grown more glossy since he went away. Then an ominous silence fell.

'I think you have something to tell me,' said Fenella quietly.

He laughed—not the old boyish laugh—constrainedly, not very happily.

'You are a witch, Miss Blake!' he said (he had always called her Miss Fenella). 'But you are quite right. I am engaged—to the sweetest girl in the world, Rose Wilfer. I once showed you her photograph.'

'I remember,' said Fenella. 'The girl who wrote that pretty hymn.'

The face in the photograph flashed before her, with its delicate, appealing loveliness. It was the face of a girl who would certainly never want a latch-key, or understand how anyone else could want one, whom the possession of a latch-key would seriously embarrass, and whose idea of marriage was to cling round the oak like the ivy. Miss Fenella, having reached this simile, looked at the very inadequate oak round which this ivy had elected to cling.

'Oh, I *do* hope you will be happy!' she exclaimed, with a fervour that Hugh perhaps thought unnecessary, for he flushed.

'I hope,' he said solemnly, 'that I shall make *her* happy. I'—his fluency had deserted him—'you know—why, Miss Fenella, she thinks I'm a kind of saint, and I never felt so little like one! This sort of thing takes the conceit out of a fellow. I've been thinking all the way—what if I disappoint her?'

'You're certainly not a saint yet!' said Fenella, with a conviction in her tone that made Hugh wince. 'But there's no knowing what you may be. And as for disappointing her, you know as well as I do that you needn't do that. What's more, you mustn't. And you won't. Now come and have tea. The fish will spoil if we wait any longer.'

Hugh obeyed, smiling. Already he felt stronger and more competent. It flashed across him that if Rose had had an elder sister just like Miss Fenella, his contemplation of the future would have been almost free from anxiety. If he had even consulted her before his engagement, the undertaking, with her sanction, would have seemed less problematic. But he had become engaged on the wave of a strong, sudden, overmastering emotion, and now he must make the best of it. Even as those words entered his mind, he knew that Fenella would bar them, and he added hastily to his own soul, that he was very happy, far happier than he deserved to be. After which he dared to look up, and meet Miss Fenella's kind eyes—so kind, so tranquil. They gave him back his faith in himself, that had been strangely shaken. And she was talking about Rose as if she had known her always. Women were remarkable beings—how could Miss Fenella, for example, divine from a bad photograph that his Rose rather resembled a white violet, and make him feel that he had not yet fathomed the sensitive, rare beauty of her character? He went to sleep that night pondering over the riddle. But Fenella did not sleep.

The next few weeks were a strain on her, none the less because Hugh seemed frequently to forget all about his engagement. He accepted an invitation from a circuit adjacent to his home, that he might be near Rose till they were married. He wrote to her twice a week, and having done so, felt that his responsibilities were discharged. He had slipped into the old attitude towards Miss Fenella, always a mingling of reverence and affection, and an unconscious appeal to her strength. Rose was strong in no sense of the word. She was tender and fragile, and she looked upon Hugh as a hero-saint. He appreciated the rôle, but found it exhausting, and Miss Fenella's steadfast quiet

fascinated him more and more. Rose was different. She was a person to be protected, made love to, caressed. Fenella was not: one would as soon have dreamed of caressing the grey-eyed Athene. Yet Ulysses, however happily settled in Ithaca, must have missed his kindly Mentor, especially in any season of perplexity; and Hugh divined that at a great tragedy or crisis he would turn instinctively not to Rose, but to Fenella. He felt that a wave of trouble which would almost whelm Rose's frail boat would break on Fenella as on a rock. An outsider might have said that he did not love her so much as he needed her. And his trust in her and in his own excellent intentions was so complete that he honestly did not realise that a man who is in love with one woman and dependent on another is in a false position.

Fenella, secure in her magnificent humility, realised it even less, and walked over many precipices with a serene conviction that they were level ground. She was six years Hugh's senior: the fact was never absent from her consciousness. When he said impulsively: 'I shall never learn to do without you!' she smiled as she might have smiled at a child who fancied some plaything indispensable. Of course, to please her, he exaggerated his need of her: that was just like him! It did not mislead her, but it was pleasant all the same.

One day he said:

'Your life here is lonely, though you are always at work. And Rose is delicate and inexperienced. When we marry, will you come and live with us, be our companion, our friend, our dear sister—all in one?'

Fenella looked at him, letting her work fall. The request did not strike her as selfish: what struck her was the absolute confidence in her which it implied. For a moment it seemed that she was going to say 'Yes.' But when she spoke, she said 'No,' and there was a gentle finality in her voice that silenced Hugh, that afterwards he felt as a reproach. It occurred to him that sisters, emphatically, are born, not made, and that the manufactured article is apt to be shoddy. Moreover, he had not consulted Rose, who might consider any kind of sister superfluous. He grew hot as he remembered Fenella's direct, calm gaze, which seemed to read his heart. But Fenella had read nothing of the kind. She had seen his need of a capable housekeeper, had heard a reprieve from death offered her, and had refused it tranquilly—from no sense of danger in the arrangement, but merely because

her reason told her that the two must learn, materially as well as spiritually, to depend entirely on each other, and bear their own burdens. Yet, at Hugh's words, she had wrestled with a sudden fierce temptation. The Prince of Darkness can certainly at times appear as an angel of light, and he reminded Fenella that if she did accept the post of burden-bearer in the Maxwell household, the cooking, in all human probability, would be infinitely better. Hugh had little reserve strength—Fenella did not realise that an interesting pallor, and a countenance reminding one of Andrea del Sarto, might mask a great deal of physical tenacity—as she might have done if she had not loved the man; and the thought of the cooking weighed heavy on her heart. If Rose loved him, she might learn to cook; but, on the other hand, her love might take the form of stanzas, which only sustain a man's soul. And a good 'general' who can cook is rare. In that pause before her 'No' Fenella had indulged in no conscientious scruples. She had renounced no dream of remaining in Hugh's life, like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. But she had renounced a dream of service—of jellies, custards, chicken broth, of darned socks and dusted rooms.

To be sure, Fenella sometimes thought, as the weeks hurried on, Hugh would miss her violin. Rose could play the piano, only they had none. It would be a long while, he said, before they could afford a good piano.

'If only I could give them one!' mused Fenella. It was the last Saturday night, and Hugh was away at the prayer-meeting. She reflected on her worldly wealth: it was very little. She had had no chance to save. There was enough money in the post-office bank to pay the expenses of her funeral—with wine and cake and finger biscuits, and about a week off work. There was no provision for a lingering illness; Fenella had not the slightest intention of succumbing to anything of the kind. In her death, as in her life, she would be unobtrusive, prompt, and frugal. She would not have the inhabitants of Mirbrook taking it by turns to bring her grapes or beef-tea, and wondering day after day who was looking after Miss Fenella. No; she had calculated for one week's illness and her funeral; and what will pay for a funeral will not pay for a piano. She looked vaguely round the room; presently her eyes fell on something, a familiar object enough but it struck her with the force of a sudden revelation. Not a very welcome revelation, for she winced, as at a blow. Yet she had only seen her old violin, lying peacefully on an upper

shelf, in its green baize case. She turned away and walked out of the room.

The next day Hugh preached his farewell sermon. It was not emotional, but grave, repressed, and almost stern, with a ring of manhood in it that Fenella liked. Then came a hymn, one of her old favourites—'For thee, O dear, dear country.'

Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
The corner-stone is Christ.

The sunset was stealing in through the window of the little chapel as she sang, and she watched it with grave eyes. She dreamed of all the people she had loved, threading their way among that multitude in robes of white, in some great bliss, some ineffable consummation. She never saw herself there; when she thought of herself, she supposed that she would be busy somewhere, if she existed at all. If not, no one would miss her a very great deal. But she loved the words of the old hymn, they seemed to her like jewels. One hardly sees the connection; but it was then and there that she made up her mind to sell the violin.

The whole of Monday was busy with farewell visits and with packing. On Tuesday Hugh went away. Everything was ready; they stood waiting for the cab.

'You will come and see us later on,' said Hugh. 'You know,' he added, somewhat distractedly, 'you are my good angel!'

Fenella smiled at him, the smile that always made him feel young and absurdly grateful.

'I shall always wish you well!' she said quietly; and if there was a strained note in her voice he did not perceive it. 'And of course, we may meet again some time. Isn't that the cab?'

It was not the cab: it was a market gardener. But Hugh had held out his hand, and he grasped Fenella's as if he could not let it go.

'Why,' she said, with gentle raillery. 'I believe you are really sorry to leave us!'

'Sorry!' exclaimed Hugh. His face was curiously strained; before she realised it, he had raised her hand to his lips.

'I will be a better man for having known you!' he said. Even Fenella, through her great humility, was conscious, in his

tone and look, of something new and unexpected, something not to be shared with all humanity, that was for herself alone. In that moment she divined that she would never go and visit them. But her face was perfectly calm.

'That's all right,' she said, in her kind voice. She laid her hand on his, the frank, loyal hand of comradeship. 'You will be a good man, anyhow! Here's the cab.'

He was gone, and she went back into the empty room. It was only gratitude—yes; but how good of him to be so very grateful! It was like a tiny lamp to light the dreary days to come.

One evening, six months later, Fenella sat at her old piano. On the table at her left was a small cardboard box with silver trimming, evidently wedding-cake. Also there were wedding-cards. The little note that had accompanied them was in her pocket—it was from Hugh, thanking her for the salt-cellar—her nominal wedding gift—with his old boyish fervour. At the close of the note he said:

'And now, rejoice with us. A grand piano came three days ago, anonymously, from the best firm in London. It is magnificent. There is not the faintest clue, but we suppose it must be from Rose's eccentric old uncle. He is as rich as Croesus; but no one ever dreamed before that he was generous. Of course we dare not thank him—he is a terrible crank; but we remember him in our prayers. You may imagine our beatitude!'

Fenella, having read the note once more, returned it to her pocket, rather wearily. Perhaps she felt that she could have appreciated a fraction of the gratitude lavished on this imaginary benefactor; and she wondered if they prayed for people who only sent them salt-cellar. It was the inevitable moment of reaction and depression, relieved by no tangible hope; for she knew, in spite of Hugh's invitation, that she would never go and see them. But she would hear of them. A vision of Hugh's future was borne in upon her: she fancied that after all he would never be a popular preacher; but he would be something greater—a man who consumed his own smoke. Their two lives had come together for a little while, and she had helped him with her strength; but it would be another's weakness that would help him most, making him patient, and loyal, and strong. It was very well—only——!

She began to play listlessly, but the piano sounded weak and toneless—it seemed to miss the violin. As for her, her heart ached

for it. Another would come soon—a cheap instrument of common wood ; but just then she felt that all the rare things had gone out of her life at once.

She was wrong ; there was a rarer, and she knew it presently. She rose, and, opening the glass door, stepped out into the small garden, into the quiet evening. At that moment even Hugh seemed dreamlike, and far away. The sky was cloudy, but the air was very soft and springlike ; there was a scent of violets. And if there was not joy in Fenella's face as she looked up into the night, there was a certain deep content. It was the look of one who has kept nothing back.

MAY KENDALL.

A Gateway of Empire.

THERE is magic in the very name Quebec. At once uprises in the mind a dim procession—the pale and gallant Wolfe, the stately Montcalm, the scowling Bigot; and, further back, Jacques Cartier; Champlain, founder of the city; Frontenac; the dauntless La Salle and Joliet; devoted figures of nuns and Jesuit fathers; war-plumed Indians, and hardy, keen-eyed pioneers. All these press and jostle the by-ways of memory. Indeed, with half-closed eyes one can almost see them thronging the narrow old streets of Quebec or sailing down the broad St. Lawrence.

People say that it is the wrong way to come first to Quebec *down* the river from Montreal, instead of up from the Gulf. But when one has not tried the right way, the wrong is good enough. The boats only run at night, and what at first seems matter for regret turns out to be a source of satisfaction. To leave Montreal on a summer evening is to carry away an unforgettable picture of the wide river front, its docks and wharves crowded with every kind of shipping, the masts and funnels outlined against the crimson sky. Behind them are numberless slender spires, and the twin towers of Notre-Dame; while above and beyond all, like a rampart against the cold north, rises the dark wooded steep of Mount Royal.

Once past St. Helen's Isle the land on each side of the river is flat, and parts of the channel are strewn with odd-shaped, narrow green islands. On the banks are occasional solitary French-Canadian villages, low-lying white farms and cottages, with red roofs, surrounded by thin Lombardy poplars, and nearly always there is a little white church keeping its lonely vigil by the village of the *habitants*.

The St. Lawrence is not one of the smiling rivers of the world. It has a certain sadness and sternness, an air of poverty and privation in its low banks and straggling villages, a hint of tragedy and memory of many wars. Little changed is it since Jacques

Cartier first sailed up its broad bosom to an undiscovered country, with an exultation at his heart akin to the thrill that shook Drake when first he gazed upon the Pacific, 'silent upon a peak in Darien.' Little changed, too, is the river since Wolfe drifted down it to the last attack, repeating under his breath—

'The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour ;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'

And so one enters Quebec with that doubly immortal verse ringing in the brain. Quebec! itself a city of lost causes, of forgotten loyalties; the city Wolfe conquered but never entered. It sits on its rock, the Gibraltar of the new world, looking down the St. Lawrence and across to Levis, with a warlike, watchful air that is characteristic of the place. The narrow streets, the tall, grey, stern-looking houses with their green shutters, have something of a guarded fighting look, like a knight with his visor down—an appearance of preparation, as though the old days of storm and assault, of sword-play in narrow alleys, were not dead and gone. In her heart of hearts Quebec does not believe them finally departed: she tolerates the present, but does not really assimilate it. And the Roman Catholic atmosphere in which the place is steeped, the subtle and all-pervading presence of the Church, helps to hold Quebec as a fortress against the present, as a stronghold for the past. Priests in procession with tapers, with banners of Our Lady and the Saints; grey old streets full of kneeling people as the Host passes by, seem to belong to Italy or Spain, not to this war-scarred citadel, where everything breathes the air of the stern North—of a long, long winter and 'iron nights.'

See Quebec on some festival such as Corpus Christi, when the streets are decorated with banners and flags, and the delicious aromatic fir—a breath of which wafts one to the deep hearts of northern woods—and filled with colour, embroidery, and incense: see all this and remember it is still the new, not the old world, and one has to put back the time a couple of hundred years or so to make the scene harmonise. And it is easy to do this in Quebec, especially wandering along the Ramparts amongst the old guns and piled cannon-balls; or hanging over windy Dufferin Terrace and looking down at the tumbled roofs of the Lower Town—roofs which seem to climb and

stand on each other's shoulders; roofs that are covered with tin, and shine like faded gold in the sunshine.

Dufferin Terrace is a magnificent promenade, but something too modern—too much what hotel-keepers term 'an attraction' during the day-time. But at night it assumes a mysterious charm from its height, and seems almost to hang in air, for the old town beneath it is ill-lighted and recedes into the darkness. The dim wide river flows steadily to the sea, mindful of the time when ice will check its progress, and on the other side are the twinkling lights of Levis, faintly reflected in the dark water.

It is quite necessary to cross the river to Levis, if only to see Quebec and the green shoulder of the promontory crowned by the Citadel—a Citadel entirely obsolete and unnecessary, for the fortifications which would defend Quebec in case of need are on the Levis side of the St. Lawrence—low-lying, furtive fortifications, and probably extremely useful. But the old and obsolete Citadel of Quebec has still the 'grand manner,' the air of belonging to an age when war went gallantly on horseback instead of stalking on its chest among the grasses.

The glittering roofs of old Quebec climbing up in the morning sunshine, the long stretch of Dufferin Terrace, the massive and graceful Chateau Frontenac, the white Citadel set like a coronet on the sheer green bluff—all this is unforgettable as seen across the wind-tossed blue of the St. Lawrence. And from the heights of Levis one gets such an inspiring stretch of country: the great highway of the river, backed by the purple Laurentian hills, and a magic glimpse of the Montmorency Falls leaping into the abyss—one vast cloud of creamy foam. But one is ill-content to stay long away from Quebec, even with such hills and waterfalls to look at. There is an austere charm in the grey, narrow streets that plunge at such steep angles down towards the Lower Town and the river, in the forbidding fronts of the Seminaire and the Basilica that face the old market—the Basilica being the mother church of Roman Catholicism in North America, and first opened for service in 1657, the year of the disastrous siege, when it was badly damaged. The churches of Quebec have known much war. Down in the Lower Town is the strange little old church of Notre-Dame des Victoires—a very peasant among churches, but dear to the French-Canadian heart—hidden away in a corner, somewhat desolate and unobtrusive under its tin roof. Perhaps it has not forgotten the time when Wolfe's batteries found it out in 1759. But, as its name implies, it commemorates a victory to

the French, not a defeat—a repulse of the British invaders at the end of the seventeenth century.

Victory and defeat are inevitably linked in this city of Quebec. The memories of Wolfe and of Montcalm go down to posterity side by side; for as it says on the tall column in the Governor's garden, to these two who were foes, but without bitterness: 'Valour gave a common death, history a common fame, and posterity a common monument.'

Quebec itself, though so linked with his name, has no memories of Wolfe. At the corner of Du Palais Street there is a misleading sign which says, with a cheerful disregard of mere facts, 'Headquarters of General Wolfe.' The innocent and slightly muddled tourist, who has probably just been over the Plains of Abraham and seen the spot where the hero fell, far outside the coveted walls of the city, yet looks upon this building with a satisfactory sense that he is 'doing' Wolfe thoroughly, and hurries on to the next historic spot.

But all who are of British birth feel the Plains of Abraham drawing them irresistibly away from smaller points of interest. Never was place less redolent of 'battles long ago' than these wind-swept heights, sloping gently downwards to the river, peacefully spread with knee-deep grass and groups of tall young trees. The very memory of war seems banished to an unimaginable past. The great St. Lawrence runs blue in the sunshine, and a white church spire stands up serenely against the green of the opposite shore. But away back on the Quebec side of the Plain rises the simple column with its nobly sufficient inscription: 'Here died Wolfe, victorious,' which is the very heart of the whole scene. Here died the stainless hero, brave and self-sacrificing to the end; he who was so rare a combination of poet and soldier; he who planned and led the magnificently daring assault, and yet who would rather have written the 'Elegy' he loved than take Quebec. But as Parkman says in happy commentary: 'No one was there to tell him that the hero is greater than the poet.' And here, where Wolfe so quietly gave up his life for his country, a wide and far-stretching Empire was lost and won—an Empire which in French hands had been brave and gay in face of bitter hardship, but so vague in scope, so ill-knit together that it broke up at the first determined English blows; an Empire that in English hands is being welded into a firm Dominion, something less gallant, perhaps, than in the old days, but strong, and young, and full of untouched promise. Then, as now, Quebec was the key

to Canada, and the battle on the Plains of Abraham gave to England the riches and the ports of the maritime provinces, and the undeveloped granary of the West.

Some way nearer Quebec than Wolfe's column the exact spot has recently been discovered where he was first wounded, hit in the wrist as he was lining up his men to meet a French charge over the brow of a little hill. Standing in the grassy neglected lane, with the bare slope of ground in front, it does not need much imagination to see Montcalm's gallant soldiers breaking the skyline, and at one's back all the eager British, with Wolfe restraining their fire till they could 'see the whites of the enemy's eyes'—and then the shattering disaster of that close volley!

Even the memory of the old days of fire and sword, of siege and assault, is fast slipping to oblivion—even in Quebec. But under the calm exterior of the city of to-day there is a silent strife going on, a conflict of a subtle sort which is perpetual and persistent. The fires of race hatred have smouldered down. The English and the French Canadians live very comfortably side by side in Eastern Canada, but they do not amalgamate. They lead separate lives, pursue separate aims. The quiet, underground strife between the aims of the English and those of the French Canadians is continual. The Roman Church, politics, treaty rights, Imperial defence, these are some of the elements that cause friction. The plain English mind is not unwilling to find romance in the descendants of 'Pierre and his people,' and in the dark eyes of the typical French-Canadian there is a melancholy aloofness that says mere military conquest counts for little against the instinct of race and nationality. And owing to the rapid growth of the French-Canadian portion of the population—much greater than that on the British side—owing perhaps to the indelible stamp of the past—a French past—which is set upon the grey and beautiful city, Quebec, though the gateway of an English Empire, though fought for and won by the sword, though crowned for nearly a century and a half by the British flag, still remains at heart what its founders first called it—the Fortress of New France.

ESTHER HALLAM MOORHOUSE.

At the Sign of the Ship.

THE deplorable bickerings at Stratford-on-Avon, as set forth in Miss Corelli's *The Plain Truth of the Stratford-on-Avon Controversy* (Methuen), leave some points clear. Others, and the only important things, may be clearer to us when we study Mr. Sidney Lee's pamphlet on *Alleged Vandalism* (Constable). First, while charges of 'self-advertisement' have been bandied about, it is quite manifest that Mr. Andrew Carnegie never dreamed of puffing his own name by 'dumping down' a free library adjacent to that, externally, 'modern antique,' Shakespeare's birthplace. Mr. Carnegie was in America when Mr. A. D. Flower, Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon in 1902, begged a free library from him. As usual, Mr. Carnegie gave the sweet boon, knowing nothing about the site. Henley Street was chosen (not by Mr. Carnegie), and in Henley Street there was a small vacant plot next the new technical school. Mr. Flower bought this pendicle of land, with a frontage of twenty-seven feet. Next it was an old crockery-shop, 'Birch's'; next that were two two-storied modern but inoffensive houses, and next them two *old* two-storied houses, with fronts apparently of the eighteenth century or later. Then came a small garden, and then the Birthplace. In February 1903 Mr. Edgar Flower, as chairman of the Trustees of the Birthplace, said that the Trustees had long wished to pull down the four two-storied houses, or 'cottages,' partly to avoid danger of fire, partly because they were 'of no historical or archæological interest whatever' (*Stratford-on-Avon Herald*, February 6, 1903, quoted by Miss Corelli). These houses, as Mr. Sidney Colvin wrote, and as Miss Corelli's and Mr. Lee's photographs prove, are 'of the humble, decently proportioned, æsthetically harmless type, red-walled and red-roofed.' But the modern houses next to them were in danger of being further modernised as a place of refreshment for pilgrims. Mr. Carnegie bought the block of small houses, old and recent, and gave them to the Trustees. The Corporation owned Birch's shop, so here, with the poffle or pendicle of vacant land adjacent, bought by Mr. Flower, was room enough both for a free library and a garden, if desired.

This is clear enough, but the point of real interest is more obscure. The question is, what was the age of the two small *old* houses, and of Birch's shop? Their exteriors seem of the eighteenth century or later, but what about their interiors? In February 1903, as we saw, Mr. Edgar Flower, in a speech quoted by Miss Corelli from the *Stratford-on-Avon Herald*, February 6, said that the houses 'were of no historical or archæological interest whatever.' I cannot but fear that Mr. Flower, though chairman of the Trustees of the Birthplace, was not an acute and interested student of archæology and history. Now, he ought to have been, considering that, as chairman and a man of energy, he held a most important position in regard to Shakespearian relics. Miss Corelli, urged thereto by other ladies, protested against the demolition of the houses, and a controversy arose. On May 9, 1903, the *Birmingham Daily Post*, which has been usefully active in this affair, published the researches of 'our Stratford correspondent.' That gentleman, at least, had done his duty, had examined the interiors of the two old cottages, which had been recently vacated by the tenants and kept closed. Had Mr. Edgar Flower examined these interiors? The correspondent found, as he reported, massive antique timbers, and a curious old arrangement for ventilating fireless bedrooms, also an antique fireplace with chimney seats, and he noted that the two old houses had been one house 'of some importance, judging by its size.' But was this old house, so close to that of Shakespeare's father, coeval with or older than Shakespeare?

* * *

Here I lose Miss Corelli. She cites an interesting letter by 'Mr. Joseph Hill, a Birmingham antiquary,' but does not date it; it appears to be of May 1903. Mr. Hill identified the two old houses, once one house, with the sometime property of Richard Horneby, a blacksmith, who, in 1573, bought from Wedgewood, a tailor, the ground behind it. 'The deed' (of purchase) 'was prepared by Walter Rocher, and he and John Shakespeare (called John Shaxper) were witnesses.' The seal bore 'W.S.,' and must have belonged to John's grandfather or uncle: later the poet used the same initials on a seal, 'now in the Birthplace.' I gather from Mr. Hill's letter that the deed about this old house is itself in the Birthplace. There, certainly, is the deed as to a sale of the property of Wedgewood, a tailor, which lay between the Shakespeare's house and that of Horneby. So here we have, in a row,

John Shakespeare, owning a butcher's shop, Wedgewood, tailor, and Horneby, blacksmith. Mr. Hill very appropriately cites *King John*, Act iv., scene 2 :

'I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus—
The whilst his iron did on anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news,
Who with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing in slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),
Told of,' &c.

The child Shakespeare may have beheld this scene close to his father's door, and heard Wedgewood tell Horneby of the conspiracy in Queen Mary's interest for which Norfolk died and Northumberland fled to Scotland, whence Douglas of Loch Leven basely surrendered him to Elizabeth. There can be few places in Stratford, except the Birthplace, of more historical interest. In 1620, the Hornebys sold their lot to Mr. Nash, who later married Shakespeare's granddaughter. The deeds about all those places lay long in a solicitor's office in Birmingham, till, in 1864, they were handed over to the Shakespeare Trust, of which, in February 1903, Mr. Edgar Flower acted as chairman.

* * *

The site of the two old houses which the Trustees wished to pull down is certainly, then, of high interest. But are the two old houses, or originally one house, internally the house of Horneby the blacksmith, and the property of Mr. Nash, who married Shakespeare's granddaughter? Judging from Miss Corelli's photographs of the massive timbers, I see no difficulty in supposing that they belonged to Horneby's house. According to the Stratford correspondent of the *Birmingham Daily Post*, 'they are quite as ancient in appearance as those in Shakespeare's house' (the Birthplace). But Mr. Sidney Colvin, writing to the *Times* (May 13, 1903) and using due caution, speaks merely of 'the *alleged* discovery in two of the cottages of constructive timbers as old as the seventeenth century.' Why '*alleged* discovery' (my italics), and does Mr. Colvin's archaeological knowledge enable him to be certain that the massive timbers, massive yet twisted by the weights which they support, are of seventeenth, and not of sixteenth, century date? As he spoke of '*alleged* discovery,' Mr. Colvin manifestly had not seen the timbers, which

certainly, like the Shakespearian bricks, 'are alive to testify to' their own existence. I think, then, that the phrase 'alleged discovery,' if appropriate in May 1903, by surplus of caution, may now be dropped. I take leave to hold that the timbers are of sixteenth-century date, and not later than Shakespeare's time. Even if merely of his granddaughter's day, they scarcely justify Mr. Edgar Flower's statement, that the houses 'were of no historical or archæological interest whatever.' Happily we can depend on the accuracy of Mr. Sidney Lee, who, in or after February, became one of the Trustees. During February to May he was absent in America. He tells us in his *Alleged Vandalism* (page 39) 'that in Shakespeare's day the two cottages formed one domicile which was occupied by a blacksmith called Richard Horneby,' and (page 40) he describes 'the existing remains, including an open fireplace with ingle-nook and chimney-corner seats,' where, for all that we know, Shakespeare may often have toasted his fleshly tabernacle.

* * *

What astonishes the impartial mind, then, is to hear Mr. Lee, himself now a Trustee, talking of '*alleged*' vandalism. I trust that the phrase 'vandalism' is not libellous. But was Mr. Edgar Flower's behaviour, in denying archæological interest to this house, while he seems to have known nothing about the interior of the house, or about the deeds concerning it in possession of the Trustees—was it the conduct of an ideal Trustee? The house, for all that Mr. Flower knew, might have contained even more interesting relics than it really possesses. The deeds proved its associations and antiquity. Half an hour's work would have put Mr. Flower in the knowledge of the facts which he seems to have denied without inquiry, desiring to pull the house down. It is clear from Mr. Lee's pamphlet (page 40) that the Trustees only made 'a thorough survey' *after* the facts were published in the Birmingham paper (May 9). That Mrs. Meynell and others misconceived the external glories of the house is nothing to the purpose. The point is that Mr. Flower and the Trustees appear neither to have known nor tried to know anything about the age and history of houses which they desired to demolish. Vandalism is not in it; *the vandals were not Trustees*. But this never seems to occur to Mr. Sidney Lee! I 'join in the outcry against the Trustees,' relying on what I take to be the sense of the statements by one of themselves, Mr. Sidney Lee.

Mr. Edgar Flower's kinsman Mr. A. D. Flower, mayor in 1902, the same who begged a free library from an American, gave evidence at a trial for libel arising out of local bickerings. The case is reported in the *Stratford-on-Avon Herald*, December 18, 1903. Mr. A. D. Flower, under cross-examination, said, 'He was a Trustee of the Birthplace in addition to being on the (Town) Council. . . . They were aware that the deeds relating to the two cottages were in the possession of the Trust, but he did not know they were of very great age.'

'Are the records in your possession?'

'In the possession of the Trustees.'

'Do you know what is in them?'

'Hardly.'

'Well, perhaps when you have a little spare time, as a Trustee, you will inquire into them?'

'Perhaps so.'

* * *

This is simply paralysing; imagination boggles at the sublime ignorance and indifference of Mr. A. D. Flower, a Trustee of Shakespeare's Birthplace, the Delphi or central literary shrine of the world. He has not read, 'perhaps' he will one day read, the title-deeds of Elizabethan property; deeds which for forty years have been in possession of the Trust. And he is one of the Trustees! If the deeds cited by Mr. Hill were in any way not valid, not good evidence, it was the business, and indeed the interest, of the Trustees to read them, and to prove their defects, for the Trustees had long wished to demolish the houses. But these two Trustees appear, one, to have been utterly misinformed about the age of the houses in February 1903; the other, to have been utterly indifferent, if not absolutely ignorant, in December 1903. Now, these two gentlemen were, as I understand, members not only of the Shakespeare's Birthplace Trust, but of the Corporation. From Corporations, as a rule, one expects neither taste nor knowledge of the past. From Shakespearian Trustees we have a right to demand both taste and knowledge. The local members of the Board of Trustees have, at least till recently, done most of the work of the Board. When they are also members of the Corporation it is clear that a Corporation's ignorant love of 'improvements,' of Bedford Park-like cottages standing where they should not, is very likely to overrule the Trustees' preference for preserving what is 'of historical and archæological interest.'

The Messrs. Flower appear not to have taken the simplest and easiest steps to know whether the old houses were of historical and archæological interest or not. Nor did the opponents of the Trustees consult the deeds, till Mr. Hill took that obvious step. In the Trustees' manly bosoms the Town Councillor ousted the Shakespearian Trustee, and a fire-new Free Library was preferable to houses where Shakespeare may have been much at home. A college at Oxford or Cambridge could scarcely have been more indifferent to the merits of antiquity. It is said that Merton Library was only saved from destruction, many years ago, by Junior Fellows, like the late Bishop of London. The Professors at St. Andrews pulled down the old hall, and carted away the elaborately carved oak ceiling for firewood, a few years earlier. They built a "lean-to," against the north wall of their ancient chapel, blocking up the windows, and installed a gymnasium. Corporations, municipal and academic, do nothing else, and that is why Trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace, free from the nature of Town Councillors, are necessary.

* * *

As to the crockery-shop next to the old houses, it belongs to the Corporation. They could sweep it away for a library wherein the citizens may read the newspapers and summer visitors may study new novels. Concerning this house Mr. Colvin wrote: 'It is of real antiquarian interest, dating, by documentary evidence, from before Shakespeare's birth, and containing several well-preserved interior portions of its ancient timber construction.' A photograph shows a very good piece of old carving in oak, but the house seems to be in a ramshackle way. What is to be done, or ought to be done, with these old houses I know not. It seems that the shop is to be re-faced and incorporated with the Library, the cottages preserved. At all events, there is now time for consideration. That there is time, the Trustees and Corporation owe to the exertions of Miss Corelli and of her allies. That I do not admire all of Miss Corelli's controversial methods it is needless to say. The essential point is the extraordinary indifference shown to the old documents which, according to Mr. Hill, are in the possession of the Trustees, some of whom remained in a state of 'facetious and rejoicing ignorance' of their contents. That fact is the essential point in 'the outcry against the Trustees.' For one, I never heard of, or never noticed, the business at the time. Having read Mr. Lee's and Miss Corelli's pamphlets, I need not say how much I disapprove of the ignorance and passion displayed

by some of the assailants of the Trustees. But their amazing ignorance and negligence of historical documents in their possession, their apparent failure even to examine the interior of Horneby's house till the *Birmingham Daily Post* did their duty for them, admit of no obvious excuse. As Mr. Sidney Lee has now joined the Trust, we may expect that ignorance, indifference, and neglect have had their day. Mr. Lee, indeed, observed that 'no conspicuous historic nor archæological interest attached to any of the four houses' (page 38). The interest was certainly not 'conspicuous'; to discover it you have to examine the interior of the Shakespearian blacksmith's house and the ancient deeds of sale. To bring to light the inconspicuous was the essential business of the Trustees, of Mr. Edgar Flower. Did they do their business till the newspapers stirred them up? That, I repeat, is the real question. From Mr. Lee's pamphlet I should scarcely have got the information on this point. He does not quote Mr. Edgar Flower's speech, reported (as cited by Miss Corelli) in the *Stratford-on-Avon Herald* of February 6, 1903. But he does admit that the Birmingham newspaper of May 9, 1903, 'first described these relics of the original building,' after which 'a thorough survey' enlightened the Trustees. Why did the Trustees wait for belated information in a newspaper? Some of them were members of the Corporation, and that position is not favourable to historical and archæological acuteness and industry.

* * *

That the present writer's name is a mere badge or trademark of a syndicate is a very well-known statement. As far as I know, it was originally made in jest, and made by a number of inexpensive humourists. But I am beginning to believe that there is something in the theory of my multiplicity, or that, at least, I have several doubles. Writers in prose and verse bearing my baptismal name and surname are thick upon the ground. Now they write in the Press that Mr. John Morley is not so religious a man as the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone; again they write on Prince Charlie, or they pour forth their hearts in songs and hymns. The results are not agreeable to me, for people write from England and America to complain that my prose and verse are not up to sample, meaning the prose and verse of the other Andrew Langs. Moreover, a lady signing herself 'Your loving little friend Louie —' has written to remind me of the dear old days when she and I wandered, on summer eves, in the sylvan shades of Hyde Park, while I recited my own poems. The passages quoted are

certainly not from my humble pen, so it must be one of the other Andrews who plays the idyllic shepherd in Hyde Park.

* * *

He must be, at least he ought to be, young, and cannot, or should not, be the pious Andrew Lang, a Wesleyan Methodist, concerning whom an extract is sent to me from the *British Weekly*, December 23, 1903. The extract is a review, by the Rev. Claudius Clear, of *Benjamin Gregory, M.D.: Autobiographical Recollections*. With portrait. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. 'Dr. Gregory,' says Mr. Clear, 'was a man with the temperament of genius,' but this clearly does not mean that the esteemed Doctor was of a convivial and amatory turn. Mr. Clear goes on, not very lucidly: 'It may be that in some cases also great talents.' In fact, his sense is obscure. Dr. Gregory's 'education was not thoroughly sound,' but 'he frequently rushed into battles where only a trained scholar can fight to any purpose. . . . He was a devoted Wesleyan Methodist,' and that is all I know about *this* Dr. Gregory, doubtless one of Clan McGregor by origin. And now I, or one of me, come into the Doctor's recollections. 'Among the worshippers at his chapel' (in Hull) 'he mentions Andrew Lang,' says Mr. Clear. The Doctor himself writes: 'Nor must I forget the Langs, one of whom has achieved celebrity as a journalist and *litterateur*' (*sic*). 'Mr. Andrew Lang has acknowledged gratefully his indebtedness to his Methodist home-training, and to the early ministrations at Waltham Street.' The date is 1847. Now, in that year I fancy that I did not worship in any public tabernacle; perhaps, like two children of my kindred, I worshipped the moon (a curious fact), but it was not in Waltham Street, Hull. Mr. Clear himself, making a plausible but erroneous conjecture, writes: 'Mr. Lang was at Selkirk at that time, and worshipped in the Presbyterian Church, if I am not entirely wrong. He went afterwards to Southampton, where he met young Alexander McLaren.' I have stayed with a friend near Southampton, but I never met young Alexander McLaren in my life, nor did I say 'He is, on the whole, the finest man I ever knew.' The finest man I ever knew fell in the Transvaal.

* * *

It must have been an older Andrew Lang than I who worshipped in Waltham Street in 1847, and who admired young Alexander McLaren. A. L.'s fame 'as a journalist and *litterateur*' (*sic*) may

be confined to Nonconformists. Can *he* have a friend who is his 'loving little Louie'? If so, he must be *très bien conservé*, though his poems, as cited by his Louie, hardly warrant his celebrity. One can only repeat Mr. Clear's remark: 'It may be that in some cases also great talents.' A younger brother informs me that, as a child, he 'was much moved, on more than one occasion, by Dr. Gregory,' but he refers, I think, to a member of the great scientific and chemical family of Gregory (also commemorated by Mr. R. L. Stevenson), not to the Wesleyan divine. He, like Mr. R. L. Stevenson, much disliked a book called *The Successful Merchant*. Meanwhile the historical mystery of so many of me, whether pious or poetical, is rather bewildering.

* * *

These notes begin with an example of the jolly English habit of not knowing anything, and acting on a basis of contented ignorance. Let us end with what seems to be something like a Scottish instance. Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour, in speeches on 'Fiscal Policy' (bad cess to that same), introduced arguments from the Union between Scotland and England, as connected with the fiscal policy of the two nations. Mr. Balfour said that Scotland only assented to the Union in the interests of national prosperity, and that the Union began on a fiscal basis, ending in political and social unity. Well, I had supposed that England got the Union arranged by bribing the leading Scottish politicians. In 1745 the Union was equally loathed by Scottish Whig peers and by Jacobite crofters. Lord Rosebery, as against Mr. Balfour, said that 'there was no fiscal union which promoted the Union. It was exactly the reverse. Scotland was starved and coerced into union by the fiscal policy of England, meant, I am bound to say, with no other object but to promote that Union.' Now Mr. W. R. Scott, in the *Scottish Historical Review* (MacLehose), Number II., gives us to understand that neither Mr. Balfour nor Lord Rosebery, if either understood the subject, conveyed his knowledge to his audience and the country. Even in the early years of the Union (after 1707) there really was not fiscal union but fiscal war between the two countries. 'On the whole it cannot be established that "fiscal union was the prelude to political union" in the case of Scotland either before or after 1707.' Scotland and England had been engaged in a tariff war during the years preceding the Union, and England had to give Scotland, the defeated country, a fresh start, a slice of capital, called 'The

Equivalent.' I wonder into whose sporrans the money went! Scotland, by excluding the products of English industries, had 'virtually starved and coerced *herself*' (rather than been starved and coerced by the English) 'into such a situation that a political union was the best way of escape from a situation that was a very difficult one.' This is Mr. Scott's view, in which I agree. After the Union came Scotland's age of the direst poverty, squalor, and contempt, which lasted for at least forty years. The consequent misery was one-spring of the Jacobite agitations, which, if successful, would have repealed a Union that meant extreme poverty for Scotland. It is an extremely complex affair, and cannot possibly be elucidated in speeches made to excited voters. The Scots, in the seventeenth century, tried Protection against England, and retaliation nearly produced civil war between countries under the same Crown. There were, of course, religious influences at work, the most furious influences of all, and the exact set of conditions is never likely to be reproduced. So, as far as I see, the Union affords no line to disputants about the existing fiscal controversy.

* * *

The *Scottish Historical Review*, which is a quarterly, at half-a-crown, is full of matter of 'living interest,' as in Mr. Gray Graham's account of 'Life in a Country Manse in 1720.' The editor, however, should not let Mr. Colville speak of '*riské* elements,' as *risqué* is French, and 'elements' is plural. Nor should Professor C. Sanford Terry, of Aberdeen, be permitted to write about 'the mystery of Sir Godfrey Berry's death.' Berry (not a knight) was hanged, though innocent, for the alleged murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey. The same author puts 'Lyttleton' for 'Lyttelton,' but that is an obvious misprint.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to

The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,
39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1904.

*Nature's Comedian.*¹

BY W. E. NORRIS.

CHAPTER XVII.

HISTRIO REDIVIVUS.

'**T**HINK I see my way. Look me up Ashley Gardens to-morrow afternoon,' was the telegram which Harold despatched to Shepherd as the outcome of the two visits that he had paid that day. Those two visits, if conclusive upon no other point, had at least freed him from all doubt with regard to the advisability of his prompt return to the stage, and that was quite as definite a conclusion as he desired. What he precisely did desire in the shape of an ultimate conclusion it would have puzzled him to say; but then it was really not yet necessary for him to know. Like a hesitating purchaser, he wanted to secure the refusal of more than one good thing, dimly prescient that when the time should come for him to make his choice, he would be very apt to regret what he had rejected. Not for an instant did the idea cross his mind that he had damaged himself with Lilian by speaking of his brother's play as his own. He had, in truth, begun to think of it as more his own than Dick's, and he had, at all events, pretty good authority for believing that by his interpretation of the piece it must stand or fall.

This was the opinion unhesitatingly expressed both by Shepherd and by Moore when they came to call upon him

¹ Copyright, 1903, by Longmans, Green, & Co.

together on the following day. The latter, indeed, stated in so many words that his mind was quite made up against appearing in a part which he had never relished and to which the objections, so far as he was concerned, had been rendered too glaring to be ignored in the course of the last few weeks.

'It isn't good enough, my dear Dunville,' he declared; 'what I am offered simply isn't good enough! Or, if you prefer to put it differently, let us say that *I* am not good enough. You can do things which I can't do, and perhaps I can do some which you haven't as yet proved yourself capable of accomplishing. However that may be, this particular part has been cut out for you, and I can do no more with it than make the best of a misfit. Well, I would rather take my chance of passing muster with the public in threadbare old clothes than incur almost certain ridicule by putting on another man's new ones.'

Mr. Moore spoke with some irritation and nervousness. The fact was that his efforts in rehearsal had not been well seconded, the leading lady, especially, having been at little pains to conceal her sense of an incongruity already patent to him.

'I am sure,' he added; 'Miss Fitzwalter will tell you that we have made no progress, and are not likely to make any. Not that I complain of her; only it is very evident to me that she finds it uphill work.'

'Miss Fitzwalter,' observed Shepherd dispassionately, 'is a fine actress, but I should not call her an independent one. I have often noticed that in order to do herself justice she requires a certain stimulus which can only be applied by certain people. She would be all right with you, Dunville, I think.'

'Oh, yes, I daresay she would be all right with me,' Harold agreed, laughing a little.

Whether he would be all right with her (save in the sense of being sure that she would act her very best as his coadjutrix) might be another question. He had wit enough to divine that Lorna had purposely discouraged the uneasy Moore and likewise her motives for so doing. Lorna had doubtless foreseen that what had happened was not at all unlikely to happen. There were moments when he felt half afraid of Lorna, and other moments when he was inclined to believe that she was, after all, about as good a friend as he had in the world. Anyhow, he could not allow excessive prudence to make him waver at this rather critical juncture in his career. He said, after a short pause:

'Well, I'm at your orders, Moore. Of course, it would be no end of a sell for me if the play had to be abandoned now, and of course it's true that the part seems as if it ought to fit me like a glove. How about letting me try my hand at it before you finally decide one way or the other?'

But Mr. Moore did not think that any trial was necessary. His decision, he affirmed, was taken and was final; it rested with Dunville to say whether *Renunciation* should be performed at the St. Martin's Theatre or not.

'I have talked it all over with Shepherd, who knows just what I am prepared to do and who is so kind as to call me accommodating. Perhaps you and he will let me know to-morrow which of two alternatives that I have laid before him you would prefer to adopt. For my own part, I shall be satisfied either way, and I not only wish you and your piece success, but am persuaded that it is assured in advance.'

With that he got up, glancing at his watch and murmuring something about an appointment. His exit had a good deal the air of a preconcerted arrangement, and as soon as he was gone, Harold remarked, smiling:

'Your turn now, Shepherd. Which alternative is it to be? I am to choose, I suppose, between being engaged at a fixed salary and renewing my lease of the theatre, eh?'

Shepherd nodded. 'Yes, that is what Moore suggests—or, to speak more accurately, what I suggested to him—and I am bound to add that I think he is behaving handsomely in the matter. Should the theatre remain under his management, you will be paid at the usual rate and will receive what I consider a fair proportion of the takings as author——'

'Or, rather, my brother will.'

'Oh, your brother? I don't know, I'm sure, about your brother's share; that must be for you and him to settle between you. But as regards the main question, Moore, for many reasons, would rather that you became the lessee once more, and I believe you will consult your own interests best by meeting him there. Both pecuniarily and in the way of prestige, I mean.'

'H'm!—it's a bit of a risk, you know, Shepherd. I can't tell you how much cash I shall have left after I have paid my election expenses, but there will be precious little, I'm afraid. And if we should come to grief over this play——'

'I decline to contemplate contingencies which will not arise, and if ready money is wanted for a few weeks or months, I'll

undertake to find it for you. Don't trouble your head about that. By the way, I ought to have mentioned perhaps that you will have to take me over again as part and parcel of the concern.'

Harold surveyed his friend with that half-deprecating, boyish smile which had helped to win a good many friends for him, male and female. 'Shepherd,' said he, 'do you know that you make me feel rather ashamed of myself?'

'I am glad of that,' returned Shepherd calmly, 'because I think you ought to feel rather ashamed of yourself; though perhaps not for the reason that you have in your mind. Well, you have burnt your fingers, and I shouldn't wonder if you had learnt a lesson or two. Now, I hope, you are going to be justifiably proud of yourself, by way of a change. It isn't every day that the public is privileged to see a man playing in his own piece at his own theatre. Oh, your fortune is made this time, Dunville, you may depend upon it! And I am not much in the habit of prophesying unless I know, am I?'

Harold's experience of his prophecies was, at any rate, that they were invariably fulfilled. In this case, as in other cases, he might be trusted to bring about their fulfilment; perhaps also he might be relied upon both to propitiate and—so far as in him lay—to thwart Lorna Fitzwalter.

That lady required no propitiating, nor, in the first exuberance of her joy at having attained her object, did she behave in such a manner as to excite apprehension.

'Oh, but I didn't!' she declared, some days afterwards, when, on the conclusion of a very successful rehearsal, she was accused of having tried to wreck the piece. 'All I tried to do was to save it from being wrecked by such a fish out of water as Moore was in the part. If you hadn't come back to us, as I hoped all along that you would, I should have done my level best to make your play go without you. You can't say that I have ever been selfish with you, and I hope I never shall be.'

Harold trusted that she never would; for the probability of her altruism being put to the test by-and-by stared him in the face. Meanwhile, he was pleased with her, pleased with the turn that his affairs had taken, pleased above all with himself and with his facile accomplishment of a task somewhat too delicate for Moore's capabilities.

The plot of *Renunciation*, it may here be mentioned, was grounded upon a more or less legendary episode in the history of the Dunville family which had come to Dick's knowledge and had

fired his imagination. The hero of this ill-authenticated romance was one Ralph Dunville, a roystering, duelling, gambling spendthrift who, in the early years of the eighteenth century, was driven out of the country by debt, by the incurred displeasure of high personages, and, more particularly, by the refusal of his kinsman, at that time the holder of the estates, to have anything more to do with him. So away he went to seek his fortune in Continental warfare, leaving behind him the beautiful and disconsolate daughter of a neighbouring magnate, Mistress Alice Filmer, with whom he had exchanged secret vows from which he now felt in honour bound to release her. Nothing more was heard of him, it would appear, for nearly two years, during which time the childless head of the family died and was succeeded by the heir of entail, named Walter. Now, according to the story, there was in the pedigree of this amiable, gifted, and exceedingly handsome young gentleman (the same who in later life became a member of the Newcastle administration and had his portrait painted by Sir Joshua), a flaw, unknown to him and to his immediate progenitors, but discovered by an elderly relation of his, Peter Dunville, who is stated to have acquired documentary proof thereof. Peter appears to have been a plausible, unscrupulous personage of a type happily more often to be met with in melodrama than in real life. His original idea, presumably, was to sell his information to the innocent and upright Walter, with whom he had ingratiated himself and who, as was not unusual in those days, had acknowledged the claims of consanguinity to the extent of granting him permanent board and lodging. It can only have been conviction of the predestined failure of such an enterprise that led him to open negotiations with Ralph, who, by reason of the aforesaid flaw, became the rightful owner of the Dunville estates. At all events, Ralph returned to England post-haste—returned only to find that the man who had supplanted him in his inheritance had supplanted him also in the affections of Alice Filmer. A bundle of discursive letters, written long after all the persons concerned had quitted earthly scenes, and claiming no authority beyond that of hearsay, supplies material for the conclusion of the romance. These relate how Ralph was hospitably received by the relative whom he was bent upon ousting; how Alice, as soon as her first love reappeared, broke off her engagement to the Lord of the Manor; how the chivalrous soldier of fortune speedily discerned that fidelity to the past was with her a matter of duty, not of inclination, and how he thereupon

determined to abandon his rights for her sake. He is represented as charming in manner, cynical in his professed views of life and conduct, resolved to make things easy for those whom he desired to benefit by persuading them that he in no way merited their esteem. Old Peter and documents which spoke for themselves remained, naturally, to be reckoned with. His first step was to obtain temporary possession of the papers and destroy them; his next was to put a public and quite unexpected affront upon his elderly accomplice which rendered bloodshed inevitable. Then, being a very pretty swordsman, he ran old Peter through the body and quitted England for ever, pursued by the execrations of the reunited lovers, who saw in him only the murderer of one whom they had sincerely loved and respected.

Such, in briefest and baldest outline, was the scaffolding which had served a descendant of Walter Dunville's for the construction of a well-contrived play. He had not found the bare facts—if facts they were—altogether easy to manipulate; he had perceived the necessity, for stage purposes, of taking some liberties with the climax, and he had taken them accordingly; but the character of Ralph he had understood and had presented with a skill which his younger brother was excellently qualified to interpret.

To Harold, indeed, the impersonation of Ralph Dunville was the easiest thing in the world. He had only to be himself in order to do it, and if he paid himself rather too high a compliment when he imagined that, in similar circumstances, he would have behaved exactly as Ralph had done, that in no way marred his imitation of a nature which from so many points of view looked like the counterpart of his own. From the moment that he stepped into Moore's vacated place all went as smoothly as could be desired. His fellow-actors began at once to feel instinctively that they were concerned in a coming triumph and played their several parts with consequent zeal and life; Lorna, who alone amongst them had a somewhat troublesome job to tackle, surpassed herself in dealing with it; Shepherd rubbed his hands and thanked his stars that a certain division of Kent had remained staunch to the Government of the day.

Presently paragraphs, inspired by that capable strategist and provocative of the curiosity of playgoers, found their way into the columns of the newspapers. 'It is whispered that the versatile Mr. Dunville has not suffered his recent unsuccessful excursion into the political arena to interfere with his wooing of the Muses,

and that a play from his pen will ere long be produced at the theatre of which he has once more become the lessee. Should it prove true, as reported, that he has cast himself for the leading part in his own work, critics and audience may anticipate a somewhat unusual treat.' Such, in varying forms, were the announcements communicated to the Press, and an approving grunt was elicited from Anne Dunville when one of them caught her eye.

'Well done, Harold!' she cried, as she handed the paper over to the Rector; 'there's something in him, after all, you know. Pluck, one perceives, and talent, one hopes. Did you know he had written a play?'

'Oh yes, I knew,' answered the real author of the play, looking a little guilty. 'I had a letter from him the other day, saying that he had taken the theatre again and that he expected to make rather a good thing out of this new production.'

That Dick had not yet admitted his sister into his confidence was the result of a queer shyness and diffidence with which she always inspired him. It was very doubtful, he thought, whether a clerical playwright would command Anne's respect or admiration, and he shrank from her irony, which was apt to be of a biting kind. Nor was he disposed just yet to make avowals which might very well await the excuse and sanction of achievement. But with the one person, besides Harold, in whom he had confided he was eager to hold parley, being assured in advance of her sympathy and congratulations. It so happened that he had seen nothing of Lilian since the election; for poor old Mr. Ormond was in bed, paying the penalty of having drunk the new member's health, and when Mr. Ormond was attacked by a good, wholesome fit of gout in the proper quarter nobody except his eldest daughter could approach him with safety. Lilian, therefore, had for some time past been acting as a sick-nurse whose presence within hail of the sufferer was imperative at all hours; so that the Rector walked over to Beechwood that afternoon to make inquiries with only a faint hope of being allowed to exchange words with her.

However, he had the luck to find the invalid progressing favourably, almost free from pain, and inclined for conversation. Having been ushered into the bedroom where his stricken parishioner lay, he lent a patient ear to the long tale of mingled woe and exultation with which he was favoured.

'I do assure you, Dunville, I've been enduring the torments of the d—— well, let us say of the defeated; though we were *not* defeated, thank God! That thought cheered me up in my most

infernally moments. Imagine what it was like? Oh, no, you can't; nobody who hasn't had gout can imagine what it is like! Enough to make a man wish he was dead! Still, as I say, I had the consolation through it all of remembering that we had knocked the stuffing out of that precious brother of yours. And Miss Gardiner has fled the country, I hear. Ha, ha!—so much for him, eh? Serve him right, sir—serve him right! We shall get no more of the light of his countenance in our parts, I take it, and between you and me I doubt whether anybody whom he has left behind him misses him much.'

Lilian, sitting in the background, held her peace. It was impossible to tell by looking at her whether she missed her departed admirer or not, and the deprecating glances which Dick threw in her direction from time to time met with no visible acknowledgment. But, to his great joy, she followed him out of the room on the conclusion of his visit, and the moment that they were alone, he said:

'Well, it's all right about Harold's play. He is going to act in it himself, as I hoped at the first that he would.'

'So I see by the papers,' she answered. 'I don't know why you call it his play, though; I don't know why *he* calls it his play. He has no right to do that.'

'But I told you that, as a favour to me, he had agreed to put his name to it. You speak as if you thought his doing so made him an impostor.'

'Exactly what I do think,' said Lilian.

'Then let me tell you that you are most unfair and unjust to him. The play is really in a great measure his, seeing that he has adapted it for the stage in a way that I couldn't have done, with my lack of practical experience. Moreover, it is a distinct advantage to me that it should not appear anonymously. As for the pecuniary side of the question, he writes to offer me terms which in my opinion are only too liberal.'

'Oh, I don't suspect him of designs upon your pocket,' said Lilian disdainfully; 'there are other kinds of treachery than that.'

No doubt there are, and it was difficult to acquit Harold of treachery in a different relation. Nevertheless, Dick was so afraid of being himself a traitor that he made haste to return: 'I still think that you are rather unfair to him. I don't mean about the play, with regard to which he has simply done what he was asked to do; but——'

'But what?' inquired Lilian, in a tone of voice which

evinced somewhat less respect for her spiritual adviser than usual.

He could not possibly finish his sentence. All he could say—and this he deemed it incumbent upon him to say—was that he felt sure there was nothing in current gossip respecting his brother and Miss Gardiner. ‘It was natural that he should be supposed to be paying his addresses to her, as well as to the constituency; but he could hardly help that, and—as your father says, she has fled the country.’

‘I wasn’t accusing him of infidelity to Josephine,’ Lilian returned; ‘on the contrary, it seems rather as if she had been faithless to him than as if he had thrown her over. Either way, it is no business of mine.’

There was a suppressed eagerness in Dick’s voice which did not preserve him from giving deep offence, as he asked: ‘Are you certain of that?’

‘Quite certain,’ she answered steadily. And after a moment she added, in lower accents, ‘I don’t think you are very generous.’

Not generous!—when, for the sake of conscience and honesty, he had gone out of his way to espouse his rival’s cause! The Reverend Richard Dunville was under the impression that he knew something about women, and indeed if he did not know a good deal about his female parishioners, the fault was not theirs; but the displeasure which was now so legible upon the countenance of one of the least recalcitrant of these puzzled and almost angered him.

‘Well, well, I’ll say no more; I am sorry if I have said too much,’ was his extremely unintelligent rejoinder. And, lest he should be betrayed into further indiscretions, he incontinently took to his heels.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LAURELS AND WILLOWS.

ON Christmas morning, Miss Lilian Ormond received, amongst other seasonable greetings, a letter so charmingly worded, so respectfully affectionate, and so modest in its plea for a corner of her memory, that she could hardly have failed to be touched by it, had she not known that it came from the pen of a skilled comedian. But persons of a simple and direct character, like hers, are protected by their ignorance of the complexities of average human nature

from being imposed upon by those whom they have once ceased to trust, and Harold's plausible missive convinced her of nothing except of his insincerity.

Yet he had never been more sincere in his life than he was when he sat down to indite to the girl whom he loved best a Christmas appeal which, read between the lines (as it was evidently meant to be), amounted to an appeal for pardon and patience. He repeated the substance of what he had said to her by word of mouth on the occasion of their last interview; he alluded to the election and to everything connected with it as a passing episode upon which he looked back with regret, not unmingled with shame. 'What an idiot I was, and what an idiot you must have thought me!' he interjected. Then he went on to speak hopefully of the near future, and of the approach of the day when he should once more be a humble capitalist. His correspondent, in short, was given to understand that he had something to tell her which he was only restrained from uttering forthwith by scruples which did him no discredit. He added that his play was to be produced soon after the new year, that it was likely—so competent judges assured him—to give him a great lift in his profession, and that he would be honoured and overjoyed if the one person whose approval was worth more to him than that of all the critics in London could be present at the first performance.

'Would that be manageable, I wonder? And would you think it worth while? I only venture to mention that there will be a place for you in the box which is reserved for my brother and sister, who are coming up, and that I can answer for their being delighted to take charge of you, if you should care to accompany them.'

Lilian was too indignant at what she considered the impudence of such an invitation to perceive its obvious innocence. How could he dare to suggest her visiting the theatre in the company of his defrauded brother, who might, at any moment, give him away? He must indeed feel sure of having won her love, he must indeed place implicit reliance upon the discretion of his dupe, if he was not afraid to take that risk! But that, after all, was his affair, and he had, as a matter of fact, already been given away. Not, assuredly, in order to spare him possible humiliation would she be absent from a performance which she greatly longed to witness, but for the more prosaic reason that the demands of Mr. Ormond's large family—always painfully heavy at that time of year—precluded her from putting in a request for journey-

money. She tried to console herself by reflecting that perhaps the spectacle of Harold's stolen triumph would have spoilt for her the pleasure of assisting at Dick's unclaimed victory.

Shortly after emerging from church, however, she was accosted by the Rector, whose bright and eager face lent such support to the whispered request he had to make that she could neither pain him by a refusal nor by a renewal of observations which had already brought them within perilous reach of quarrelling. Of course, she would like very much to assist at the first night to which he was looking forward, and if—as he assured her was the case—Anne had set her heart upon being allowed to pay all expenses for this once, it would be churlish, perhaps, to raise objections.

'Between ourselves,' the Rector added, 'I don't mean Anne to be out of pocket; I expect my own pocket to be stuffed full of cheques before long, and then I hope she won't mind my repaying her. But, as she doesn't know what my glittering prospects are, and as I don't want her to be told yet, I am giving her a happy Christmas by accepting her offer. Won't you be equally kind?'

Lilian had a smile and a frown at his service. 'Yes; only I can't understand why Anne should not be told, even if everybody else is to be deceived.'

'Because—oh, well, amongst other reasons, because Anne has a disconcertingly keen sense of incongruity. I believe she does me the honour to cherish a certain admiration for me as a parson; I doubt whether she would be able to bring an unprejudiced judgment to bear upon my merits as a playwright. Let me at least get her to applaud the piece before I make my humble confession.'

Anne was quite predisposed to applaud the piece. A little less inclined, perhaps, to give Lilian an opportunity of appreciating Harold's versatile genius; still she was too good a sister to demur to the wish which Dick had expressed. Accordingly, she confirmed by word of mouth the representations already made on her behalf, and Mr. Ormond, when approached upon the subject, gave a somewhat grudging consent to his daughter's departure on leave of absence for a few days.

'Very kind of you, I'm sure,' the old gentleman growled; 'but I don't see what you want her for, and I don't see why she should want to go. However, I can't deny that she has earned a holiday.'

Thus it came to pass that the audience which, on the occasion of Mr. Harold Dunville's new production, packed the St. Martin's

Theatre from roof to basement, and which adequately represented fashion, letters, art, and contemporary criticism, included three persons who appeared to represent nothing in particular, except themselves—although that, to be sure, may, from various causes, have implied a good deal to the destined hero of the evening.

It was never Harold's habit to play to or at anybody, his histrionic gift consisting precisely in the power that he had to forget, while he was acting, everything but the personality which he had assumed and the fictitious scenes belonging thereto; yet on that evening he was conscious throughout of Lilian's presence and bent upon conveying to her the idea that he had never revealed his true self more clearly than in the character of the ancestor with whom he fancied that he had so much in common. And almost he succeeded. His acting was really fine; his part was one which, in the nature of things, captivated from the outset the sympathies of those who saw and heard him; he dealt with it after a fashion which moved them to alternate laughter and tears. If Lilian, whose pocket-handkerchief was called into frequent requisition, could not help feeling that, in order to play like that, the man must be in some measure what he so convincingly appeared to be, her intuitions may not have been wholly at fault. Who can tell what latent potentialities for good or for evil exist in any of us? Yet when the curtain fell, amidst thunders of applause, on the conclusion of each act, and when the spell was temporarily withdrawn, she reverted obstinately to ascertained facts. Harold Dunville might be this, that, or the other—he was a magnificent actor certainly, and an engaging, lovable being possibly—but that he was an impostor was beyond all doubt or question. Nor was there any longer the least doubt or question in her mind as to whether she herself loved him or not. Precisely because she had loved him once, it had become an altogether impossible thing to her to love him again, and perhaps her distrust of him was rather deepened than diminished by this proof of his power to stir her emotions. Then, too, Dick's enthusiastic, unrestrained delight in his brother's triumph provoked her. Dick was triumphant, Dick was radiant; but not on his own score. He might have been, as he pretended to be, making acquaintance with the play for the first time, so little did he seem to claim any personal share in its immense success.

'Isn't he glorious?—isn't he a real genius?—doesn't he deserve the ovation that is in store for him?'

To such eager ejaculations Anne was fain to respond with

acquiescent nods and smiles, honestly owning that she would never have believed that Harold 'had it in him'; but Lilian contracted her brows and drummed impatiently with her foot. It was right enough to praise an admirable performance, and she was willing to pay her tribute of admiration to a performer who knew so well how to profit by a great opportunity. But who, after all, had furnished him with that opportunity?

'I don't think the author ought to be forgotten,' she could not resist remarking once.

'Bless me! who forgets him?' returned Anne. 'I suppose we all knew that Harold could act: but the amazing thing—at least it's amazing to me—is the knowledge of human nature he must possess to have composed such dialogue. Oh, we are clapping our hands for the author quite as much as for the actor, you may be sure!'

A slight nudge and an imploring glance from Dick closed Lilian's lips; but she promised herself that they should not remain permanently closed. Let Harold speak out soon, if he had the courage and honesty to do so. If not, the task of rendering justice where it was due must be undertaken by somebody else.

Critics more dispassionate than Miss Ormond and more experienced than Anne would probably have pronounced—most of them did, indeed, pronounce in print on the following morning—that it had needed all Mr. Dunville's consummate skill as a comedian to achieve victory with a play which, in other hands, might easily have led to disaster. Miss Fitzwalter, to be sure, had surpassed herself in a somewhat ungrateful part, while the other members of the company had done their very best; but the fact remained that *Renunciation*, although an excellent piece of work, exhibited many of the faults which belong to amateur writers for the stage. With such appreciations, however, the course of this narrative has little to do. A victory is a victory, whether it be won by adherence to recognised rules or bold departure from them, and that Harold proved completely victorious no critic could attempt to deny. In the final scene he fairly brought down the house, which wept over him and adored him as he lay, wounded to death, his head supported by the woman whom he loved, and gasped out his life, with light words upon his lips, laughing to scorn the malicious story of his rascally kinsman. For the author had perceived that, in the interests of poetic justice, he must be made to perish by the sword of the villain, instead of running the latter through the body, that he must die in the presence of those

for whom he had sacrificed all, that he must win their affection and regret, without any suspicion on their part of the truth, and that the villain must be cast out, enraged and discomfited, after a last vain and spiteful effort to wreck their happiness by proclaiming what he could no longer substantiate.

The conclusion, of course, left something to be desired, and did not wholly satisfy the claims of poetic justice, as understood by a public which likes to see everything cleared up before the curtain drops; yet it harmonised aptly enough with a character and a life which had been presented with great dexterity—besides being the only imaginable solution of the imbroglio. No doubt the striking personal beauty of the chief actor was of assistance to him. Seldom did Harold Dunville appear upon the stage without touching some susceptible hearts, and on this occasion it is probable that most of the female spectators were more or less in love with him. One of them, it is true, was not; but her immunity was due to special causes, and even she had to acknowledge to herself that if his actions had been anything like as handsome as his face, her dead sentiment for him would never have died.

When all was over he received an ovation which eclipsed every previous experience of his in that line. Vainly, if chivalrously, did he insist upon drawing Miss Fitzwalter before the curtain with him and compelling her to associate herself with his glory. Recalled again and again, he was at length fain to step forward alone; and then, in response to vociferous demands from the gallery, he resigned himself, with a smile and a slight, deprecating shrug, to the utterance of a few words. These were few, simple, and modest. As a general rule he was averse, he said, to the delivery of speeches by managers or actors, his feeling with regard to that question being that when satisfaction had been given on the one side and expressed on the other, so happy a state of things could not be improved upon by talking about it. He must admit, however, that the present instance was in some respects exceptional, and perhaps he should not be mistaken in assuming that one reason for the very great kindness and generosity with which he had been met was the circumstance that his name happened to figure no less than three times on the playbill of the evening. But let him hasten to confess that that circumstance, though exceptional, added little to such merit as he might be deemed to have displayed. 'I do not know whether it is necessary to mention—to some of you, I am sure, it cannot be

necessary—that the writer of a stage-play is often a rather nebulous, rather incapable personage. Be that as it may, I must not allow you to go away with the idea that *Renunciation* is the product of my own poor brains alone. I am precluded from specifying by name those to whose ability and co-operation I feel that I am indebted for the larger share of your approval; since they prefer to remain in the background, I can only thank you most heartily for them, as well as for myself, and assure you that, without their aid, I should never have been in a position to thank you at all.'

This frank avowal, which to nine-tenths of the audience was practically meaningless, and was taken by the remaining tenth as a kindly acknowledgment of Shepherd's technical acumen, delighted the author of *Renunciation*, who rubbed his hands and beamed. That Lilian Ormond considered it shabby and perfidious was the result, it is to be feared, of her feminine inability to accord even bare justice to one who had forfeited her respect. 'He is only trying to make himself safe, in case he should be found out,' she thought; 'I should have liked him better if he had been a bolder thief.'

Her irritation was intensified by Dick's contented acquiescence in the fraud; it was with difficulty that she held her tongue during the drive from the theatre to Ashley Gardens, whither the trio had been bidden to supper by Harold, and when they reached their destination in advance of their host, Anne surveyed her curiously, asking:

'Well, haven't you a word to say?'

'I thought your brother acted very well indeed,' Lilian answered.

'There could hardly be two opinions about his acting. What about his piece, though? I can't pretend to be a judge; but I am free to confess that it seemed to me quite extraordinarily clever.'

'Yes; only he himself told us that it was not really his own piece.'

Anne shrugged her shoulders. 'A sop to some Cerberus or other, I suppose,' she remarked. 'Victorious generals say that sort of thing about their staffs and their subordinates and even about the rank-and-file. It sounds modest, it gives pleasure to some people and it misleads nobody.'

'Your brother's speech didn't mislead *me*, anyhow,' Lilian somewhat imprudently declared.

But at this juncture Dick began to talk rapidly, and in a few minutes Harold arrived, bringing with him Shepherd, Miss Fitzwalter, and several other members of the theatrical company

whom, as he had previously explained, it was impossible for him to exclude from his hospitality on such an occasion. He was in high spirits and a little excited—too excited, perhaps, to be chilled by the formal congratulations with which Lilian encountered him on his approach. If, at the moment, anything caused him misgivings, it was Lorna Fitzwalter's unavoidable presence and only too probable jealousy; but he was resolved that, whatever Lorna might say or do, Lilian should sit on his right hand at the supper-table, and he placed her there, while Lorna, on his left, took quick notes and reached quick conclusions. There is this difference between men and women—that jealousy, which dulls the wits of the former, sharpens those of the latter; and Miss Fitzwalter, speedily perceiving that her opposite neighbour, if wooed, had no desire to be won, behaved quite quietly. She was even a little amused by and a little sorry for her volatile Harold, whose endless flirtations she was wont to view from a standpoint almost motherly, and who was visibly exerting himself to small purpose now.

Oddly enough, he did not himself realise the futility of his exertions. Lilian, to be sure, was not quite like herself; she answered him for the most part in monosyllables and from time to time she fixed upon him a questioning glance which he was somewhat at a loss to interpret. But had she not, after all, some right to look interrogative? Of course she had, and of course she must still entertain doubts which he hoped ere long to dissipate. The verdict of a first night cannot be held absolutely conclusive; but he was persuaded in his own mind that *Renunciation* was in for a splendid run, and he saw in the near future a return of pecuniary prosperity which would justify expressed aspirations. Meanwhile, present conditions seemed to justify some elation. The supper party was a merry one; for everybody was naturally in good humour, and Mr. Shepherd's announcement that he had a toast to propose was received as warmly as if he had named the foreseen subject thereof. Assuredly it was with no equivocal intention that Shepherd asked all present to drink to the health of 'the author of *Renunciation*.' He alluded, of course, to Harold, whom in truth he regarded as for all practical purposes entitled to be so described, and who smilingly accepted the compliment, together with the hearty congratulations by which it was accompanied. Lilian, watched him, saying to herself that now, if ever, must the disclaimer which ordinary honesty demanded be uttered; but no disclaimer came. Harold sat silent and complacent while guests, one after another, raised their glasses to

him ; so that when it came to the turn of his right hand neighbour, she felt that he richly deserved what he was going to get. In a clear and steady voice she said :

‘The health of the author of *Renunciation* ! I mean Mr. Richard Dunville, who is the author—not Mr. Harold Dunville, who isn’t.’

It must be very disconcerting and very disappointing, after flinging a bomb into the midst of a crowded assemblage, to see it sputter into fragments, without so much as the momentarily startling effect of a harmless explosion. If anybody, besides Lilian, was disconcerted during the next few minutes, it was the Reverend Richard, who made haste to declare that honours were, in any case, divided between him and his brother and that, for his own part, he desired, as he had done all along, to preserve his anonymity. Harold was not disconcerted at all. He said, with a good-humoured laugh, that he could not regret Miss Ormond’s having let the cat out of the bag, because he had suffered, all the evening through, from an uncomfortable sensation of sailing under false colours. It was news to him that Miss Ormond had been told of the existence of a cat and a bag ; but he was glad she knew and glad that all his friends in that room now knew. They would easily understand a clergyman’s unwillingness to come before the public as a playwright, and he was sure that they would kindly respect a secret which he himself had not been permitted to divulge. ‘As for what Dick is good enough to assert about divided honours, you needn’t believe a word of it ; it’s a case of *sic vos non vobis*. Only please believe that the writer is the humbug this time, not his very humble and reluctant supplanter.’

Shepherd took leave to demur to the above statement, and so, quite eagerly and volubly, did Dick. According to them, the play was essentially a joint production, and its initiator had contributed little, if anything, to it beyond the raw material. And this view was evidently accepted and participated in by the rest of the company, whose sympathies may, not unnaturally, have been rather with their chief than with the parson. Presently Harold took occasion to whisper to Lilian :

‘Don’t you think you owe me a little bit of an apology ?’

‘No,’ she answered stoutly, ‘I don’t. It is all very plausible ; but I can’t change my mind. I still think that you have no right to strut about in borrowed plumes.’

He only laughed. He only saw that she was vexed with him for not having taken her into his confidence, and only saw in her

vexation a proof that his conduct was not a matter of indifference to her. He knew women and their ways so well ! For the effecting of a reconciliation with this particular woman, however, the occasion did not seem to be very propitious. Other occasions would soon present themselves, or, if not, should be created. For the time being, he was contented to think that his manner of encountering her unexpected onslaught could scarcely have lowered him in her eyes.

His manner, and, still more, Dick's manner, of receiving it had lowered her very considerably in her own esteem. To the lecture which was administered to her by her spiritual adviser, on the homeward drive, she could but submit in mortified silence, conscious of indiscretion and failure, consoled only partially by the grip of Anne's fingers, which closed, after a friendly fashion, upon her own, under cover of darkness. And even Anne's approval, it subsequently appeared, was based upon a strange, unwarrantable misconception.

'Oh, no,' her hostess said, when interrogated in the privacy of the girl's bedroom, 'I am not with you about Harold. I don't think he can fairly be blamed for having consented to a harmless little piece of deception which seems to have been thrust upon him, and I should think it was true enough that he licked the play into shape, though he never could have written it. You ought not to have tried to exhibit him in the light of an unmasked humbug. All the same, I am not going to deny that I am uncommonly glad you did.'

'I don't know why you should be glad that I managed to give offence all round, without convincing anybody,' returned Lilian, ruefully.

The corners of Anne's mouth went down, and her eyes twinkled. 'Would you like to be told why? Probably not. Nevertheless, I must give myself the satisfaction of telling you before I take to my heels. Because, my dear, your behaviour convinced somebody—namely, me—of something which I am more than delighted to know. Much you care whether Harold is a humbug or not ! But you care a great deal about Dick, or you wouldn't be so jealous of his fame. There !—I have said it, and I stick to what I have said ; but I decline further discussion. I leave you to your own heart and your own conscience, which ought to keep you awake for the next half-hour between them, and I'm off to bed.'

(To be continued.)

Modder River.

I.

THE following letter, paraphrased from its original terseness, was written home on the evening after the battle of Modder River. It may claim a place for two reasons, if at all. One is that it is the actual record of what one man, very fortunately situated, saw in a modern battle, and, being accustomed to the pen, could set down. The other is that it emphasises, for the first time in print, the actual moment when all that we might have won was snatched from us by a mistake of our own people, and our advantage was reduced to a bare ousting of the enemy from the ground he had held. Two months ago it might have been written (so far as I know) that all the troopers mentioned in the letter were still alive, for with incredible tenacity Parker lived on till within a few days of the fourth anniversary of the field. Of the rest, three or four became officers, one a warrant officer, and two non-coms. I believe it is still correct to say that they all rank this day at the Modder as their best day in the whole war.

Dear Old Man,—You made me promise that I would in this war write you down the whole of one day's work in a battle. Well, here goes at last—and I may say that a many men may go through a many wars and many battles and not have such a day to write about. There is only one thing short with it from your point of view, and that is that it is not my first battle, nor anything like it. Indeed, it is a pity it is not, for to a youngster it would have been gorgeous to have been loose, as I was yesterday, in a battle where every officer—and nearly every man—was his own general. And, first, I make no doubt you have got it down in this morning's papers as a 'glorious victory.' Well, and in bald truth it was at least a glorious day. Take off your cap to the common soldier, to the company and regimental officer, and thank God you are of the same breed as the men of the Modder. Inkermann was a great day, and there is an endless roll of great days behind the

British soldier. But in those days he could see the men who were slaughtering him and, still more, he could see the men he was slaughtering in return. Here, however, he could only see himself being slaughtered right and left, and could not even tell what to aim at in return. To hang on and rattle like that, then, from morning till long after dark of one of the most blazing days I can remember—we'll, that's magnificent, and, in this case, whether it was war or not was no fault of the regiments engaged. I am remembering that grand climb with the steel at Belmont, and the grim uphill surge at the fight which we of the Guides call Rooilaagte, but which you are to call Graspan in honour of the sailors—and they deserve it. But fine indeed as those two things were, there is more to remember in that long, long thin firing line—miles of flat naked veldt salted with a tenuous streak of khaki, one man deep at many man intervals, with the savagely endless sheet of the bullets driving at it like sleet in winter at home, and the adamant courage that hour on hour stayed—still stayed, and only moved at last to sweep down irresistibly into the river bed and across. It was that long 'staying' that hammered it so deep into one's mind. You good, 'respectable' people at home, who turn the 'common soldier' out of your bars and refuse him room in your theatres, I don't want to go to your heaven, where, as the saying is, 'soldiers and dogs are not admitted.' I am going to look for his corner and get in there if I can.

No, this is not rum or whisky or any other thing out of a cask that is talking. It is the memory of yesterday, when I watched the Ninth Brigade lying down and taking its medicine, and thanked God that I, too, was of the same blood with them, and even their comrade. And not I alone. In our sergeants' mess I am the only man who is not either South African born or long enough in South Africa to be an Afriander in spirit. One, the best of us, it was, one born a Free Stater, who said the right thing about it all. Not many minutes ago—this is evening—we had an issue of rum. He gave us a toast. 'Well, fellows, we British Afrianders have talked a lot at one time and another of how, when we were ready, we'd take South Africa from England and set up a United States of our own. But, after yesterday, after what we saw yesterday here at the Modder River, no more rot—it was rot—and here's to the British soldier, Tommy Atkins as they call him—the king of all fighting men wherever he may be!' 'You bet!' went up the chorus from all of us.

And the example is so fine in its effect. It makes the raw

irregular wild to prove himself fit to be the comrade of this man that the good people at home hound down as riffraff. I know the effect it had on my fellows yesterday, an effect which for one thing gives me to have such a letter as this to write. This war will last long, and there will be many battles, but I have no hope that I shall ever see so good a day—have such a share in it, I mean—though that, of course, is because I started in with the peculiar luck of being loose with a gang of my own, and that a gang on fire with the memory of what the Regulars had done at Belmont and Graspan, and burning to do something themselves which should cause the men of our infantry to look upon them as fit to be their comrades in the great moments of a battle. Remember that point as the atmosphere of this whole story, and for background never forget the league-long exhibition of grim courage which our army was laying out before men as well as gods—before us, in fact.

Rimington had made me a sergeant in the beginning—by the way, I was close by and saw him do the V.C. act at Rooilaagte, though, as there was no superior officer there to see the thing done, he, of course, won't get it. Well, on the morning when the army started up here from Enslin, the second morning after Graspan, I was detached with a little gang, a dozen all told, to do a little job there. That day finished—quite a gay little day it was, too—I started at dawn yesterday to overtake the army ahead in time for the big fight which we of the Guides expected here.

Overhauling the transport I next headed for the sound of our guns, where they opened far on the right, overlooking the Riet River as it comes winding up to join the wooded Modder. My fellows had been growling and cursing behind my back the whole way, in mortal dread of losing the fight, and trying by a hundred tricks to crowd me into a faster pace. But I had no intention of arriving on the field stone-cold; I wanted mounted men when I got there, not men afoot.

When we got to the guns we found all quiet. They had been sniping at some Boers on the other side of the Riet, but had found that too slow for interest. Things had apparently halted for want of an objective. The cavalry and those resuscitated original Dragoons, the mounted infantry, were knocking about not far off; a line of khaki dots was strung away to our left front to give us track of the infantry. This was all the battle there was going to be, said the men with the limbers.

My fellows grinned. They knew. Too many of Mike Rimington's men had picnicked here at this Modder River, down from

Kimberley in the old days gone by, and on top of that we knew from several sources that here was going to be the great fight on the road to the Diamond City. So we fed our horses quickly, snatching the time 'before hell should turn loose,' as more than one of the men put it.

The horses did not get a full half-feed before the infantry marched into the fence of hell, if a league-long front of rifle din and the weird whine of a solid slant of bullets makes a hell. At that din the guns cocked their khaki snouts towards the Modder, as if looking for a mark, and, 'Where now is old Mike?' called my men to each other, as they hurried off the nosebags and slipped on the bridles again. 'Where is old Mike? We shall lose all the fun!'

'If you fellows will just get mounted,' said I, 'we'll go and look for Rimington. He must be somewhere away on the left.' They swung up in quick time.

To us, as we came up from the south, the field was a great plain, crossed by a line of trees a mile or so in front of us, backed by a long, gaunt-crested line of koppies, big and dark to block the road to Kimberley beyond. Those trees lined the steep banks of the hidden Modder River, where the enemy had laid his lines and dugged his trenches, to wait for us to walk him up—which is to be our game apparently—and there he squatted now, unseen, while our infantry lay out on the flat veldt in front of him, well seen and well dusted, but stubborn.

Now, for us, the field was cut in two by the long embankment of the railway, which came up from the south with our line of march, and disappeared into the trees ahead, to cross the river on a red grid of a bridge there. This embankment cut our army into a right and a left wing, and a right and a left wing battle it therefore remained all day; but that is anticipating.

As I led my troop away to the left along the rear of the infantry, I found that all the crack corps—that is, the guns, the Guards and the Lancers—were on the right of the railway. Therefore, on the left would be only the Ninth Brigade, the newly come Highlanders—and Rimington—somewhere in the air. But before I could cross the railway there was a great dash and dust behind me, and in from the far right careered the battery we had just left. Round and stiffly into line swung the guns; all the pride of a hundred Birthday Parades oozing in every movement. Back went the limbers, down chopped the right arms, belch went the muzzles, and the long tradition of the R.A. was enjoying itself against the bridge and village, though

bullets might moan like a winter storm round the guns, and shell might shower the limbers with dust and sand.

Then, very slow and stately, another and huge cloud of dust from the right; a dust that halted on the flank of the guns; a dust that dropped like a veil and showed the Lancers, with an 'I'll protect you,' air as they looked at the gunners. You could almost feel the gunners stiffening with huffiness at that. Perhaps the battery-men gave an order, perhaps they only glared; in any case that cavalry moved off again to the right, drawing its cloak of dust over its head as it went, still stately. The gunners must have grown an inch at that.

'Come on then,' said I to my little lot, and so I led away to cross the line. Close to the embankment, however, I saw a knot of newspaper men. 'Tell me, some one,' shouted I, 'where Rimington is with the Guides.'

'Oh, you're out of it!' answered one of them, a dark-moustached one. 'Rimington's gone round the left there to get astraddle of the Boer retreat and twist their little tails.'

'Of course! We're out of it now, all right. We've lost the fun!' came the chorus of discontent from flank to flank of my gang.

'All right when you've finished with that row,' said I. 'You've lost the fun, have you? Well, now, wait a bit; you keep close to me and see if we don't have a hand dealt us before the game's over. We may have lost the cream of it—I'd give a deal to be with Rimington myself—but wait till the day's out, and then tell me what you think of the sport. If there's fun going, you shall take the floor with the rest. Come, now, buck up.' I was a little impatient with their impatience, but I could afford a little patience, too, for I could look ahead. I was in command; free, with a roving commando, on the flank of a four-mile battle. I could indeed afford to be patient. No man on the field, below the general, had such a chance of good time as I.

Shaking my commando into line I led away west over the embankment, and from between the railway metals got sight of all our leftward force—the force that was to do the shifting work that day. Next us, here at the railway, lay the newly come Argylls; left of them, and on the left again, stretched the thin line of the Ninth Brigade; Yorkshires, gallant Northumberlands, and the half-battalion Loyal North Lancs. So far they stretched and so thinly that the outer flank was overlapped at near range and

hung up in mid-veldt by the line of the trees—the line of the enemy—where the river made a great bend there to the south.

Already the long thin line was growing to be two lines, where the wounded straggled back and lay down to be dressed at the distance where the doctors had met the first of them. Between these two lines then I led, twelve paces interval from man to man, the dust of bullets beneath our feet and the song of bullets above our heads, holding our way westward to that outer flank, bound for adventure—by special request, as I reminded the men before the play was played.

Thicker grew the bullets, moaning from the near bank of the river, whispering from the farther bank; for according to the distance so does the voice of the bullet soften, from the tearing and cracking of the point-blank range to the faintest sigh of the farthest dropping random-fired shot. And ever through it all I held the men at the walk, checking them sharply as to their dressing and interval to keep their minds steady, for I remembered always that they had neither discipline nor long regimental tradition to help them keep their souls quiet. And, too, ever I kept one eye over my right shoulder, watching the firing line where our infantry lay, keen for any stir betokening some special move that would let me in to redeem my promise.

No stir, however; nothing to change our pace or direction till at far length we came to our outmost left, three companies refused in echelon, so that the outermost could hold fast to a scanty elevation, just large enough for the purpose. Beyond this little lift was only the flat, bare veldt, bullet-swept and spitting under the fire from the bend of the river, which here came round and outflanked the spot. 'Halt now, and dismount,' said I. 'We are finished for awhile.'

And here, by the way, is a point for you. You remember the figures the German Staff gave as the percentage of skulkers in battle—thirty odd per cent., wasn't it? Well, in all that long ride behind the firing line of three battalions and a half, I did not see three skulkers, though God knows the ant-hills in some places were thick enough to have tempted any man that way inclined. What price that after two rounds like Belmont and Graspan? But I don't think we get the skulkers. Voluntary enlistment, you know.

The men of this outer company were lying flat as badgers just under the crest of the rise, and as I drew rein, looking for some officer, one who had seemed flatter than the rest lifted his nose from its burrow and yelled to know what we were.

'Rimington's,' bawled I cheerfully back. 'Ah!' shouted he, 'then take your troop down to the river,' waving his hand airily to indicate a mile or so of the trees ahead: 'See if you can't find a crossing for us!'

'Give us another!' cried one of the men behind me. 'Order us to dismount and lie down. You should see us obey orders sometimes, every once in a while—some orders!' I was very careful not to look round for fear of detecting the man.

But I felt a little heat, too, at the foolishness of that suggestion. I looked at the line of trees and I looked at the officer. 'Down there,' said I, 'and the air grey with bullets! That's bald murder! One man might get there—not the troop.'

He looked at me with hesitating lips for a moment, and then, seeming to accept it that I was not to be had so cheaply as that, laid his nose back in its furrow; troubling no more, saying no more; just fixed there to hang on till something should turn up. But that sort of Micawber is worth his weight in emeralds in battle.

I crawled up beside him—remember I wore no stripes, 'What's the particular hairiness just here?' I asked him.

'Those houses and that long turf wall—specially the wall. Boers thick enough there. Made it pretty stuffy here when we first picked 'em up. We've just been hanging on since till some guns turn up. Try my glasses.'

Before trying the glasses, however, I lifted for a cautious glance over the crest. There was a white house and kraal within a few hundred yards in front, this side the river, and beyond them, across the dam and drift of which, as yet, I knew nothing, rose the scattered houses of the skeleton hamlet of Rosmead. Athwart our flank, seen through a long break in the trees, ran the turf wall spoken of, fencing the mealie fields from the road that ran down on the farther bank of the river. This wall ended at another white house which of itself outflanked us, while below it were yet other houses set in orchards and 'lands,' some of them well back from the river. About these last so many horsemen were loitering that I wanted to know what they meant, for they were within range on our left rear, though yet on the other bank.

Lifting, I clapped the glasses on them for a look, and in that instant's action found out how far and how effectually we were outflanked. As if I had given a signal there came a sweep of bullets to warn me flat again, while the man on my right clutched his shoulder with a wailing, 'Ouw!' as though a child cried out.

'Got it!' spoke up a doctor from behind, as though some one had rolled a rabbit over.

I burrowed, too, for more than one curse showed me that the men quite understood who had brought that extra blast upon them. Then turned up one to relieve me of the curses by raising a storm of them for himself till it was seen what he was doing. He was coming from a company out in front on the veldt, stooping under the load of a comrade on his shoulders: a comrade who had been badly hit, and who might bleed to death there unless he could be carried to the doctors, who were busy with a row of wounded laid out at the rear of our rise. Of course, he ought to have been shot for it, but it was magnificent to see him struggling on, though it's not war. He came the nearest way, for his burden was staggeringly heavy, and the nearest way was over the right of our rise. He brought a hurricane upon us, and there on the rise he dropped. I thought he'd got it, but it was only to take breath. Presently he was up with his man again, staggering on again, bringing the blast again. One thought he would be stripped to the bone by that crash of bullets, but he shuffled on, and got his man down to the doctors. 'If you've got any spare V.C.s,' said I, 'there's your man.'

I've made some inquiries since, but the only man who thinks he has heard of the incident calls the hero of it Maddocks, and says he'll get no mention because he's a bad character. So please drink once to the bad characters of the Army, old chap, and remember that I'd seen quite a few fellows bringing wounded out of the line in my ride down; in each case, as in this, the bringers immediately returning to the firing line. I don't say they were all bad characters, though.

'Well,' said I to the officer, 'you're bottled up here all right.'

'Unless we get some guns to shift that wall and that house,' said he.

'And the guns are fast in it on the other side the line,' replied I. 'They've got a regular Long Valley fight on there—only with very real casualties. They'll spare you no guns.'

'We're corked till we get 'em—that's all,' finished he.

'Well, I'll send a man for guns if you like, just to leave no chance untried. And then I'll go down to that river. We've got to know if they're going to cross down there and outflank us. Once they get this ridge here behind you—what then?'

'Majuba!' said he, with a stifled grin.

'Well, perhaps if I go down there and see enough really to

threaten the general with a Majuba, he may try and shift things here, where there is at least a chance of doing something. Here goes.'

First I sent Parker back with the prayer for a couple of guns. Soudan veteran, stoutest heart and happiest looter in all the foreign legion that went to Greece, I knew he would ride straight, and give his message clearly. He went merrily enough on his grey: how should he know the day was to be so bitter for him or ere the play was done? Next I told off Taggart, an old Matabele fighter, to take charge while I should be gone. Then I mounted to ride out.

My plan was to make a long reach to the left and rear, to strike the river half a mile below the horsemen, and then to work up by bush and cover, past any outlying snipers, till I could feel the real right of the Boers, and look for crossing places that either they or we could use. The horse I had for the task was a seven-year-old spoilt colt, a fiend to buck and a devil to stay. I had ridden him first at the battle of Belmont, six days back, where he caught me star-gazing, and bucked me off under fire. At Graspan he had got a thorough scare, when Rimington took thirty of us and opened a jack pot, just in time. And now he was to prove how good an Africander horse can be at need.

As I put him out for the open he had no more than showed nose before the Boers let us have it in a sheaf. Then, either the memory of Graspan or the fright of this scared him to a mad dash that left the storm slashing always behind us as we raced obliquely across. At that rate I should do well, thought I, when suddenly, well out on the ridge, in good open view to the enemy, I plumped on a barb-wire fence. I had one look at it, and all my weight went into the reins, hands and knees and body. Just in time I stopped him; off I swung, and if ever a man cut a barb-wire fence in drill time I did it then, my horse literally hopping in dread behind me the while at the closeness of the bullets. Indeed, he seemed to be glad when I looked at him and just touched him one pat on the crest as I threw the rein back and mounted. In three leaps he was stretched at top speed again, and I thought I had won.

But here I came to the edge of this bench, where it dropped with stiff slope down to the bottom land through which the river cuts its hidden course. As my horse began striding short in the descent I showed as on a skyline to fresh parties of Boers in the river bed, and dropped out of the original fire into one that sounded, if possible, still hotter. It was no use, I could not hope to live across to the trees on the bank just now. I swung short left into a

fold of the bluff, as if I were turning tail to get away. It was well for me that that fold was so near and so well hollowed out.

This would throw them off the scent, thought I. These new Boers had been worked up by the heavy firing to expect me over that skyline. With me out of sight, apparently bolted, their attention would drift somewhere else, and then, when I spurred out again, headlong, I should get such a start before they could lay well upon me that speed might do the rest. I looked over my horse and patted him as I thought it out, and he seemed to want comfort from me. Then to mount and out again.

The plan worked. A wild rush ; a whirl of din and dust, a tense expectancy, and we had reached the cover of some Kaffir huts, and the stretch of bushes that straggled up to them from the river. 'The luck of the scout' had held so far—the first step was won.

Jumping down I led my panting horse by the bridle till I reached the river, and I was glad to feel his nose at my shoulder all the way ; I was glad so good a horse should feel me his friend and helper. At the edge of the steep, tree-clad drop to the river I took a good look up and down the water. Here was no place for crossing ; the Boers must go far down to get across if they were to try a flank attack. The thing now was to find out how far down their force extended.

Cautiously I pushed up the riverside, using the cattle trails through the dense thornbush, and going the more delicately the nearer I came to the never-ceasing crackling of the Mausers. Single shots passing across high over my head showed me that some scattered Boers must be lying opposite on the other bank, but no man discovered me, for the cover was good, and I came, safe and unhurt, to the face of a high dam of rough masonry, which bellied across the stream where the river ran over a chaotic ledge of rock. I had found the right of the enemy ; by the sound of all his rifles he must be holding the high ground above and behind the thicket of trees which rose from the other end of this dam. This drift then, here at the foot of this dam wall, must be usable by infantry or the Boer would not have pitched himself so strongly here. The thing now was to make sure.

Tying my horse to a tree, I swung down under the dam wall. Humanly speaking, it seemed nonsense to expect to get across undetected. But longest odds are surest landed in scouting, and this dam implied so many things that I must make sure. It meant that the waters it held back, deep and mud-bottomed, would extend a certain distance up the river, impassable to either Briton

or Boer. Which, again, pretty certainly meant that just above the head of the pool the river must be shallow enough to cross. It meant that the Boers on this side the river, the Boers who had fired at me in coming, extended no nearer than the head of the pool, since otherwise their retreat would be interfered with. Also the other bank of the pool would only have a thin line of marksmen along it, while the stronger force would be here at the dam to prevent any turning move—or to make one.

When I dropped into the water, I realised at once that we were safe enough from any turning movement by this drift at least. It was all sudden little pools, rocky islets, smooth, steep-sloping channels where the rush of the waters swept me off my feet in a flash, and then came a breadth of reedy mudbanks and black sloughs; alternate sludge, boulders, and bushes. A dozen horsemen might cross here with time, care, and luck, but not any commando strong enough to attempt a flank attack. That point was established, then.

The next thing was to find out what the Boer right was, and how grounded. At the end of the dam I took to the thick bush and crept slowly up till I could scan the level above. I was close enough to make no mistake. Some seventy paces back stood a small white house, with its couple of red-brick outhouses. A low wall of sods enclosed the whole, and houses and enclosure alike were full of Boers. The orchard and garden were thick with them, and a low sod wall, the wall I had looked at from the flank of our infantry, was lined with peering heads and restless rifle barrels. A mass of horses were clumped close behind the orchard, and a few stood behind the buildings themselves to judge by the heads and tails showing. The whole position was a birthday gift for any battery that should have knowledge and range of it. A dozen shells dropped in here would make such a smash as would insure our flank at once. Dropping back and across again—and catching what proved a lucky fall in the mud by the way—I felt as I loosed and mounted my horse once more that real reward of the scout, the elation of knowing that against all odds one has discovered the knowledge which places another move of the game in the hands of the general.

But, having done so much, one must try to complete the work by learning just how far up the pool of the dam extended, which would give an idea as to where the next drift within the Boer front might be, so that one could give the infantry some sort of a mark to charge for when they should move. Pushing up through the trees lining this bank of the pool, I found the cover come to an end

before I could quite make sure of the spot. Should one turn back now? could one turn back so near to finishing the job? Nay, that would be too bad.

A trick alone could do it—a trick did it—an old trick.¹ I put my horse boldly into the open at a walk. My wet khaki was so black with my last fall in the mud that it might well be mistaken for civilian clothing. The Boers would surely imagine me one of their own men, so near as I was, and so simply riding that way. Fifty yards I went; a hundred yards I covered, and then, at last, I got a glimpse of the likely looking spot where the pool ended. Now to get away with the knowledge. For though you jolt the devil himself in the ribs to get your knowledge, it is of not the slightest use till the general has it.

I dared not stretch my horse to a dash for cover again; that would have been the signal for a fire that could not fail to wipe me out, so near as I was to so many rifles. But here beside me, as if to bar my further way up the river, came down the wire fence I had cut in coming, and out in the open, where the wire bent to come in to the river, was an open gate. If I headed quietly along the fence to that gate the Boers might think I only went out there to get through the fence. Once clear of the gate I should have a good two hundred yards law, and a clear veldt for the dash back to the flank of our infantry again. It was my only way.

I put my horse out along the fence at the tripple, the Boer gait, and every length as I went the blood crawled in my back, expecting the smash of a solid crash of bullets. I dared not mend my gait, and it was all a matter now of whether the first man to suspect me would shoot straight or not. Half-way out a bullet came so close to me that I knew some Boer had tried me, even if he had not tried for me; and with that came the grin to my face; the hazard was so near to death, the chances were so fine, that it was ridiculous to funk any longer; it was not worth while either to fear or hope. One had to grin at it all, it would have been so foolish to trouble any more till it had settled itself one way or the other.

When I had come within half-a-dozen lengths of the gate I thought I caught a lull in the firing of the right of the Boers behind me—maybe a fancy—and it struck me somehow that they were waiting what I should do at the gate. I felt that the whole line suspected me now, and a big breath swelled in my lungs; before I let that breath go I should know. My horse, too, felt something—he began to be freshly alive between my knees and to feel the bit

¹ The Boers often used the same trick before the war ended.

with his mouth, ready to be away like a shot if I but leaned in leave to him. That was well. I reached the gate, passed through, strode clear, and then put the horse for home. Down I leaned above his crest. 'Now, chum!' said I.

He had been waiting; he almost went through the girths with one wild bound, and then, as the crash of the Mausers deafened everything with the crackling and tearing of their blast of bullets, he stretched to the race as no deer ever did, frantic to be away. And I sat deep and bent low; I kept a tight rein and a tighter knee, and ever I looked ahead for the place I wished to reach, and ever I thought how well it is that horses keep their feet so surely when they go in headlong panic.

For there was no slip in the good horse between my knees; never a peck or stumble, never so much as the waste of an ear-cock. Faster and faster he went till the wind in my ears deadened the din of the bullets, and I laid one hand along his neck for the sheer rare glory of the ride—it is very good to live such a moment as that. No mere race, no hunt, compares with the dash under fire.

My troop was watching for me as I swept into cover behind the rise. 'Warm enough out there to make you smile a bit,' said Taggart as I dismounted.

'I can remember when it's been not nearly so stuffy,' replied I. 'Where are the guns?'

Parker answered from where he sat by his grey. 'The O.C. guns says it's like our damned impudence. He'll send guns as soon as he finishes over there.'

'De Landre's gone with a second message,' put in Taggart.

'And I'll go with a third,' said I, 'or rather I'll find the general. Keep the fellows here ready till I come back.' Then I mounted again to take my information to the general.

But far as I rode, and closely as I questioned, no man could tell me where the general was. 'He should have been back at the Ganger's Cottage with the naval guns,' said one. 'No; he has gone down yonder—I saw him go,' said another. 'Yes, but that was a while ago—he's shifted since then,' said a third. And at long length the outcome of it all was that I could not find the general, so that I had but wasted time and horseflesh when I went down to the river.

While I was looking for him, though, I dropped across an incident that put a good taste in my mouth. I had decided to try and find Pole-Carew, commanding this left wing, and explain to him, giving him a chance to profit by the information. As I was riding down to look for him I met a young bugler of the Guards Brigade—I am

sorry I did not notice his regiment. He had been sent across from the right some time before to carry word to some one in this left wing to be ready to charge as soon as the signal came. He asked me to tell him where some commanding officer was—in the din I did not catch the name quite—and would I carry the message on at once? ‘Certainly,’ said I; ‘just hang on to my horse here till I come back.’

I was thinking that now, with him to hold my horse, I could go on afoot into the firing line to look for Pole-Carew, as well as to deliver this message. But I’ll not forget how the lad stiffened as he looked back at me. ‘I can go myself on foot,’ said he. ‘I only thought you’d go quicker on a horse; and I’ve been so long looking for him already I might be too late.’ Then he turned his back fair and square on me, and started down into the firing line further along, and by that lad, the smallest possible fraction of our right wing, you may gauge the quality of that half our army that day.

I followed him far enough to ask how long it was since the order had been issued, and understood him to say half an hour. Phew! if that were so, then, at any minute this left wing might rise and charge straight on into the river to clear it with the steel. Such an order would not have been sent only by one lad; others must have carried it as well. It was too late now to think of finding brigadiers or generals. If this infantry were on the point of charging, then all else sank into insignificance. Ordered to carry this river with the bayonet, these men would surely do so, though they might finish too few for further advance. I thought of our outmost left; outflanked as it was, that left must wither out of existence under the fire that would come upon it the moment it showed to charge. And my own troop, it could not stay behind. If it charged with the infantry it would be the first wiped out, that was all. So foolish, so contemptible, a finish for mounted men. Better finish trying to do something with sense in it at least. I would take my men headlong down to the river, by the same line I had already proved, and then, pushing with all haste up to the dam, creep across and up through the trees on the other bank to try what the surprise of a dozen magazine rifles, at seventy paces, could do to disturb the aim of the commando there when it should open on the flank of our charging infantry. We could only get wiped out there trying to help the infantry; we were sure to get wiped out here, going with the infantry. But modern battle is a funny thing, I suppose you

will say, when a dozen men can think they will make some difference in it. It is all the doing of this long-range magazine rifle.

Swiftly as I went back, I was only just in time to disentangle my men and get them mounted. A whisper of the expected charge had reached them, and they had joined the infantry in high glee. They 'groused' stiffly, but I made stiffer remarks, till presently I drew them out and at top speed we started for the river.

I was so wound up with expectancy that I wondered how few bullets greeted us as we pushed into the open, but a look across showed some of the Boers mounting; they had seen the stir along our infantry, and their dread of that infantry when it tipped its line with steel swallowed up all thoughts of lesser things. Those still firing hit none of us as we swept down to the timber, bolting group on group of twos and threes of snipers from the other bank. Swiftly we pushed up to the dam, and swiftly still we crossed it; but the white house was empty; lands and orchard were empty, and yonder towards the railway pressed the Boer right, riding all alight with dread lest the infantry should win the drift at Rosmead, and cut it off.

A load was off my mind. I was well content the Boers should be gone. Heroics are better reading than doing. But come, we would follow. With wary rein we pushed on up the road to Rosmead. Bullets of our own people on the bank we had left, and bullets of snipers out on the veldt to our left were all that troubled us till, at a red house some three or four hundred yards straight out from Rosmead drift, a solitary Boer, whose horse was killed, came out to us, waving a dirty white handkerchief—the first prisoner of the battle. I saved him from my men—for they remembered the white flag at Belmont—and sent him down to give himself up to the infantry, now beginning to cross at the drift.

From here then we turned left, so as to go round the hamlet, clearing the houses in turn of scattered snipers, and finding only one or two badly wounded Boers on the floors to match the killed horses dotting the road between. To be so far in front, however, was naturally to be suspect to our own infantry, crowding out now from the river bank, and their fire at us grew so hot that I detached a man to explain, while I continued on till we reached the last house at the north-west corner of the village, and there drew rein awhile, to watch the infantry until the mingled mass turned and began to head up the open ways parallel to the river. They had the Boer position in flank now. If they were only kept at speed fast enough to get to the railway embankment, north of the bridge, before the

VOL. XLIII. NO. CCL VII.

enemy could line that as a new front, then the battle was won and done.

A little further on, however, as we pushed out to look for something to do, I began to doubt the Boers re-forming along the embankment. I began to see them going away. From the hotels and buildings by the station, something over half a mile north of the bridge, sparse horsemen escorted hurrying waggons, and groups of three horsemen—two men holding a wounded comrade in his saddle between them—crowded away without looking back. These, indeed, were the usual concomitants of all battles; but those—those clusters yonder, heading out west from the railway, and disappearing over a skyline to our left front—what meant they?

Surely that was the crumbling of their defence; surely the Boers were finished on this flank. But their guns—the guns I had heard a little while ago, yonder between me and the embankment—guns silent now this moment past; it must be that they were limbering up for a race away before the dreaded infantry should surge over that slight lift of ground which still hid them. I did not then know of the bridge that lets the road through under the railway, close by where the Boer guns were. I only knew that this troop had begged for adventure, and here was its chance, indeed. Those guns must withdraw across the open here, as soon as the infantry should reach yonder cactus hedge, a matter of minutes now. And if they did so come, if they did—then it was but to move out; to charge out; to dismount every man as close as we could get, and put them to firing into the gun horses at snapping range. Some one team we must entangle, and then, with that grim infantry at their heels, the gunners must melt away and leave the prize to us—‘one to the Guides,’ indeed. We could face old Mike Rimington all right at the finish if we brought him a gun to speak for us.

I laid the plan out before the men, and they listened in quiet till I ended. ‘I promised you some fun, boys, and here’s the change for the promise.’

‘Some fun,’ said Hughie Gordon, first to speak. ‘Oh! we’ll have some fun all right, as soon as the Boers in that battery there find out that we’re not Boers. How close are we behind their guns, and how close in to their centre? So close you daren’t name it to yourself! But I suppose we won’t be happy till we get it. Let’s get it over, then. Fun!’ He could afford to be sarcastic, for danger drew him as sure as a wedding draws a woman.

Swiftly I led out to a spot where we could be readier for the dash. ‘Down, now!’ I shouted, ‘down, and volley into their

horses, there by the station. The more horses you kill or stampede, the more Boers must be killed or taken when the infantry reach them, and the less they'll trouble about defending the guns while they're trying to secure their mounts. I'll hold your horses here at your heels for you, you sha'n't miss your fun !'

The first volley was too high, but the next was answered by a surging and plunging amongst the crowded horses that gave the true range at once. ' Pump it in now,' shouted I.

Merrily they pumped it in, and as they began to see the effect of their work they began to shout and jest, and to be in glee indeed. Horses broke away, the clusters of horsemen began to be greater clusters, and if my fellows forgot how deadly close our infantry must be getting, if they forgot the effect of the infantry, and thought it all their own, well, was I to tell them of that ? Not I. I bade them turn their volleys now into the flying groups, and I saw more than one man fall to prove the firing effective. And all this while I kept the tail of one eye over my right shoulder watching for the guns.

Shells were dropping amongst the station buildings ; our own guns were upon them then, and it cheered us to watch the work. For our infantry had continued to send bullets at us from the time of their crossing, in spite of continued messages. The guns at least were at no nonsense, thought we. And then, while I sat the saddle there, holding the ten horses, and overlooking the ten men so happy in their moment, I was suddenly aware of a shell coming from behind, high up and swaggering drunkenly as it passed, to pitch just short of the flying horsemen. ' Good the guns !' shouted the men. ' The guns are a bit of all right.'

Then another shell with the same jaunty, disreputable boasting followed overhead, sounding as if the point came sharp and true in line, while the base of it followed in a swirl of rake-helly jeering. And as I looked, it swooped down and coughed up a little volcano, not just beyond the first ; not amongst the Boers yonder, but half way back to us. ' Oh, *very* good the guns !' jibed the men. Then, while I sat thinking, ' Whurriish !' came another and plumped not fifty yards in front of us, gasping and rending up a great burst of red and black and brown, flame and smoke and earth, to give us all pause and reminder.

' But, sergeant, they're taking us for Boers,' protested de Landre over his shoulder from where he lay firing.

' Well, you fellows wanted some fun—you're just on having it,' said I. But while I spoke another shell dropped a bare thirty

yards wide of us. 'It is no use; it is time to get on top and come away,' shouted I. 'Quick, now, mount and ride, or the next shell will have us!'

Swift was the word, but while the men seized horse and threw leg over saddle, I took another look at our infantry. The leading companies were within an ace of the crucial position, but that was no help to us; we must get back, and that with speed, even though Major Lambton, with his companies of Northumberlands, farthest on and out, the left front of all the infantry, in fact, had given the word to be ready with the bayonet for the charge that would have swept clear up to the embankment. 'Get away, get away to the red house behind,' I called to the men, and away they went, all but Parker, whose grey had dropped the big-ringed snaffle out of his mouth, and now struggled against retaking it. Between us we re-bitted him, and while we were in the doing of it, for proof of the wisdom of our going, a shell burst just where the men had been lying, and we had to get the dust out of eyes and ears before we mounted to follow the rest.

As we went I shouted to Parker: 'The infantry look like charging. Bring the fellows over from the red house while I go across and find out where we can get a whack in too.'

'That'll be too late,' urged Parker, checking. 'They're going to charge now. Hear them cheering!—that's for the start. Let us two go, or we'll be out of it.'

The cheer checked me, too, and I drew in and looked again. Cheering, indeed, and the men standing up in excited masses. But not to charge, for while I looked, the cough of a bursting shell tore a gap in a cluster of them, and at that the other clusters began to surge away from the stricken group. Another cough and another: a gap, and another gap—the infantry began slowly to sag back towards the drift again, over the ground already won.

Can you believe what had really happened? A battery had come hurrying up by forced march, eager to have a hand in the battle. There was no headquarters to give it an order, to tell it where to go; no one to give it an outline of what was happening. It had dashed in where it saw most promise; it had seen my little party of horsemen. 'Three hundred yards behind the Boer guns and six hundred from their centre—that can't be our people, that must be the enemy!' From the farther bank of the river, from that very rise where our flank had lain so long, the battery had put my little troop out of the veldt. And then, 'What ho! here's another lot of men just showing beyond the trees. What luck! we've

dropped right on swarms of Boers ; let 'em have it, boys !' and so this poor eager battery, for want of a head to the battle, had turned its guns upon our own infantry, just at the crucial moment, and disembowelled it of the charge it was swelling to deliver. Our own guns had saved the Boer guns, and defeated our own infantry, in the very moment of its victory over the enemy.

The pity of it, for had that poor battery but held off another five minutes, Lambton and his men of the Fifth would have been over the rise ; would have found themselves on the flank of the three Boer gunpits by the chapel ; would have rushed in upon the guns, *and found them deserted*, for the Boer gunners had abandoned their pieces for the moment in terror of the oncoming infantry.¹ One five minutes more and the infantry would have broken cover and swarmed up the embankment ; the Boer left beyond would have been mocked out of any possible stand ; the road to Kimberley would have been opened indeed, for the Boers must have suffered so in getting away at that close range that they could hardly have faced things again within a week.

And that, no matter what you may hear, was the moment and the occasion of our missing our mark at Modder River. We might have had so much, we finished with so little.

But I'll write you the rest to-morrow.

A. O. VAUGHAN.

¹ I have since had corroboration of this from the Boers.

(To be continued.)

Mademoiselle and Fräulein.

WHEN Mademoiselle first arrived at Greathaven the season was at its height, and pupils were not lacking; but when the winter came, with the exception of a single weekly engagement, employment had she none. The gloomy waves rolled in upon an almost deserted strand, hotels were practically empty, boarding-houses shut up; only the regular inhabitants of the place remained. Yet, though she had originally intended to migrate to London with many other birds of passage at the end of the summer, though many dreary months would have to be lived through before she could hope to obtain fresh tuitions, Mademoiselle remained a fixture in her tiny attic room, for since coming to Greathaven she had found a friend.

Not an influential one, not even an attractive personality—just a little German Fräulein, middle-aged like herself, poor like herself, lonely like herself. In this loneliness perhaps lay the secret of the affection which had suddenly sprung up between them; the two little solitary souls had drifted together, touched, and become united.

It all began in November on *le Jour des Morts*. Fräulein, who was resident teacher at the school where Mademoiselle had her daily class, encountered the Frenchwoman in the passage, and observed that her eyes were red. Immediately her thoughts flew to the hillside churchyard amid the yellowing woods in the far Fatherland, where it had ever been her custom to carry on this day a wreath of immortelles, inscribed 'To-my-innermost-heart's-beloved father'; and tears rushed to her own kind blue eyes.

'Ach!' she said, and clasped the other by the hand, 'you, too, perhaps, have lost a father?'

'I have lost both—my father and my mother,' said Mademoiselle.

'Your mother, too! Ach! you poor one!' exclaimed Fräulein. 'Aber, you are more unfortunate than I. But my father—my above-all-dearest father!'

Mademoiselle wrung the little bony hand she held, and at the sympathetic pressure Fräulein sobbed, and then, because they were so lonely and so sorry for each other, and because there was no one else who understood in the least what they both were feeling, they fell into each other's arms and vowed friendship. And after that day, though life was just as hard, and the world was just as cold, and they both remained as poor as ever, each had a little warm bright place in her heart wherein the other was installed.

One bitterly cold day Fräulein, breathless after her climb up many flights of stairs, burst into Mademoiselle's lodging. It was her custom to spend a couple of hours with her friend every evening during her own spare time. She found Mademoiselle sitting by the table, huddled up in a variety of wraps, and embracing with either arm a large beer-bottle.

'Jemini! what art thou doing there?' she inquired. 'Is that beer in those bottles that thou art hugging so fondly?'

Mademoiselle's sallow cheek took a deeper tinge.

'But no, but no,' she cried. 'Beer! I would not touch it for the world.'

'Not Lager beer?' interrupted Fräulein incredulously. 'Ah, my dear, Lager beer is not to be spoken of in that tone. There are people who prefer Pilsener, but——'

'But I am not one of them,' put in Mademoiselle with a laugh. 'No, no, give me a good little Piquet. But it is not that either which I have here in these bottles. It is quite simply hot water. I try to warm myself, my dear—without, all the same, very much success.'

With a laugh and a shrug she sent a third bottle rolling over the bare boards from beneath her feet, where it had hitherto lain concealed.

'The worst of it is,' she added, still laughing rather ruefully, 'I can never manage to get them all hot together. I boil the water in my spirit-lamp, and it is so small that by the time the second bottle is hot the first is cold. I have one side frozen, just as the other is getting comfortably warm.'

Fräulein glanced at the grate, of which a summer decoration of cut paper, now very limp and grey, was the only plenishing; but she knew better than to ask why her friend did not have a fire. A world of unspoken sympathy was perceptible in her kind troubled eyes.

'Everyone has her little discomforts,' she said at last, with a great assumption of cheerfulness. 'I, on the contrary, suffer from

too much heat. My room is small, as thou knowest, and I have a fire at night—they make me such a fire, my angel, I nearly suffocate. I could very well do without half the coals that they put on.’

Mademoiselle stiffened visibly.

‘Indeed?’ she said politely, but distantly, too.

‘Ja wohl,’ returned Fräulein, with an awkward laugh. ‘I often wish that somebody could come with a little bag just to take them away—they are mine, you know; they are certainly mine, since they are put on my fire to burn for me—if somebody were to come with a little bag just to take them away, ach, how pleased I should be! What a kindness it would be! I should then not have to open the window before going to bed.’

‘Dost thou open the window before going to bed?’ inquired Mademoiselle incredulously.

‘Natürlich,’ replied Fräulein promptly; adding mentally, ‘When the weather is warm enough.’

Mademoiselle pushed aside the bottles and gazed at her friend with a certain dignified severity, and remarked in frigid tones that, as no one was in the least likely ever to come to take Fräulein’s coals away, it did not seem worth while to argue about it.

‘Of course, of course,’ responded Fräulein hastily, ‘I only said *if*.’

‘Who would do such a thing?’ inquired Mademoiselle, still bristling. ‘A charwoman, I suppose.’

‘No one, no one at all, my little love,’ cried Fräulein, in deep confusion. ‘’Twas a mere foolish thought, prompted by my own selfishness—I am so uncomfortable, dost thou see?’

‘Ah!’ said Mademoiselle, leaning back in her chair and folding her arms, ‘it is a great pity. Thou must talk to the housemaid about it.’

After that Fräulein said no more, and for a day or two Mademoiselle discarded her hot bottles and kept up a brave assumption of being quite indifferent to the cold; but on one occasion her teeth began to chatter in the midst of a most interesting discussion, and Fräulein went home that night full of doughty resolution.

The fireplace in her own narrow room was not indeed so very big, nor did it seem to be unduly filled with coals, yet no sooner had the housemaid withdrawn, after setting a light to the small black pile, than Fräulein went down on her knees on the hearthrug and carefully removed the greater part of the fuel. Such a very, very tiny fire remained that she went to bed a full hour earlier than usual and corrected some twenty-five German exercises from

between the blankets. Her stiffened fingers could hardly feel the pen when, having amended the last pupil's rendering of the exhilarating phrases 'Have you seen the paper-knife of the uncle? No, but I have here the pen-wiper of the aunt,' she gladly laid it aside and blew out her candle.

Next day with a brown-paper parcel hidden beneath her cape and a rapidly beating heart she faced the little Frenchwoman.

Depositing her parcel and taking her friend by both hands she looked her full in the eyes.

'Thou lovest me, my dear one?' she asked tremulously.

'Dost thou ask?' replied Mademoiselle almost with indignation.

'Wilt thou not, then, give me a proof of love? Wilt thou not do me a favour?'

'Anything, anything in the world,' said Mademoiselle eagerly.

'Shut thy eyes, then, and let me have my way.'

'Eh, bien!' said Mademoiselle, smiling and shutting up her eyes.

In a few minutes a fire was crackling in the grate, and at the sound she turned round with a cry.

'Be not angry, be not angry,' pleaded Fräulein, throwing her arms about her. 'It has cost me nothing—not one farthing—and if you knew how I suffer when I think that thou art cold! Are we not as sisters, after all? Is not thy friendship for me great enough to accept as well as to give?'

And then Mademoiselle cried a little and kissed her, and finally drew her chair close to the fender, spreading out her thin hands with such undisguised enjoyment that Fräulein fairly hugged herself.

After this it became a recognised thing that Fräulein should arrive each day with a brown-paper parcel under her arm, that she and her friend should sit toasting themselves over a very small but cheerful fire, and that Fräulein should scuttle home to early bed and Ollendorf with so warm a glow of happiness in her heart that it quite atoned for frozen toes and numb fingers.

One day she burst into Mademoiselle's little room full of excitement.

'I have received a present—a present sent all the way from Germany. A sausage, my dear, which you and I will eat together for tea.'

'Ah!' cried Mademoiselle delightedly; and sprang up to set her spirit-lamp going. 'I have tea here,' she cried, as she bustled to and fro, 'and milk—yes, there is quite milk enough for

two—and I will get some bread in a moment. There still remains some quite fresh butter.'

'I have brought thee a roll,' cried Fräulein ecstatically, 'a German roll, my dear, to do honour to the German sausage. It is fresh, quite hot. Aber, we shall enjoy ourselves!'

Mademoiselle embraced her, set forth plates and cups, milk and sugar, made the tea, and sat down, rubbing her hands.

'Let us see this famous sausage,' she cried gleefully. 'Why, it is a French sausage!' she exclaimed, as Fräulein hastily undid the paper wrappers and held out the long brown roll. 'I thought you said it was a German one?'

'And so, of course, it is,' returned Fräulein. 'It comes from Strasburg.'

'Strasburg may have been taken from us,' returned Mademoiselle, with some heat—it was a subject on which she felt strongly, for though she spoke the purest Parisian French she was an Alsatian—'Strasburg may have been taken from us, but that sausage, my dear, is French. Did I not recognise it? Did I not spend my childhood at Strasburg? And how many of these have I not eaten! Germany may claim Strasburg, but the sausage industry is a French industry—and none the worse for that!'

'My all-dear-one,' said Fräulein, with a complacent laugh, 'thou mayst call it that, if thou wilt; but the facts remain the same. Alsace is, and by right should always have been, a province of the Fatherland. If any proof of that were wanting, it could be found in the Strasburg sausage. The French is not by nature a sausage-loving people; the German nation is. Consequently it is very evident that—'

'I cannot sit still and listen to such nonsense,' interrupted Mademoiselle. 'Thou sayest these things to me—me who am an Alsatian! Do I not know my own people? I tell thee our hearts remain French, though we have been robbed of our nationality.'

'Robbed!' repeated Fräulein. 'That is a curious word to use, Laure.'

'I cannot help it,' cried Mademoiselle. 'I am frank, my dear, and I must speak the truth. All the world knows how our people hate the German tongue.'

Fräulein was usually a very temperate person; but her colour rose, and her voice grew shrill as she answered:

'Excuse me, it is a stupidity that you say there.'

'You are politeness itself, mein Fräulein,' returned Mademoiselle.

Both had dropped the familiar *du* by mutual accord.

Fräulein uttered a short laugh.

'I cannot mince my words when the Fatherland is attacked.'

'And I, of course, was foolish to expect you to sympathise with my feelings. You, with the detestable pride of the conqueror, would crush us beneath your heel,' cried Mademoiselle. 'Sympathy—delicacy of sentiment—I was indeed foolish to expect such things in one of your race.'

Fräulein's lip quivered.

'Can you speak thus to me, Laure?' she asked in a trembling voice. 'Can you look me in the face and say you have found me wanting in sympathy?'

Mademoiselle sprang to her feet, her face blazing, her black eyes shooting fire.

'What!' she cried, 'do you dare? Oh, it is odious, odious! Oh, why did I ever degrade myself by accepting benefits from you? If I starve, if I die, I tell you I will repay you to the last farthing.'

Fräulein turned quite pale and rose also.

'I do not understand you, Laure,' she faltered. 'I alluded to no benefits. I—I spoke merely of the friendship which——'

In her agitation she stammered and broke down.

Mademoiselle fixed her with her fiery gaze and pointed at her with a little knobby finger.

'Do not deny it,' she cried; 'do not. You have betrayed yourself. Yes, you were thinking of those coals, those accursed coals.' She rushed to the hearth and began feverishly to rake out the little fire.

'You shall be paid, I say,' she exclaimed at intervals as she hammered on the embers, 'paid to the last mite!'

'If it is possible that you speak in sincerity,' said Fräulein, in a very quavering voice, but with much dignity, 'if you really believe your own words, if you can think me capable of that of which you accuse me, I have nothing to say—there is an end of everything between us.'

'An end indeed!' returned Mademoiselle, still simmering with wrath. 'Would to God there had never been a beginning! I should at least have preserved my self-respect.'

Fräulein put on her battered hat and her worn jacket and muffler in silence and with shaking fingers, and walked to the door with lagging steps. Mademoiselle, without looking at her, continued to scrape and hammer at the coals. The door closed, and Mademoiselle turned round with a start, glanced at the table,

sprang towards it, and was out on the landing just as Fräulein began to descend the second flight.

'Take your abominable sausage!' she cried; and sent the packet flying through the air.

Fräulein started as it fell with a thud at her feet, looked up with a world of reproach in eyes which had grown very pink about the lids, pushed the sausage out of her way with the patched toe of her boot, and continued to descend without a word.

Mademoiselle went back to her bare room and looked round at the blank hearth, the table where lay the untasted remains of the little feast which she had intended to enjoy with her friend, the chair which she had knocked over in her recent outburst—all was desolation and gloom. But wrath swallowed up regret.

'She shall be paid!' she cried, between her clenched teeth—'paid *jusqu'à la dernière obole!*'

And Heaven knows how, by what miracles of pinching and scraping, the money was got together; ten shillings—more indeed, in all probability, than the actual value of Fräulein's daily offering. The postal order was enclosed in an envelope with Mademoiselle's 'Compliments and thanks,' and sent by post, though the two teachers still met every day, passing each other by with a regal salute.

Mademoiselle felt better after she had discharged her obligation; but Fräulein hid the letter away with many tears. She was a foolish little woman—foolish enough, after all that had passed, to groan to herself, as she sat by her fire, at the remembrance of Mademoiselle's icy room.

But the Frenchwoman had her beer-bottles and her triumphant sense of restored self-respect; no doubt she felt quite happy.

One day Fräulein remarked, as she met Mademoiselle in the passage, that the latter's hands were covered with cracked and swollen chilblains—so much so that she evidently could not put on a glove.

Mademoiselle greeted her with a sliding curtsy and went on, but not before she had caught a look of almost piteous consternation in Fräulein's eyes.

On taking her class a few days later Mademoiselle found her pupils engaged in an eager discussion. The German lesson was just over, and Fräulein had passed her in the doorway with averted face.

'Only think,' said one of the children, 'poor Fräulein has been telling us about a German Christmas, and how everyone has a Christmas-tree, even the grown-ups. They make each other presents, and are all so jolly and happy. Do you know,

Mademoiselle, when Fräulein was in the middle of telling us about it, she suddenly began to cry ! ’

‘ Of course she has no one—no one at all—to keep Christmas with,’ said an older girl.

‘ *Dictée* number one hundred and seventeen,’ said Mademoiselle, in an odd harsh tone.

But though she assumed a very business-like air, and often reproved her pupils for inattention, her own thoughts wandered frequently from *dictée* number one hundred and seventeen. Do what she would, the girl’s words kept coming back to her : ‘ Of course she has no one—no one at all—to keep Christmas with.’ And Germans thought so much of Christmas ; it was a pity that she could not even have her little tree. If they had remained friends, they might have had one between them, with a few oranges and crackers, and five or six tiny tapers ; and Mademoiselle might have given Fräulein that pretty blue necktie, which she had never worn. Fräulein adored blue ; she would have been enchanted. And what a surprise it would have been ! She saw it all. The little feast would, of course, be kept in her room ; Fräulein would utter shrieks of joy, and would come round the table to embrace her. But what use to think of such things ? All that was impossible now ; they could never, never be friends again.

The very next morning a small parcel came by post to Mademoiselle directed in printed characters. Inside was a pair of mittens, beautifully knitted in a fancy stitch, and with cuffs extending a long way down the wrists. Mademoiselle looked at them with an odd expression, and turned them over and over ; finally she put them on. They were very soft and warm, and fitted to a nicety. She sat staring at them with a curious medley of emotions. The sense of injury was still there, lingering resentment, wounded pride. Nevertheless, she could not but remember the dismay with which Fräulein had gazed at her poor swollen hands.

‘ She loves me still,’ said Mademoiselle aloud, with a distinct note of exultation in her voice.

Poor Amalie ! After all, she had sent her back the postal order, and could, in consequence, afford to be generous ; she would wear the mittens. And so, instead of passing Fräulein with her usual stately air, she stopped short when next they met and held out her hands in their new coverings.

‘ Have I not to thank you for these ? ’ she said. ‘ Have I not to thank thee ? ’ she added, as Fräulein gazed back at her, reddening, uncertain what to say.

‘ Ach, meine Liebe ! ’ ejaculated Fräulein, and fell into her

arms; and the last remnant of ill-feeling melted away from Mademoiselle's heart as she returned the embrace.

'Ach, how good—how good it is to think that Christmas will not be so desolate, after all,' said Fräulein. 'Ach, mein Herzchen, if thou didst but know how I dreaded it! At least we shall be together.'

'But certainly, my dear,' replied Mademoiselle, with an air of importance. 'I have planned it all. Thou must come to me, and I will make thee a little fête.'

'Aber! thou above-all-most-amiable,' cried Fräulein delightedly; 'thou didst plan it all when we were not even friends?'

'Si, si, ma chérie!' responded Mademoiselle magnanimously, 'we were always friends. A little quarrel no more puts an end to true friendship than a cloud could extinguish the sun. So, then, it is understood we keep Christmas together.'

It was even more difficult to be absorbed in *dictée* number one hundred and eighteen than in its predecessor. Between the sentences which she enunciated with such laborious distinctness Mademoiselle was planning, contriving, calculating her resources. The fête must be a real fête; she would astonish Amalie.

'What do you ask, my child? Certainly *rivière* is feminine. What else would you expect it to be? *Point et virgule*.' There should be no sausages—certainly no sausages. Perhaps a little pie. Oh! it would be difficult to find money for it all. And so absorbed in prospective managing was Mademoiselle that it was not until several pairs of large round eyes were fixed upon her that she realised it was some time since the class had written the last word.

Who shall say how Mademoiselle did manage to procure funds for her Christmas party? She looked thin and cold and yellow during the preceding days, and a certain brooch which she usually wore unaccountably disappeared. Nevertheless, she made herself look very smart on Christmas Day, and her little room had such a gay and festive appearance that Fräulein fairly gasped when her friend threw open the door. There was a blazing fire, to begin with; the chimney-piece was garnished with a wreath of paper flowers and lighted up with a pair of coloured candles. The table was covered with a spotless cloth and adorned in similar fashion—as much of it, at least, as Fräulein could see, but the greater part of it was hidden from her view by a large open umbrella.

'One moment!' cried Mademoiselle excitedly, as her friend hurried forward. 'Just one moment, my beloved Amalie. I prepare a surprise. Shut thy eyes for a moment.'

Fräulein, with a cackle of delighted anticipation, screwed up her eyes and turned away her head. The scraping of a match was heard, and a moment later the furling of the umbrella.

‘Now thou mayst look!’ cried Mademoiselle jubilantly.

And, lo and behold! there, in the centre of the table, was a tiny tree, all covered with little candles, with oranges and apples fastened to the branches, and at the very top a paper *Christ-kindchen* cut out and coloured by Mademoiselle’s own hands. And at the foot was there not a small parcel with the words ‘To my dearest Amalie’ most legibly written, and was not Mademoiselle herself positively glowing with happiness as she stood by laughing and rubbing her hands? Never, perhaps, had an innocent dream been so completely realised. Fräulein’s shrieks of joy were, however, lacking at first, for the simple reason that the little creature could not utter a sound of any kind. She could only rush at her friend and fold her in her arms, and kiss her on both cheeks. But all at once she found her voice, and then what laughing and crying, what exclamations! And with what triumph did she in her turn produce from under her cape a little bundle carefully enveloped in tissue paper, which, on being unfolded, proved to be a very marvel of a silk blouse! It was of the brightest pink—she knew that Mademoiselle had a weakness for pink—and was tastefully adorned with brown bows. Mademoiselle ecstatically pronounced it to be of the last *chic*, and immediately held it up to her face that her friend might see how well it became her. The effect was, in truth, to make her complexion a shade more lemon-coloured than usual; but Fräulein contemplated her with entire satisfaction, and announced that it suited her to perfection. Mademoiselle declared herself, in tremulous tones, to be quite overcome at Fräulein’s generosity; as a matter of fact, that blouse was a very expensive affair—it had cost rather more than ten shillings. A certain postal order which had been long laid by had been recently cashed with a joyful heart.

So the pair sat down, one on each side of the tree, and Mademoiselle’s good things were duly appreciated; and there was much talk and laughter, and the lop-sided candles seemed to burn more and more brightly, and the little *Christ-kindchen* looked very benign. In the whole of England was merry-making and feasting that blessed Christmas night; but perhaps no corner of it was more cheerful than the garret where the two little aliens rejoiced together.

M. E. FRANCIS.

Pat Magee's Wife.

LIVIN' wid Pat Magee,
 In a cabin forment the bay,
 Sea in front an' the bog behind,
 Sthretchin' for miles away.
 An' often he comes an' says—
 'Honey,' he says, says he,—
 'Do ye ever repent the day that ye went
 An' married wid Pat Magee?'

There's a bit av a childie now,
 Playin' around the floor,
 Runnin' about wid a laugh an' a shout
 In an' out av the door :
 Mick wid his father's eyes,—
 Bits av the sky for blue,
 An' aich hair av his head like a goulden thread
 An' the voice av his father too.
 An' often he comes an' says—
 'Honey,' he says, says he,—
 'Do ye ever repent the day that ye went
 An' married wid Pat Magee?'

Times when the evenin' falls,
 An' the work av the day is done,
 An' the boy's in bed an' the supper spread,
 I sit in the settin' sun,
 An' think av me girlhood's days,
 An' the love that came me way,
 An' the price, the price that a woman pays—
 An' is well content to pay.
 An' I laugh when he comes an' says,—
 'Honey,' he says, says he,—
 'Do ye ever repent the day that ye went
 An' married wid Pat Magee?'

Never be tellin' a man—
All that he'd like to know,
Give him the half av the whole that he wants,
An' he'll love ye the betther so ;
But times I misdoubt he knows,
Nearly as well as me,
That I'll never repent the day that I went
An' married wid Pat Magee.

LENA BARRINGTON.

The Sound of the Desert.

THE Syrian desert between Baghdad and Damascus ; two white tents, a prowling jackal, and a starry sky.

There was a sense of stir in camp ; a rattle of tins and a neighing of animals ; a faint odour of lighted charcoal was wafted in at the tent door. I opened one eye ; X. still slumbered peacefully at the opposite side of the tent. The Armenian cook appeared at the door with a jug of water and a light. 'One o'clock,' he said laconically as he placed them on the ground and retired. The stars were still shining ; my bed was very warm. True, it was one o'clock in Turkish time only, but no Christian ought to be roused at that hour. X. fell out of bed with a determined thump. 'It's late,' she said. I made no response, but knowing from experience that X. was always right, tried to reconstruct my ideas about time, and reconcile the fact that it was late with its being one o'clock in the morning. Besides, if X. ordained that it was late, in another half-hour the tent ropes would be loosened regardless of the stage our toilet had reached, and a falling tent, when one has just got one's back hair into shape, is exasperating, if not damaging. I got up, and just managed to hurl myself through the door, mostly clothed, as the tent collapsed on the ground. X. was already seated cross-legged on a rug outside, holding one blue hand over a few charcoal embers, while she munched a piece of dry bread held in the other. 'You need not think I have eaten all the butter,' she said, 'because there wasn't any.' Satisfied with the explanation, I munched my bread in silence, and swallowed a cup of thick tea ; we had been carrying water for three days, and it was getting opaque.

The stillness of the night which had reigned outside was being invaded by the cries and movements of men ; dark forms flitted about as they watered the animals and adjusted the nosebags for the morning's feed. A horse, impatient of his tether, had broken

loose, and was galloping defiantly round the camp, inspired to further mischief by the methods of his pursuers, whose idea of reassuming their authority over him was to rush in his direction flourishing whips and uttering piercing cries. All at once he was brought to bay entangled in some tent ropes, and a sudden lull fell on the disturbed atmosphere. The Oriental can work himself into a pitch of excitement which would keep a European in hysterics for several hours, and then suddenly banish the frenzy from his mind and become instantly silent and unconcerned. There seems no half-way stage between excessive noise and an indifferent silence.

But this incident had somewhat awakened the men, and they set to work to pack up the camp; the mules were unloosed and stood about with looks of resignation, as the loads were adjusted on the creaking pack-saddles and secured with ropes. There was a subdued din and confusion without any sense of hurry. 'Allāh! Allāh!' the native cries when he exerts himself in any way; 'Aha! Aha!' he cries with equal ardour, mingled with satisfaction, when his task is accomplished.

And now the last knot has been tied, the last cloak laid across the saddle, and the last ember of the dying charcoal fire has been carefully raked out to light the cigarette, and we straggle slowly out into the gloom, leaving one charred spot and a sardine-tin in the sandy waste.

There had been a suggestion of redness in the gathering light for the last few moments; streaks of silver and bars of gold lined the dusky sky. It is disconcerting to be travelling westwards when one wishes to be aware of a rising sun. I twisted myself round in the saddle, and, leaving my horse to pick his way, advanced backwards. The whole scene was soon a vast glow of colour, the yellow sand of the desert holding and reflecting the brilliant reds and yellows; and now the sun appeared on the horizon line, and slowly rose until the whole disc of fire stood out in glowing magnificence, and then gradually grew paler as he shared his substance with the surrounding sky. The long, straggling line of our caravan, which had looked like a black serpent twisting through a sea of fire, became less black in the growing light, and men and animals assumed individual shapes.

In another half-hour the broad light of day showed the surroundings in their common aspect. I twisted round again in the saddle, and having turned my back on poetry and romance, became only conscious of the temperature of my extremities. The cold was intense; X. and the soldiers were far ahead; the caravan lagged

behind ; I was alone with cold hands and feet. Poets and philosophers have talked of being alone with the sun and the earth ; if ever conditions were favourable for enjoying the sole companionship of these two elements, it might seem to be in the present circumstances. But in the desert one can be more alone even than this, for in some frames of mind no sense of companionship comes to one from the sky and the earth. Cold and implacable, the grim silent desert stretched away in front beyond the realms of space ; the hard blue sky overhead stared into the abyss of Time ; neither offered any link between Nature and man ; there was nothing one could take hold of, no cloud in the sky of which to ask the question, 'Whither?' no shadow on the earth to which one could say, 'Whence?' You were thrown back on yourself, were only conscious of your beating heart and a void. The words of a great lover of Nature rose up in my mind : 'There is nothing human in nature. The earth, though loved so dearly, would let you perish on the ground, and neither bring forth food nor water. Burning in the sky, the great sun, of whose company I have been so fond, would merely burn on and make no motion to assist me.' You felt keenly alive in the middle of this cold dead space, and you knew there was something alive in you which demanded something of it ; had you no place in the economy of this silent universe ? Was there no way of making yourself heard or felt ? Is it that the soul of man must be there to make things alive, and you were now crossing earth where no soul of man had crossed before, and therefore all things were dead ? From sheer agony I cried out ; no answering echo followed ; the sound fell flat and dead. The cold heavens stared placidly on, the surface of the earth was unruffled. I drew rein and listened intently : I heard the roar of London streets ; the cry of the newsboy, the milkman's call, the tramp of a million hurrying feet ; I heard the rush of trains and the screech of engines ; I heard a thousand discordant voices in divers tongues where men were struggling and rushing after material ends ; and, dominating all this, infinitely louder and more distinct, making itself heard supreme and all-powerful, filling the great space, in which one had seemed eternally lost, I heard—the Silence of the Desert. Why wish to make oneself heard. Better be still and listen to the voice of silence ; let its words sink into you, and become part of you, and so take some of its quiet and peace back with you into those crowded cities of men.

If there is a link between anything in you and in this grim stretch of barren sand and impassive depth of distant sky, it is the appeal of its silence to the silence in you. It is the material

aspect of silence in its crudest form, appealing to and recognising in you the unspeakable realms of silence which exist in the region you are dimly conscious of beyond your senses. As we pray to the sea for its depth and calm, to the wind for its freedom, to the sun for its light, so we pray to the desert for its silence ; let your nature expand to the width of this horizon, to the height and depth of this sky, and fill it all with the eternity of this silence.

Ask of the sun why it shines, and if there is light in you it will answer ; ask of the wind why it blows, and to fettered and free alike it gives its answer ; ask of the desert why it is silent, and if there is silence in you you need no answer.

Is there any calm for you in the sea until you put it there ? Do you feel any freedom in the wind until you have created it ? But can you, in any mood or in any circumstance, evade the silence of the desert ? Its influence extends alike to those who receive it and those who resent it.

The men who have no region of silence in themselves are under the power of its physical aspect ; to them it is oppressive, wearying, and deadening ; there is an absence of life, a presence of monotony, from which there is no escape. But once we recognise its silence as being of the nature of what we possess in ourselves, the shadow of monotony and oppressiveness is lifted. Can its effect be better described than it is in that fundamental doctrine of Islam, where it almost coincides with the teachings of Christianity in its endeavour to give expression to the truth ? 'Islam,' that is the resignation of our own will to that of one great power ; the effacement of self, the futility of pitting our own will or mind against that of the great silent, all-powerful, inevitable laws of Nature—the Moslem idea of fate and power ; the Christian's blending of his own will with that of the Divine will ; the scientist's recognition of law. You may put it how you will ; are they not but different interpretations of the unseen power, which, silent in itself and only understood in silence, holds supreme sway in moments of silence ; and, when expressed in its physical aspect in these barren places of the earth, appeals through our eyes and ears to the regions in us, beyond these senses, where it exists in its essential condition ?

I rode on. The sun had warmed my left side through, and the right was beginning to thaw ; my shadow, which had been keeping pace with the horse on the right, now began to creep in front as the sun rose higher ; by the time its burning rays poured straight down overhead the fore-shortened shadow seemed to be leading the way along the desert track. In time the heat became almost unbear-

able, and, suddenly awakening to the stern realities of physical discomfort, I brought my whip down on the horse's flank. He leaped, startled, in the air, and then flew after his shadow in a settled gallop; air, of which one had become unconscious, rushed past one's face, and the muffled thud of his hoofs on the sand seemed to measure time and space. I dashed up to X. and stopped dead beside her. She looked round inquiringly. 'Let's eat,' I said. She looked at her watch. 'We have been riding four hours,' she said; 'we might stop at the next good place.' I looked ahead significantly. 'One place looks much the same as another,' I said. 'I think there is a dip in the ground further on,' she answered, 'where we might get a little shelter.' There did seem to be a slight wave in the flat expanse, and we rode on to it; but like all dips in this country, when we arrived at it it did not seem to be there. We had had so much experience in riding after delusive dips that we decided to stop here, and slid off our horses. The cook unpacked the lunch from his saddlebags and placed hard-boiled eggs, biscuits, and dates beside us. He carefully filled a cup with a thick, brown liquid from the bottom of his waterskin. 'Bitdi,' he said, by which expression he conveyed that the fresh water was now finished. Then he and the men retired a few yards and ate their lunch. Nothing was heard but the steady munch of human jaws; then the men stretched themselves on the sand, and absolute silence reigned, broken by occasional snores. We too lay back, each concealed from the other, under two huge umbrellas, which seemed rather to focus the sun's rays than shade them from us.

When one was alone the desert had seemed full of unqualified silence; the company of others made the silence seem even greater, for the slight sounds which there were made one more conscious of the sound which was not. The clank of the horses' bits, the quiet breathing of one's companions, the stir of a foot, made one realise the intensity of the silence of the whole vast expanse. The far-off tinkling of the mule bells in the approaching caravan gave one a sense of distance such as would hardly have been experienced by simply gazing at an unapproachable horizon. The heat and the slight fatigue added a feeling of drowsiness which made even the solid things around one seem shadowy and distant. It was a waking sleep; one's senses were numb because of the absence of anything to call them into play, though one might 'see, hear, feel, outside the senses.' Just as one may be alone in a London street one may live in a whirl in the desert; the throb of humanity—X.'s umbrella shut with a bang. 'Wake up! the caravan is coming.'

A cloud of dust, a stamping of animals, a shouting of men, and we were off once more. It was our habit to keep pace with the camp in the latter half of the day, and for the next three hours we dawdled along at caravan pace. It was a motley crew. The muleteers trudge along behind the laden animals, taking turns on the back of a patient, sorrowful donkey, on which they ride sideways with dangling legs, pricking its side with a long needle, the secondary object of which was the repairing of broken straps. The pack-mules go doggedly on in front, jostling one another with their unwieldy loads. Occasionally one gets off the track and wanders aside, only to be urged back into line with yells and blows; another stops dead, feeling its load slip round sideways; the men rush at it with shouts of 'Allah! Allah!' the load is shoved up and the ropes tightened; there is a general din of shouting and swearing and jangling of bells. And above it all the disdainful camel moves deliberately on, with measured step and arched neck, unmindful of the petty skirmishes so far below it; its owner, infected by its spirit, rocking on the top, surveys the whole scene with a dejected, uninterested air. Bringing up the rear, motionless and erect on small donkeys, ride one or two older Arabs, wrapped in long sheepskin cloaks, their faces entirely concealed in the folds of a kafiyeh, save where two stern and solemn eyes gaze unceasingly at you with expressionless imperturbability. Wild sons of the desert, product of this eternal silence, are you so much a part of it that you are unconscious of its power?

The only gay and careless element is introduced by the Turkish soldiers. Mounted on splendid Arab mares, they ride in front, sometimes dashing ahead at a wild gallop, holding out their rifles at arm's length, then wheeling suddenly round, and coming to a dead stop in front of an imaginary enemy, upright in their stirrups; in their more subdued moments they break into song with the mournful Eastern refrains.

And so, forming one small world of our own, we 'follow and follow the journeying sun,' and as it sinks lower on the horizon and its fierce rays cease to beat pitilessly down on the parched ground and thirsty animals, a silence falls on the moving band. The spirit of the desert again holds sway. The men cease quarrelling, the animals' heads sink lower, the donkey looks more resigned, the mule more dogged, the camel more superior, the silent Arab more stern and forbidding; the soldier hums where he sang before. Then at last the walls of a solitary guardhouse heave in sight; the men hail it with joyful cries, the soldiers dash ahead, the pack-animals

prick their ears and quicken their steps to an amble. There is a general rush and tumble, culminating in a dead halt on the ground which has formed the place for caravans since caravans crossed the desert. All is noise and confusion ; the loads are unloosed, and fall in promiscuous heaps amongst the medley of animals, who, released of their burdens, roll over on their backs, kicking up the dust. A line of men draw water from the well, pulling at a squeaking chain and invoking the aid of Allah in chorus as they pull. A fight is going on in one corner ; men are knocking each other down, encouraged by a circle of yelling spectators ; the din of excited, quarrelling voices, the hammering of tent-pegs, dominates everything, broken at times by the sudden neigh of a horse bitten by its neighbour, or the harsh, imperious cry of the camel for its supper ; and in the middle of it all the Turkish soldier spreads his cloak upon the ground, turns his face to Mecca, and offers up his murmured prayer to Allah, the one restful form in this scene of chaos.

'Allah Akbar' (God is great) prays this son of Islam, and with his hands upon his knees he bows his head. 'Subhana 'llah' (I praise God), and he falls upon his knees ; 'Allah Akbar' (God is great), and he bows his head to touch the earth. 'Subhana 'llah, subhana 'llah, subhana 'llah,' and he sits upon his heels ; 'Allah Akbar,' and he again prostrates himself ; 'Allah Akbar, subhana 'llah.'

And on this scene the sun casts his final rays of gold and red. As the shades of night draw in quiet reigns once more ; the men collect round the blazing camp fire, and in its light we see the outlines of their dark forms seated, cross-legged, as they eat out of the common bowl or take turns at the bubbling nargheli ; at one side the mules are tethered in two lines, forming a half-square ; a muleteer is grooming them, and one hears the rattle of his scraper and the ever-tinkling bell. The cook is stirring our evening meal in a pot on the fire outside our tent. And now Hassan has brought our rugs and spread them on the ground ; we lie down, and he covers us over with his sheepskin cloak. 'Rahat' (rest), he says, and lifts his hands over us as if pronouncing a blessing. Then he sits down beside us and lights a cigarette. 'Bourda ehe' he goes on, describing the universe with a sweep of his hand. 'Kimse yok' (it is well here—there is no one). 'Is Allah here ?' asks X. 'Allah is here,' he answers with simple reverence ; 'Allah is everywhere,' and we all lie motionless under the stars, unwilling to probe the silence by the sound of uttered thoughts. The murmur of the men's voices gradually dies away as, one by one, they doze off ; a

jackal cries in the distance ; a star falls down to earth. The day is over, and in this land of the Oriental there is no thought of the morrow.

The passive silence of sleep, the active silence of communing souls, the silence of night—all fitful expressions of the one great silence brooding over all, be one asleep or awake, by night and by day, in desert places and in busy haunts of men.

LOUISA JEBB.

A Wherry Elopement.

THE Norfolk marshland lay warm and bright in the glow of the July sun. From time to time clouds, swept by a strong breeze across the sky, made lines of shadow on the green reed-beds, chasing one another across the marshes, taking the colour from the yellow cornfields, till at last they topped the sandhills and disappeared from sight across the sea.

A wherry, with her black sail hoisted and ready to start, lay moored to the bank of the long, straight cutting that connects Somerton Broad with the village of that name. The mast and sail swayed in the breeze, and the yellow painted blocks creaked and groaned as the sail, wind-driven, tugged at the ropes.

On the hatchway aft sat Jacob Gooden, his face turned in the direction of a thatched, lean-to cottage some five hundred yards away, listening intently to the sound of angry voices coming from the back windows of the cottage that looked on to the Cut. A girl's treble, now beseeching, now indignant, now angry, now frightened, was drowned in the forcible bass of an infuriated man.

'Just listen ter him, old Terrifier Trumper be wholly agoing inter it t'arternune,' Jacob muttered. 'Me and my wherry ha' been fit ter start this tew hour and he hain't left off ter catch his breath hardly all th' time. Terrifier may be yar name; I'd terrify yer, yer old warmen, if yer belonged ter my family, I would.'

This remark was addressed to no particular listener, but an old man, with a scythe across his shoulder, ambling along the bank, stopped in front of the wherry-man, jerked his pipe to the extreme corner of his mouth, and, after spitting in the water, looked at Jacob and remarked slowly:

'Would yer? Well, in course yer might ha' a try, young feller, but ter right-side old Terrifier and lay him out proper-like 'ud take a deal o' dewing. It hain't never been done in th' past,

and 'tain't likely as 't will be done in th' future, lessways not by one man, nor tew, either, that's ter say in fair fight and no favour, as th' sayen' go. Lots on 'em like yer ha' *thought* they could '— here the old man took his pipe from his mouth and waved it in the air to emphasise his words—'but dewen' on it be another matters. He be a masterpiece, he be. Pity he worn't trained as a fighten' man, he'd ha' made his fortune—and I'd ha' made mine,' he added with a sigh, 'a folleren' of him and abacken' of him; th' money 'ud ha' come in a deal easier nor cutten' mash-litter. I would ha' had him go and try years ago!'

'Pity he didn't take yar advice instead o' stoppen' at home and wallopen' of his daughters,' said Jacob.

'So 'tis, so 'tis, cos there ain't no money in it, as I ha' told him times enow, but he never would listen to no one. Still he's a grand man,' and the old marshman dwelt lingeringly on the word 'grand' to heighten Jacob's appreciation of the specimen under discussion.

But Jacob's attention had wandered from the speaker and was fixed on the wherry that lay alongside the cottage. Her sail was half up; the gaff running at an angle from midway up the mast to the centre of the cabin top; the canvas caught up in graceful folds by several pieces of rope. The wherry's white bows glistened in the sunlight, and tiny waves of broken blue water lapped against her sides, trying to keep time with the angry altercation raging inside the house. Jacob compared her point by point with the craft he was on, hardly to the advantage of his own possession. His wherry was wet and shining from a recent application of the mop lying at his feet, on which, all unconsciously, he continued to wipe his boots. The red paint on the hatchways shone like sealing-wax, and the white mast stanchions, decorated with green stars, looked as if they had just left the painter's hand. The long quants, lying neat and straight along the sides of the bow, with their butt ends overhanging the water, made points of vantage for the sunbeams' play. Painted on the forepart of the hatchway, on either side the mast, in letters of emerald green on a yellow background, was the name of the wherry, the *Come and Catch Me*, and 'Beccles,' her port.

The old man pointed in the direction of the cottage. 'Ever seed him with his shirt off?' he asked, breaking in on Jacob's ruminations.

'No, I hain't, and I don't want tew. I don't know th' man, except by sight. I be a stranger down this river.'

'Ah! lots o' folk ha' give a shillen' ter see his chest afore now,' went on the old man, ignoring Jacob's scorn. 'And it be worth it tew; lor! it be as broad as one o' th' hatchways o' yar wherry and about th' same colour. In course he be gotten' past his prime now, more's th' pity, still it be a grand frame—a grand frame.'

'What dew he want ter mob and knock his womenfolk about for?' asked Jacob.

'His daughter yer means. He ha' but one at home now; th' tew eldest mawthers took off last year, so there be only a gal about seventeen year old left. She'll sune be clearen' out, I expect. Mawthers like them don't fare ter sense a man like th' Terrifier; he want a deal o' humouren' with a constitution like he ha' got.'

'I should just think he dew,' said Jacob, looking anxiously towards the house whence screams were issuing. 'I wish my mate 'ud hurry hisself and get aboard, that there blaren' kind o' upset my stummick. Dang that chap o' mine! I'll give him th' sack come Saturday night, he ha' been drunk all this mune; I reckon he ha' drawed inter Bell, up th' street, and he'll lay there for all time.'

Before the old man could answer the door of the distant cottage was flung open and a young girl, with fair hair flying in the wind and dress in much disorder, fled shrieking down the road, a big, burly man, strap in hand, shouting and swearing, in hot pursuit. The girl was as agile as a deer, turning and twisting out of reach of the strap, and gradually she distanced her pursuer as she raced along the dyke-wall in the direction of Jacob's wherry. The chase interested the wherry-man, and he sprang to his cabin-top, eagerly following the fortunes of the runners.

'Keep yer adeyeh'. He on't get nigh yer. Dew yer come aboard here, young woman,' he shouted to the girl. Hastily he began to let go the sheet. The girl was but thirty or forty yards from the boat, gaining on her father every second.

'Dew yer let go my mooren' for'ard,' Jacob called out to the old man. The girl sprang aboard, and as she did so he slipped his mooring aft, put his back to the tiller, and took a vigorous pull at the sheet. The wherry's sail filled, and she gently left the bank and glided up the dyke.

Then began a wordy contention between Jacob and the girl's father, who, purple with rage and much out of breath, shook an impotent fist at his escaping victim.

'Yer think yer ha' got off th' soling, dew yer? Yar wrong. Yer shall ha' it double for this, I promise yer. Dew yer wait. And as for yer,' pointing angrily at Jacob, 'I'll break every bone in yar carcase, see if I don't; I'll pound yer inter malt, my beauty.'

And Jacob, whose wherry, gathering weigh, was fast putting a distance between the speakers, shouted derisively:

'Gude on yer, bor! Mind yer don't bust yarself!'

Baffled in his attempt to repossess himself of his daughter, Terrifier, shouting 'Joe, Joe!' ran as fast as his breath would allow to his wherry and began to crank up the sail. The windlass shrieked when the man, bringing all his vast strength into play, whirled the cog-wheels round. The sail flew up the mast. A voice answered the shouts of 'Joe!' and a dirty individual, with long mouse-coloured hair, appeared from a shed and threw himself aboard. In a few minutes all was in order, and the Terrifier and his man had started in pursuit.

The dyke leading on to the broad is a shallow one, and the mud stirred up by the *Come and Catch Me* impeded her progress. The girl noticed this at once, and without speaking seized one of the quants and, putting her shoulder to the butt end, began to shove, the quant bending with the force she used.

'Why, yer quant as gude as any man, danged if yer don't,' exclaimed Jacob, carefully watching her movements.

'We want ter get out o' here as fast as we can,' was the reply. 'I see Father ha' cranked his sail up, he'll sune be arter us. Th' *Heron* be one o' th' fastest wherries in Norfolk, wins all th' races at regattas. If he catch me now he'll murder me.' The girl shuddered.

'Well! he'll ha' ter settle along o' me fust,' said Jacob stoutly.

'He'd dew that sune enow. Not as how yer ain't a plucked 'un, bor, or yer'd never ha' took me off like this here. But yer don't know my father, there ain't anyone like him in these parts, or in any others, as I ha' heerd tell on.' There was a note of grudging admiration in her tone as she added: 'Why, they calls him th' Terrifier!'

'And what dew they call yer?' asked Jacob.

'My name be Gertrude Trumper; Trudy, I be called for short. There, she'll go now,' said Trudy, for the wherry, getting into deeper water, was beginning to gather speed. The girl put down her quant, and, seating herself on the aft hatches, laid her head in

her hands and burst into tears. She had kept up bravely as long as there was work to do, but now, in the reaction of leisure, she broke down, much to Jacob's discomfort.

'Don't yer take on like that, my gal,' he said sympathetically. 'I'll get yer out of this here muddle, see if I don't; th' *Come and Catch Me* be a fair sailen' wherry, though she mayn't be as gude as th' *Heron*. Blast me, but we ha' got a gude start, and if I can get yer ter Yarmouth maybe yer knows someone as'll look arter yer. No?' in answer to the girl's shake of her head. 'Oh, well, suffen'll tarn up. I'll pay for yer ter go ter Lunnnon out o' harm's way. Dew yer give over cryen.'

Trudy lifted her tear-stained face to her comforter and tried to smile, but she cast a look of fear at the *Heron*, foaming along some half-a-mile behind. 'She be wholly acomen,' she cried out; 'she ha' got more breeze nor us. Oh! blow, blow, blow!' she shouted to the heavens. Jacob looked at the sky; above was clear, but down on the western horizon fantastically shaped clouds, purple below, with rounded, whitened tops, were spreading themselves towards the sun.

'There'll be plenty o' wind out o' them clouds sune,' he said, pointing across the great expanse of marshland. 'Tew much, may-be. That look like a storm acomen', 'twill blow a hurricane if th' wind backs ter th' sun.'

Trudy had seated herself in the stern of the wherry, and Jacob, standing before her, drew from her some of her sad story. Her mother had died when she was ten years old, and her two elder sisters had run away from the bad treatment to which the father had subjected them. Since then she had been left alone at the mercy of his ungovernable temper, a slip of a girl, wholly unfit to grapple with the madness which fell on the strong man when things went contrary to his wishes. He had always kept a cane with which to serve out correction; lately he had used a strap, thinking it more efficacious. The cause of his last outbreak had been the loss of a bill of lading, attributed by him to his daughter's carelessness.

'I can put up with th' stick, though my shoulders be all wales,' said Trudy, clenching and unclenching her fists. 'But the strap, that's more nor anyone can dew with.'

'I should think so, and on a grown young woman like yarsel! Why, yer'll sune be out o' yar teens, won't yer?' Jacob asked.

'I wor seventeen yesterday, and I had wholly made up my

mind ter run away last time he beat me and go out ter sarvice, but he keep such a sharp eye on me I hain't had no chance adewen' on it. He make me go on th' wherry and work for him like a man. 'Oh, it ha' been a life and no mistake!' and the tears began again to trickle down her cheeks.

This time Jacob offered no words of comfort. The sudden manner in which Trudy Trumper's company had been thrust upon him, together with the excitement of getting all possible speed out of the *Come and Catch Me*, had, for the time, banished all thought of the seriousness of the situation from his mind. But now the girl's eyes, softened with tears, her cheeks glowing with exertion, her heaving bosom and her fair hair, sun-burnished, falling about her shoulders—little rings, caught by the breeze, flicking her face—appealed to Jacob as a man, rather than as a rescuer, and with the appeal the gravity of his high-handed action was brought home to him. So absorbed was he in the problem that for a moment he neglected the wherry, sailing her easily, till his contemplations were dispelled by Trudy's exclamation :

'Oh, dew pull on yar sheet, she'll go nigher inter wind than what she be adewen'. Yer won't get through this next reach if yer don't, and th' *Heron* be gainen' on us every minute; she'll catch us afore we gets ter Martham ferry-boat. Oh, dew dew yar best,' she pleaded; 'if he catch me now, 'twill be wus than ever; he'll flay me alive with his strap. Oh, I wish I hadn't come, I dew; he'll kill yer for a sartenty, and that'll be all my dewen'.'

'Hold yer on, my gude gal, don't yer chuck up th' sponge, we ain't done yet,' and Jacob took such a vigorous pull at his sheet that the craft shot through the next reach, nearly head to wind. 'That wor a gude nip,' he exclaimed excitedly, the next bend in the river having given him a better slant of wind. 'She be a gude little wherry, 'specially when she be light; there ain't many as 'ud ha' gone through there like that. Dang me,' he shouted, 'but that there wherry o' yar father's ha' done it tew, she be slushen' along suffen'; that won't dew ter go on ter Potter, he'll catch us afore we can lower and go through th' bridge. I'll run on ter Hickling, 'tis our only chance.'

Suiting the action to the words he put his back to the tiller, and, thrusting his feet against the stern-sheets, forced the rudder over. The wherry flew round, the sail coming over with such a jerk that it was only Jacob's restraining arm that saved Trudy from being flung overboard. Jacob let his arm lie round her

waist for a minute, and, though his mind was set on the difficult task of keeping the wherry in her course, he was conscious that the girl felt as warm and as soft as a kitten.

'Fancy usen' a strap on one like her,' he muttered; but a sudden gust, which laid the wherry over, put an end to all sentimentality, and he shouted: 'Slack off a bit, Trudy, slack, or we'll take th' mask out on her.'

The workmanlike manner in which the girl handled the thick rope, letting it slide gently off the cleet and then making a half turn to save it from slipping, surprised the man. For a time he forgot it was a woman to whom he was giving orders, only the sight of the red marks the rope had left on her hands reminded him of her sex.

'Lor, yer be a proper mawther,' he cried admiringly. 'Yer'd make a second hand on a wherry along o' anyone, danged if yer wouldn't. Bless th' girl, yer be a masterpiece. I wor going ter give my mate th' sack, for he be half a fule and allus slushen' th' baar inter him, and I ha' left him behind up at Somerton. Yer can ha' th' crib if yer like.'

'For this trip,' laughed Trudy.

The reply made Jacob's blood mount to his cheeks. 'In course for this trip,' he stammered. 'But, but——' Trudy looked him in the face and the words died on his lips. His eyes wandered to the peak of the sail, then scanned the heavens for the approaching storm, and for the next few minutes not a word was spoken.

The *Come and Catch Me* was now roaring up the narrow Kendal dyke, dipping her side into the water each time a gust laid the sail over, shooting forwards as the mast straightened, and throwing the water from her plankways like a small mill sluice. On either side of the bank a large wave curled and raced after her, laying the tall reeds almost flat upon the water, and the empty bottles and cans, relics of yachtsmen's meals, suddenly became animated and started a rush down stream, only to be caught by the wave and flung up high on the banks.

But if the little wherry was doing her best, the *Heron* was being crammed along for all she was worth. She was partially loaded and lower in the water, and she made the noise of a train as she drove through it, close on the wake of the *Come and Catch Me*, her enormous black sail bellying tight with the wind and standing nearly upright, only the peak of it bending to the breeze. Terrifier's immense arms kept her as straight as a dart, and he

smiled grimly as he looked at the black cloud spreading across the marshes, out of which lightning flashed and lost itself on the low horizon. A gust of greater violence struck both craft, the *Heron* churned the water with increased speed, but Jacob's wherry lay right over, and in her side and rounded bottom the lightning was reflected.

'Slack, slack,' he cried. 'Tis a roger.'

The ropes burnt into the girl's flesh as she let them run through the blocks. 'If yer hadn't let go when I told yer, her mask 'ud ha' gone,' he gasped, hauling in the sheet again. 'That wor a near 'un and no mistake.'

Trudy's face was set and very white. 'Th' *Heron* be nearly atop on us, she be only twenty yards off,' she cried.

Jacob cast a hurried glance over his shoulder. 'Don't think as how she'll catch us afore we are out o' th' Sounds. Once on th' broad I can dew him, yer'll see; I ha' got a trick left, if only we can get there.' Further speech was lost in the crash of the thunder, and the rain, driving across the marshes in steaming clouds, blurred for the moment the *Heron's* sail. The rain lashed the water around them, jumping on the hatchways a foot high, it poured from the sail, and every block and rope took on the manner of a leaking water-trough. In a moment the man and woman were soaked to the skin. But still amid the rain and wind that swept across the flat country, shaking her sail till the noise of her trembling topped the thunder, the wherry sped on, ploughing the water, straining at her ropes, so that on the arms of the wherry-man and the girl the veins stood out to bursting point. They were fast approaching Hickling Broad, and in a few moments the great sheet of water, black and angry in the storm, loomed up in front of their bow.

'Thank Gawd!' Jacob exclaimed as the banks of the Sounds disappeared to view. 'Now we ha' got some room ter move in.'

As the rain eased off they could see that the *Heron* was but ten yards behind them and fast closing up this short space. The Terrifier held a piece of rope in his hand and waved it threateningly at his daughter.

'I'll cut right through yar stern and sink yer,' he shouted to Jacob, making his voice heard above the roar of the storm. 'Joe, dew yer drop th' end o' that quant on th' top o' his skull.'

At his master's bidding the man crept forward on the windward side. He took up the quant ready to carry out the order at

the earliest opportunity. Terrifier continued to shout out oaths and threats.

'I'll pay yer, Trudy, as yer ha' never been paid afore. Next time that blow I can hit 'em, so be yer ready with that there quant, Joe; give him th' darty end on th' top o' his skull as hard as yer can drop it.'

The wherries raced on, the great posts that mark the channel passing as telegraph poles pass a railway carriage, and the ten yards became eight and Joe was almost within striking distance. Trudy cowered in front of Jacob, waiting for the crash which she knew would come when the *Heron* hit them. She turned towards him a white, scared face, and said in a whisper:

'Jacob, forgive me for gotten' yer inter this muddle.'

'There ain't narthen ter forgive,' said Jacob hoarsely.

She lifted her lips to the man. 'Give us a kiss, Jacob, afore he dew for th' pair on us, ter show yer really ha' forgiven.' Jacob bent his face to the girl's and kissed it.

'Dang yer, Joe, make a dart at 'em. Look at that there shameless hussy, right afore her poor father tew; hit him, man, I tells yer,' roared the Terrifier.

Joe struck with his quant, but the distance was too great and it fell with a splash a foot short of Jacob's rudder. Then a blast of wind burst on the wherries and for a moment it seemed to the fascinated watchers on the *Come and Catch Me* that the *Heron* had lifted her bows from the water and was falling on top of them.

This was the moment for which Jacob had waited. He put his back to the tiller, and in a second his wherry shot right away, the space between the two boats grew greater, the *Heron* ceased to roar through the water, the waves at her bow sank away, and save for the breakers which rolled across the broad and hit her sides no water moved around her. She slowed up and then remained stationary, the huge sail, released from the cleats and the Terrifier's hand, hung flapping in the wind. The *Heron* had grounded on the mud.

'Yer be all right, Trudy, gal,' sang out Jacob. 'I told yer I'd a trick left. I knowed if I could keep him afolleren' me I'd run him on the putty. I knowed he drawed more nor me. I kept drawen' out o' th' channel, and when I seed he wor nigh atop on us I give this here boat a sheer and he did th' same, cos he kept watchen' o' me. He hit th' hard th' moment arter. Gude

on yer, gal!' he went on exultingly. 'We ha' done th' Terrifier now; he can't get off there for six hours, cos he ha' run on a rum'un.'

Jacob put his rudder over and brought his boat up into the wind and wore her right round, sailing back past the *Heron*. Joe and the Terrifier were doing their uttermost to shove her astern; the Terrifier's quant bent like a whip beneath his efforts, but all to no purpose—they were hard and fast aground. A round of curses and threats, all the more vehement because innoxious, greeted Jacob and Trudy as they passed.

The wind had lulled and the storm was over, and as the *Come and Catch Me* sailed out of the broad the sun broke through the clouds. Trudy, as she coiled her hair and shook the water from her skirts, gave a great sigh of relief. After helping to lower the sail at Potter Heigham she went into the cabin and lit the fire to make a cup of tea. Taking off her stockings, she dried them at the cheerful blaze. She and Jacob had gone through so much, suffered so many emotions in so short time, that all barriers of restraint were broken down between them, and over their tea they chatted with the intimacy of long acquaintanceship. Her announcement that she would borrow sovereign of him and go to London to seek employment brought the first check to the flow of Jacob's conversation. He sat in silence, to all intents contemplating the rosy light shed by the sinking sun upon the marshland, and watching the movements of the hundreds of martins flying round the wherry, swooping up and down the bends of the river, settling on the reeds, and rising as one bird when the boat passed their resting-place.

'Yer must be tired, dew yer lie down a bit,' he said tenderly, as, Acle reached and the tea-things washed and put away, Trudy's heavy eye-lids fell on her cheeks.

The girl laid herself down on the bunk and was soon wrapped in profound slumber. Jacob lit his pipe and took a seat at the tiller, and, swept by the outrunning tide and gentle breeze, the *Come and Catch Me* slowly made her way to Yarmouth. The moon hung like a round of white paper in the evening sky. There was silence over everything, broken from time to time by the bang of the sail as it gybed, for the wind had veered and was now right astern. Jacob, bending forward on his seat, peered into the dusky cabin; the tired face of the sleeping girl looked to him like the pale moon overhead.

'Danged if it ain't more beautiful,' he muttered, and he

sighed as each familiar house and farmstead was passed, and he knew he was a mile or so nearer Yarmouth—and separation.

‘I don’t know what ha’ come over me—never did enjoy a trip like this here afore,’ he mused. ‘I likes th’ look o’ th’ mawther—she be made for a wherryman’s wife, she be. Poor little mite, her face be lined with sorrow; best way for her to get out o’ her trouble would be ter marry me and ha’ done with it. Should ha’ th’ law on my side then ter protect her agin th’ old Terrifier. Th’ arm o’ th’ law be strong, they say; p’raps with that here arm and mine she’d be out o’ harm’s way. I’ll wake her up and hear what she say.’

He called softly—fearing to wake her too suddenly: ‘Trudy, Trudy!’ but the girl only stirred in her sleep, turning her face from the light of the open door; to Jacob it was as if the light of the moon had been darkened by a passing cloud.

‘Trudy! Trudy!’ he called louder, and the girl heard his voice, and, with a look of fear, ran out of the cabin.

‘Is it father?’ and she anxiously scanned the evening mists for the dreaded *Heron’s* sail.

‘No, no, ’tain’t yar father; ’tain’t for that I ha’ waked yer,’ said Jacob, awkwardly. ‘I wants ter ha’ a say about what yer be going ter dew. I ha’ been thinken’ over that there plan o’ yars about going ter Lunnon, and th’ more I thinks on it th’ less I likes it.’

‘Why?’ asked Trudy in surprise.

‘Well, th’ smoke ’on’t dew yer no gude. Yer’ll pine an’ die for th’ mash air and breeze.’

‘P’raps that ’ud be th’ best thing as could happen ter me,’ Trudy answered gravely.

‘Now hold yer on, an’ don’t talk like that; yer make me feel kind o’ chokey-like in my throat, as I did last year when I wor standen’ by my mother’s grave. Yer hain’t got ter go out o’ th’ world yet, ’tain’t likely. But what I ha’ got ter say be this: s’pose yar father follow yer ter Lunnon an’ finds yer out, which he be quite likely ter dew, what then?’

‘I’ll drown myself. I’ll put an end to my miserable life,’ the girl answered.

‘There’s another way, Trudy, gal; another way o’ putten’ an end ter yar old life,’ said Jacob softly.

‘And what’s that?’ asked Trudy.

‘Why, I told yer afore I wants a mate for th’ wherry, and I tells yer now I wants a mate for myself. Will yer take on th’

sitiuations, Trudy? I offers both on 'em ter yer, gal. Marry me, and yar father can't touch yer, we ha' th' law on our side agin him. I thought it over as yer lay on my bunk. "'Tis th' proper place for her," came inter my head, suddenlike. I can't abide th' thought o' yar leaven' th' *Come and Catch Me* in Yarmouth. Yer came aboard like a bit o' thistledown blown off th' meshes. Bits o' down often comes aboard and flies inter cabin and clings ter my mattress like limpets ter a rock. Dew yer dew th' same, and it won't be Jacob Gooden as'll try ter pluck yer off.' Jacob held out his brown hand as if to pull the girl towards him.

Trudy did not move, only bent her head, and the hot blood mounted to her cheeks. She wondered if in the fading moonlight Jacob could see how red they were. She did not answer, but began presently to sway her body to and fro.

'Yer bain't angry, Trudy?' said Jacob humbly.

'But we hardly know one another,' she broke out presently. 'Yer says: "Marry me." Why, we hain't kept company tergether yet. My sister Lottie kept company with her chap for tew years afore she married him.'

'Keepen' company an' walken' out o' Sundays be all right and proper, but 'twon't dew in this here case,' Jacob replied. 'Most people keep company afore they are married—and 'tis th' best part o' th' bargain often—but we'll ha' ter keep company arter we are wed. We can get one o' them special licences I ha' heerd tell on in Yarmouth; an' I know a parson gent—I sail his yacht for him in regattas—he'll manage th' job for us. Then we'll start keepen' company for all time. That'll be a deal better than gotten' it all over afore-hand.'

Trudy slowly moved towards the spot where Jacob was sitting and sank down on the plankways at his side. 'Listen,' she said in a whisper. 'We'll keep company till we gets ter Yarmouth, anyhow, and then I'll give yer my answer.' She nestled up to him and he put his arm round her, the other hand resting on the tiller.

'That we will, my gal. I 'on't gainsay yer. And we'll let th' *Come and Catch Me* run easy for th' rest o' th' woyage.'

CHAS. FIELDING MARSH.

A Defence of Play-reading.

THE Societies established for the reading and study of the plays of Shakespeare, and all persons who have found enjoyment in the private reading of the Elizabethan drama, have been assailed by a startling demand to know what they have to say in defence of their practice of sitting down in a drawing-room or a study and reading a play. Touchstone, when he set upon poor William in the Forest of Arden and robbed him of his only joy, was not more peremptory and insistent than some well-known critics have been in the past few weeks in their denunciation of people who think they can understand a play by reading it. There is one critic in particular who is much afflicted, and even angered, at the thought that some people read plays. He is responsible for the leading criticisms in the columns of the *Times*, and he goes out of his way so that he may proclaim his hatred of play-reading in season and out of it. Thus he has lately expressed the idea that the Examiner of Plays must be of all men most miserable, for, says he, 'he has to spend his official life in reading plays—that is to say, in putting things to a use for which they were not designed.' On another occasion he has expressed himself thus: 'You cannot "read" a play; you can only read a play-book. A play is something played to read the book of the play may enable you to fancy what it might be like when played, but nothing more.'

Possibly this assuredness of utterance is due in part to the fact that the critic can quote the authority of Lessing, who has asked: 'What is the use of devoting yourself to the painful toil of the dramatic form, what is the use of building a theatre, dressing up men and women, putting their memory to the torture, crowding people into an auditorium, if the work when represented is only to do what would have been done by a story read with your feet on the fender?'

I have noticed that barristers engaged in opening the pleadings

on behalf of a client accused of having done something he should not have done are accustomed to assert in the first place that their client never did anything of the kind, and in the next place that if he did it he was fully entitled to do it. In the first place, then, it must be denied that the reader of a play is limited to imagining what a play would be like when acted. In the grand drama—that is, in works of literature shaped in dramatic form—there is much more than speech and action written for stage purposes. The most beautiful and familiar passages in Shakespeare are appreciated apart from their context, and apart from the fact that, introduced into plays as they are, they more or less perfectly harmonise with the dramatic story that is in progress. Often these passages have little or no essential appropriateness. Their introduction does not help the progress of the action, and with slight alterations they might just as well have been given in other plays and by other characters than in those plays and by those persons to whom they were assigned. Sometimes, indeed, Shakespeare was guilty of the artistic error of putting his most beautiful words in the mouth of a character who could not possibly have thought as he is represented as thinking. There is a notorious instance of this in the exquisite scene between Lorenzo and Jessica in *The Merchant of Venice*. In this scene Shakespeare has introduced nothing that is not beautiful, and there is one splendid outburst of genius which by common consent we cherish as one of the finest examples of literature ever written. But that Lorenzo and Jessica, the vulgar-minded and dishonest people of the play, could have conceived such ideas or given them anything like such expression is altogether beyond the region of the possible. We love the passage, not because we may have heard it in a theatre—indeed, when we did we have been struck by its incongruity—and not, moreover, because of its place in this play, but because, being essentially thing of beauty, it is a joy for ever. There are other passages in abundance of which much the same may be said. They belong to the nation's literature, and they can be, and are, enjoyed by their readers for their intrinsic beauty, with a species of intellectual delight that owes nothing to the fact that originally the speech or passage that charms us formed part of a play. There are hundreds of passages that could not have been written with any hope or expectation of their being appreciated by the audiences at Blackfriars. They were written because the poet, being a poet, had to write them to please himself and to liberate his soul.

We are therefore entitled to ask those who charge play-readers with putting a thing to wrong use to modify their charge, and to make a distinction between dramas that belong to literature and plays which are frankly devoid of literary merit. It may be conceded to them that there are doubtless hundreds of theatrical productions which no sensible man would think of reading, and yet may be enjoyed at the theatre by a sensible man in search of recreation. I have never heard of any man who wanted to read *Charley's Aunt* with his feet on the fender. And further there are plays with some literary pretensions that cannot stand the test of quiet critical reading. Let any educated person, who has thought Bulwer Lytton's *Richelieu* a rather good acting drama, sit down and read the work in cold blood, and he will be compelled to agree with the opponents of the habit of play-reading and to admit that there are dramatic works that are not capable of affording enjoyment except with all the garnishing the stage can supply. We are then driven to discriminate and to define :

A play is submitted to the highest test when it can be examined as literature apart from its actual dramatic representation. It may satisfy this test without being a good acting play, but if it will bear this examination, then its value in literature is permanent, whether it please the mob or be caviare to the general.

No one can read some of Ibsen's dramas without feeling the strange power and insight of the author, whilst the hopeless, crushing inevitableness of Mr. Pinero's tragedy *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is brought before the reader almost as vividly as by dramatic representation. *Michael and his Lost Angel*, by Mr. H. A. Jones, did not please the town, but its readers have formed a higher opinion from it of the author's capacity than from his more successful plays. Nor do I see why I should be debarred the enjoyment of the poetry of Mr. Stephen Phillips, the wit of Sheridan, of Mr. Bernard Shaw, and of the author of *Lady Windermere's Fan* because no theatrical manager happens to be producing one of their comedies.

The greatest drama in all ages—and there is greatness in comedy as well as in tragedy—belongs to literature, and literature—‘the best that has been said and thought in the world,’ whether in dramatic or other forms—was given to be read. With Shakespeare especially, as the acknowledged king of English letters, the word ‘read’ is inadequate, unless we enlarge its scope, and add to

'read' the familiar formula 'mark, learn, and inwardly digest.' The infinite variety of Shakespeare, his power, his humanity, his criticism of life, his characteristic phrases, the signs by which we judge the progress of his skill—these are not to be exhausted by the cleverest creatures sitting at a play, nor by casual reading. A play is designed to be played, no doubt, and an oration is designed for the ears of the audience. But when the play is written by a Shakespeare or a Marlowe, and the oration is delivered by a Cicero or a Burke they have abiding qualities that make reading not only devoid of need of apology, but the neglect of reading to be without excuse.

And now I pass to the second portion of my defence. Let me recall the indictment. 'The drama in print ceases altogether to be drama.' 'The story read cannot do for you what is done by the story played, and the mental effort to make it do the same thing, or an approximation to the same thing, is exceedingly tiresome.' Surely this is a sweeping statement. The critic must really be asked to speak for himself. If he assures us that when he reads a play he cannot imagine how it would act, we must believe him, but he is not entitled to say that his painful poverty of imagination is general. Not only can it be done, but it is a common experience that it is done naturally and without effort, and that some conception of the appearance, the voice, the bearing, and the characters of drama or story, and some hazy sense of the scene amidst which the action passes, will be found to be amongst the necessary conditions of a reader's enjoyment. If, indeed, in reading a play-book we read nothing but 'words, words, words,' we should be of all men most miserable. But when we read we see with the mind's eye the man of whom we read in his habit as he lived. Our conception is wholly personal, and it may not be that which the author had, but if it be a poor thing it is our own, and its existence is necessary to our pleasure in the story, and even to our comprehension of it.

Now, every critic, amateur or professional, who sees the performance of a play which he has read, or of a play founded upon a story with which he is familiar, instinctively compares the stage pictures, the stage portraits, the stage action with the images of his own creation on his own private and mental stage. A critic may be very severe upon the practice of play-reading, but when he sees Shakespeare acted he unconsciously criticises the performance from the standard set up not only by other performances of the same play, but by his own intimate knowledge of the work

and the ideas which he has formed, perhaps unconsciously, of the way in which it should be played. It is probably owing to the great difficulty of transferring the creations of Dickens to the real stage, without the loss of the distinctive qualities which they possessed when they appeared on the private mental stage as we read the stories, that accounts for the notoriously unsatisfactory character of acted versions of Dickens; and I may quote in support of my theory of this difficulty of reconciling the ideal with the actual stage a recent criticism in the *St. James's Gazette* of the dramatic version of one of the most powerful and dramatic short stories ever written—Mr. Kipling's *The Man who Was*.

'Mr. Kipling's story,' remarks the critic, 'is intensely dramatic—to read. But stories that are "dramatic" when you read them are by no means necessarily suited for stage presentation, and *The Man who Was* seems to be emphatically unsuited for the stage. As Mr. Kipling tells the story, with his vivid touch, his intense pictorial power, his little thumb-nail sketches of character, you seem to see the whole scene and the horror and the pity of it. But put it upon the stage, show us the actual broken-down tatterdemalion who was once a British officer grovelling and grunting upon the ground, and the spell is broken.'

From this it seems to follow that there are some positive advantages and superiorities possessed by the mental stage of an intelligent reader over the theatrical stage in the way of vivid presentation, and it may be argued that, so far from resenting that intimate knowledge of the play-book which has created in an intelligent audience a high standard of demand and expectation, it is the object of our greatest actor-managers to put upon the stage a version that shall satisfy this demand and expectation as far as possible. A gentleman to whom we owe much both as an actor and as a manager, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, has just been writing a letter in which, after making the gratifying announcement that his Shakespeare revivals have been financially profitable, he says of Shakespeare's plays: 'I contend that the only useful purpose in producing his works on the stage is that they should be presented in such a manner as to bring out their full meaning, to interest an audience by the best acting, the best mounting, and the best treatment a manager can give them. Otherwise, it would surely be more satisfactory to study his works in book form.'

For this last admission play-readers will be grateful. According to one of the ablest and most successful of actor-managers,

this practice, so far from being reprehensible, is more satisfactory than seeing a stage representation without the best acting, the best mounting, and the best treatment a manager can give. With such evidence to offer, Mr. Beerbolm Tree is a valuable witness for the defence. His testimony is, in effect, that the mental stage of an intelligent reader can give a better idea of the play than that which by unavoidable limitations can be provided in the vast majority of actual performances.

I do not deny for a moment that a beautiful and intelligent stage representation of Shakespeare is a great delight in itself, and may be a great help to our better understanding of Shakespeare. One of the most intense pleasures of the theatre is the comparison between one's own ideas of a part, or of the way a sentence should be spoken, and the conception of an actor or actress of great intelligence and ability who has made the study of character a life-work. When we see a part played as we think it should be played we are pleased and praise the performer, but there are blissful moments when we are given new ideas, when new light is thrown upon familiar words, and we are surprised into joyfully admitting that the artists' tone, their expression, their action, is something truer and more illuminating than anything we had been able to evolve ourselves. Other actors than Macklin have wrung from delighted students the tribute 'This is the Jew that Shakespeare drew,' and there have been more recent actors than Edmund Kean who by native genius have 'illustrated Shakespeare by flashes of lightning.' And the play-reader is able, henceforth, to take back to his study chair and to place upon his mental stage the instantaneous photograph thus taken by the flash-light process. Every fine piece of acting, every beautiful stage picture, 'vibrates in the memory' of the intelligent reader.

Personally, whilst I think we are indebted to the Elizabethan Stage Society for its very interesting and artistic attempts to reproduce for us the conditions under which the Elizabethan drama was actually rendered in the days of the authors, and whilst I am bound to agree with Mr. A. B. Walkley that 'the plays of Shakespeare as given in the text were adapted to the machinery of the stage of the day, the customs of Elizabethan times, and the temperament of Elizabethan play-goers,' I am not prepared to admit that Shakespeare and his contemporaries would not have gladly had a more adequate representation of their works if this had been possible. Is there not a touch of pathos in the appeal of the playwright in the words allotted to 'Chorus' at the

opening of *Henry the Fifth*, that the audience should pardon the imperfection of the setting, and supplement the things seen by the things imagined?

Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth :
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings.

Whether much, and if so how much, should be left to the imagination in a theatre, how far an attempt to produce the scene which was at the background of the poet's mind may, by sheer excess of beauty, divert attention from the gem to the setting, from the portrait to the frame—these are controversial topics which concern the critics of the acted drama. As for us whose stage is mental, our withers are unwrung.

Here, then, we come to the abiding advantage that we possess who in reading the plays of Shakespeare create an imaginary stage. The setting can be perfect. We are but dimly conscious of it, but it is there. We create at will a Forest of Arden in which Rosalind and Celia travel, and it is adequate, although the scene is not so lovely that we are diverted from the action of the play to admire the art of the scene-painter and the skill of the stage-manager. We see the towering waves and we hear the roar of the hurricane driving Ferdinand and his friends to Prospero's island, and yet we are in no danger of being so delighted with the spectacle and the way in which the difficulties of presenting it have been overcome that we want a special 'call' for the management at the close of the scene. We are saved at once from the poverty of the bare and unconvincing stage of the Elizabethan period and the too gorgeous pageantry which both attracts and distracts as a spectacle. And in the characters of Shakespeare other than mortal we have a great superiority over the best conditions of the stage. The Puck of our fancy may be Shakespeare's Puck, but the Puck of the stage can never be more than a somewhat pathetic attempt to materialise the ideal. Imagination and the poet's pen were both required to 'give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name,' but the poetic imagination is not helped but hindered when the fairy forms and dainty spirits that we can picture as it were in delicate outline appear before us on the stage in most unmistakable humanity. Delicate Ariel may be played with all possible grace and charm, the elves and sprites who wait upon Titania may have been beautifully drilled, the apparitions that appear to Macbeth and to

Richard the Third may have all the help that modern stage management can supply, and the Ghost of Hamlet's Father may make our flesh creep with the aid of lowered lights and a sepulchral tone, but they are all unconvincing; at the best they are of the stage, stagey, and at the worst—?

And here once more we who set up a mental stage claim superiority. We have no bad performers in our theatre. We need no 'star' system in which the great part is finely played and the others vilely. The poetic fancy, the flashes of wit, the indications of character that Shakespeare has so often assigned to a small part will not be ruined by the woodenness of a super. And our theatre is not limited by the checks of fashion and finance that make the performance of any Shakespearian play a comparative rarity, and the performance of some almost an impossibility. There are many plays which every lover of Shakespeare knows almost by heart, yet he never has a chance of seeing them acted. The Elizabethan Stage Society has done much, but an intelligent apprehension of a reader will do more. In our mental theatre the doors may be always open, the season always on. We can at pleasure command the performance of this play or of that as if we were Royalty, and indeed without the limitations set upon Royalty of ordering only those plays which actors are accustomed to perform, and for which they have scenery ready. We have a cast perfect in all respects, and can hear every familiar line spoken with due emphasis. Need we, then, apologise for our play-reading? On the contrary, let us rejoice in it, and thank the good fortune that has given us, in a copy of the works of Shakespeare, a life-ticket and a reserved seat for the best entertainment in the world.

W. E. HICKS.

At the Sign of the Ship

HAVE we lived to hear the word 'ROT' applied, by a learned judge, sitting on the bench of British Themis, to a work styled *Lovely Woman*? I read the phrase with awe, in a recent literary libel case, if anything connected with such a book as *Lovely Woman* can be called 'literary.' To judge by the extracts, the judge did not overstate the case, and, indeed, what other word could he have used? 'Trash' is not sufficiently contemptuous. An author who says that he wishes a blameless lady had never been born, and tells a story about seeing her father eating buns, and calls such rubbish 'humorous,' must expect mankind to express with candour their views about himself and his performances. Of course he gets an advertisement by a libel action, in which no judge 'ever was heard to speak so free' as the occupant of the bench did. But most people would rather avoid advertisement altogether, or be advertised in some other way.

* *

Sensitive Scots will rejoice in this discomfiture of the author of *The Unspeakable Scot*. It was a dull book, full of personalities and devoid of delicate handling, but it was well calculated for its manifest purpose—to make my sensitive countrymen shriek aloud, and give the thing gratuitous advertisement. The English would have disregarded such an assault, the Welsh would never have heard of it, the Irish would either have laughed or used a bit of blackthorn, but the indiscreet Scot runs to his pen and writes to the newspapers, which is precisely what the assailant desires.

* * *

It is not easy to think of a good large irritable set of people, easily hurt, and, when hurt, noisy. Whom are we to abuse if we want them to advertise us? The clergy are used to it; long ago was written the book about overmuch blaming the clergy.

Solicitors are used to it ; barristers do not care ; schoolmasters, if they cry out, wail in educational journals ; and doctors have been resigned butts since the days of Molière. Butchers are sensitive, but do not use the pen in expressing just indignation, nor do plumbers. It is easy to get a rise out of booksellers, but their voices do not carry far. A general assault, with many personalities, on literary people in general, as in *The Dunciad*, is not bad, but then literary people are not so very numerous, and the world reckes not of their laments. Of course it is not difficult to stir up the Americans ; but 'there is no money,' for a British hack, in insulting the Americans or any other aliens. The late Mr. Douglas Brown, to be sure, wrote in a way far from friendly about a section of his own countrymen, but he merely won their admiration, somehow. Obviously the modes of gaining notoriety by scurrility are few, which is a fortunate circumstance.

* . *

Mrs. Meynell, in *Harper's Magazine*, writes on certain words rather in want of really good rhymes. There is a *girl*. Does *girl* rhyme to Mr. Augustine Birrell (I speak as a Scot, and do not pretend to know), or to *whirl*, or *birl* (the verb), or to Cyril ? (I think not.) To *dirl* surely *girl* rhymes, but things only *dirl* in Scots : 'My sword-hilt *dirted* against his breast-bone' is an example. *Furl*, *curl*, *churl*, and so on, do not really rhyme to *girl*, nor (to my mind) does *earl*, though poets use all these 'and what for no ?' It is pedantic to object, 'since rhyme in Englis hath great scarsetie.' We may rhyme 'again' to 'the Dane' or to 'men' just as we please. 'Men of training' say 'Crumwell,' Mrs. Meynell avers : cabmen say 'Cromwell.' I follow the cabmen, though cavaliers, putting a crumb in their wine, drank the toast, 'God send this crumb well down !'

* . *

It appears that Thackeray wrote, or rather dictated, 'different to,' not 'different from,' in *Esmond*, thereby sinning unpardonably. But I cannot say, without wide study, whether Queen Anne's men, whom he was imitating, said 'different from' or 'different to.' Do ladies usually say 'tropæolum' or 'tropæulum' ; 'gladiolus,' or 'gladiölus' ; 'octopus,' or 'octøpus' ; 'Breddebane,' or 'Bredalbane' ; 'Öban,' or 'Ωban' ? Mrs. Meynell says 'Otel,' and informs us that Americans say 'hotel,' as we also do,

and mean to continue to do, north of 'the resolute and glittering streams of Tweed.' That '*hôtel*' is French has nothing to do with the pronunciation of hotel in English, which is most undefiled in the Border counties. I have heard a lady say she was 'a tome' (as if she had been a book in petticoats), and wondered how she pronounced the name of the Earl of Home, Ome or Home, or Ume or Hume? Americans pronounce 'station' as 'dee-pō,' at least I have heard one American do so, and venture on a hasty generalisation. Their spelling and their rhymes tell us how our ancestors pronounced. Can you guess what a lady in the Verney Papers (about 1650) meant by 'Sentabornes'? She meant St. Albans. The Scots in the eighteenth century pronounced the 'a' in 'paper' as newsboys do, 'piper'; and when they needed a 'y' in 'supply,' wrote 'supplay,' because 'ay,' as in 'day,' was by them sounded as 'y' in 'supply.' How this pronunciation came to leave Scotland and reach the cockneys is a great mystery. Is it right or wrong to rhyme 'corn' to 'dawn,' like Mr. William Morris; and 'warning' to 'dawning,' like Mr. Swinburne; and 'tortured' to 'orchard,' like Mr. —? I have known a Scots poet make 'world' a word of two syllables, 'wurruld,' in his verse, very naturally, for he pronounced it as such. Why does 'Bosanquet' become 'Bossanquet' in the kingdom of Fife? Why do Americans write, as Mr. Howells does, 'all the time,' when Britons write 'always'? Is 'always' wrong? In old Scots it seems to mean 'nevertheless'; in verse-making we generally use 'ever,' not 'always,' when we mean 'all the time.'

* * *

Mr. Howells says that Goethe was not happy all the time; 'in his whole life he had not known fifteen minutes of continuous happiness.' I don't believe that Goethe told the truth if he said that, but, if so, all his salmon, I suppose, were landed under the fifteen minutes. Perhaps the most continuous happiness I remember was in watching Mr. Jardine and Mr. V. T. Hill and Mr. G. O. Smith smack Cambridge bowling, which they did for hours and hours. I mean that this was not happiness, but unmingled ecstasy. One has been happy for months at a time. 'I have been happy thinking,' says Burns, and probably he adds 'drinking.' Goethe must have 'been happy, thinking.' Perhaps if we were happy all the time we should not know that we were happy. We have plentiful opportunities of knowing, as this life is arranged.

Here is some literary intelligence. I only alter names. 'We are informed that the title of Mr. Boshers new work, which it is after all expected will be published in the autumn by Mr. Schneiper, is to be *The Unjust Steward*. The title suggests' (here the *communiqué* comes in) 'that the author has returned to the broad human themes by which he won his laurels in *The Boomster* and *The Bandsman*. Forsaking the social, religious, and political questions of the day, *he has chosen this Biblical title to indicate that although the narrative is placed in a modern setting, amid scenes partly Irish, partly Kamschatkan, yet the appeal is elemental in its characteristics*.' Is this not thrilling? Oh for Autumn! Observe the astuteness of the author. 'He has chosen this Biblical title' (it might be *The Woman of Samaria*, or *A Citizen of No Mean City*) 'to indicate that the narrative is placed in a modern setting.' How in the world does it indicate that? There were unjust stewards in the time of Hammurabi (say 2300 B.C.) and long before. Indeed the casual hearer of the phrase as *The Unjust Stuart* suspects an historical novel of 1603-1688. Again, the subtlety by which a Biblical title indicates that the scenery is 'partly Kamschatkan, partly Irish' (only the names are altered), while, though the scenery is partly Irish, 'the appeal is elemental,' transcends the comprehensive significance of Lord Burleigh's nod, in *The Critic*. Why should not an appeal be elemental wherever the scenery is? An author who could discover that a Biblical title indicates all that mass of information is wise when he lets the January public into the secret of September. In seven months the pensive public would not have discovered that a Biblical title indicates an elemental appeal in Irish and Arctic scenery.

* * *

LINES WRITTEN ON READING A PUFF PRELIMINARY.

Oh, give me the gay 'elemental appeal,'

Unvexed by your fiscal statistics!

In the scenes of Kamschatka I'm eager to feel

(What Boshers is equally fain to reveal)

'Elemental' old 'characteristics'!

Once more give us themes that are 'human' and 'broad,

And away with your dry chrematistics!

We are anxious to walk in an easier road,

And to study what Boshers by then shall have showed,

'Elemental' old 'characteristics'!

The Biblical title distinctly discloses
 That the Bible is out of the book ;
 We are *not* to be puzzled by Germans on Moses,
 But wander with Bosher and Love in the roses,
 Like tourists conducted by Cook !

* * *

Some one was talking lately of an omniscient person ; it is quite a common phrase. But, when we reflect, the term is vain ; the most learned of us are only children, filling our little wallets with a few shells and pebbles picked up on the shingly beach of General Information. In my tender and truant infancy I got only one school prize one year, and my kinsfolk justly remarked that I ought to be ashamed of myself, because it was obtained, not by historical, classical, arithmetical, or geographical industry, but merely by the spontaneous and automatic accretion of General Information. My wallet was quite as full of useless knowledge as it could be, but it was such a tiny satchel ! So it is with all of us ; we gather the shells and pebbles that please us, and neglect the large, obvious flints and other common objects of the seashore. Who could have answered out of his own head, and without book, the questions in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* competition ? I do not believe that any one who may cast his eye over this page could floor, without book, the following

GENERAL PAPER.

1. What is meant by 'Latitude' and 'Longitude' ? Is it scientific to say that 'the world is as long as it is broad ?' If not, state whether it is longer or broader. Respectfully discuss the qualities of the Equator.

2. Apart from tradition, what reasons have you for supposing that the earth goes round the sun ?

3. Who was the Government spy in Lochaber in 1748 ? Give a brief account of his later history, and state all you know about Blairmachfiddoch.

[A copy of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (edition of 1853) will be presented to the first candidate who answers this question correctly.]

4. What was the profession and Christian name of the father of Francis, fourth Viscount Castlewood ? How old was this jolly gentleman at the time of his fatal duel with Lord Mohun ? How old was his widow, Rachel, when she married Colonel Henry Esmond ?

5. Who shot the Red Fox?
6. Who blew up the Parthenon?
7. Whose father was 'struck down by the side of the gallant Collingwood in the Bay of Fundy'?
8. Who said 'No man is a hero to his dentist'?
9. Explain 'Papalian,' 'Gourdanian,' 'Arisian,' 'Asylian,' and *symbolisme pélécyque*.
10. Define the status of an *Unjipinna*. Who has to give what to his *Unjipinna*, and why? In what circumstances of a legal nature would an *Unjipinna* say, 'Keep your hair on'?
11. What is an *Untungalirima*? Prove, by the expression 'Claw me and I'll claw thee,' that the *Untungalirima* was once an element in the religion of Scotland.
12. Prove that a Little Loaf is the palladium of Britain's greatness, and is too big for a Little Englander.

* * *

Of these questions I put 1, 2, and 12 for the sake of information, because I do not know the answers. I respectfully think most men, women, and children could answer 1 and 2; that I only can answer 3; that 4 is rather a catch question; that the reply to 5 is mainly in the possession of a limited Celtic circle; that Mr. A. E. W. Mason can answer 6; that 7 ought to be solved by every person of letters; that 8 (though the reply is matter of certain knowledge) will generally be the subject of random shots; that correct answers to 9 will be scarce; that 10 and 11 may be solved, without book, by several Cambridge men; and that 12 does not admit of a satisfactory solution.

* * *

There are funny questions asked in *The Academy*, such as 'Why the Popes assume new names on coming to the Papacy.' Obviously 'as not wishing to bring disgrace on their families.' What Protestant scholar suggested this solution, and what was the family name of Pope Joan? 'Not fit to hold the candle to him': is this a pure colloquialism, or can it be found in standard writers? One may add, on the seal of what university do we see the candle-holder in the exercise of his functions? 'I am proverbial with a grandsire phrase, to be a candle-holder and look on': surely that is a quotation not hard to trace. The

same learned paper advertises a list of 'Publishers' Mediums,' a strong proof of the growth of spiritualism in our midst. I can recommend an excellent Medium, with or without glass ball.

* * *

Talking of Mediums reminds me of a curious case of eccentricities in memory. A lady had been making very successful experiments in crystal-gazing, some five years ago. Let us call her Miss Z. My memory is that a friend, say Mr. B., told me that she had tried an experiment for him, that he thought of the Viscountess P. (who was then with her husband on a diplomatic mission to the Court of Nova Zembla), and that Miss Z. saw, first, a street covered with snow and crowded with sledges, and then a large *salon*, in which a stately lady, alone, was apparently about to hold a reception. (I alter names of places, of course.) My recollection is that I told my friend that I thought the experiment fairly successful in representing the object of his thought—the Viscountess X. at her Arctic place of temporary residence. Three years later, say two years ago, my friend, Mr. B., when I spoke to him of the circumstance, denied that it ever occurred. Miss Z., in his case, he now said, had seen nothing; the glass ball, as Dr. Dee puts it, had 'preserved his natural diaphaneity.' A month or two ago, the subject again turned up in talk. Mr. B. now averred not only that the crystal vision had never occurred, but that I had never reminded him of it two years ago.

* * *

Now, is a positive memory, like mine, or a negative memory, like Mr. B.'s, the more trustworthy in point of evidence? I remember the very spot where he, to my thinking, told me the tale. Could I have invented it, and been taken in by my own invention? Mr. B. might, for reasons, very well have selected Lady X. as an object of thought in such an experiment, and nobody else among my acquaintances, at the place where we were living, was likely to do so. Could I have invented the snow, and the sleighs, and the *salon*? I really cannot persuade myself that I invented all this. However, I wrote to Miss Z., asking whether she had ever 'scried' for Mr. B., and, if so, to what result. She replied that she had no memory of the matter, but only remembered one total failure of hers to see anything, at the

house of Mr. C. (or in his company), where certainly Mr. B. was present. I then asked her whether snow and sleighs brought anything to her memory, and that is all the clue which, two or three days later, I *remembered* having given by letter, though I could not be certain that I had not given more. Miss Z. now replied that, when she thought of snow and sledges, she saw a clear mental picture of a great *salon*, brilliantly lighted up. There was an impression of the presence of many people, but she only *saw* a stately lady alone. This seemed pretty good, but I asked Miss Z. to try to find my letter, and to quote my actual words. She did so, and found that I had said, 'Are you reminded of anything by snow, sleighs, *and a tall lady alone in a room?*' When she replied to my question she had forgotten (and so had I) that the words italicised occurred in my letter. Her answer about the empty reception-room, brilliantly lighted, exactly corresponded to my memory of what my friend, Mr. B., told me five years ago. So the question is, did Miss Z.'s fancy unconsciously construct that scene out of my words, which she had forgotten when she wrote, '*a tall lady alone in a room?*' And is my positive memory or Mr. B.'s negative memory the more likely to be correct?

* * *

I did not record the experiment at the time because Miss Z. was making so many startling successes that only a selection was formally written out and attested. I find, on examining these records, that she twice visited, in two months, the place where Mr. B. and I were residing, and I think that the experiment, which I alone remember, was made on one of these visits, and the entire failure, in presence of Mr. C., during the other. But neither Miss Z. (who, of course, is not a professional) nor Mr. B. remembers anything at all about the experiment. Am I 'a dom leear,' like the Peebles man who, on returning to the Tweed, found that it was not, as he had asserted in India, wider than the Ganges?

* * *

There is an article, 'The Creeds and the Clergy,' by the Rev. Hastings Rashdall, in *The Independent Review*, which suggests to the lay mind the propriety of printing a special prayer-book, without the Creeds, for clerical use. It is a very unpleasant thing for

a gentleman in holy orders to declare, daily, that he believes what he does not believe. Such a man has just one honest course before him—a course that honest men have often taken—namely, to divest himself of his white neck-tie, and adopt some other profession than that of a minister of the Church of England as by law established. If great numbers of the sceptical clergy took this step, then the authorities spiritual would be constrained to devise new formulæ, to which these clergymen and others like them might be able to assent with honesty. ‘The late Professor Robertson Smith,’ by the way, was *not* ‘deprived of his position in the Church of Scotland,’ as Mr. Rashdall says, because of the Church of Scotland he was not a member. In all probability that Church would have permitted him to investigate Semitic Totemism undisturbed.

* * *

This subject is obviously much too serious for discussion here, but we may take a military analogy. ‘A soldier only has his orders.’ But a devout Presbyterian soldier would have had no excuse for suppressing Presbyterianism by the sabre under Charles II., nor would a French Catholic soldier be justified in dispersing members of religious orders. Either the Presbyterian or the Catholic would feel obliged to send in his papers, if his orders were such as he could not conscientiously execute.

* * *

The old question, ‘Is it ever right to tell a lie?’ turns up in this controversy. A downright ‘No’ (according to Father Holt, S.J., in *Esmond*) is not criminal, but, on the contrary, praiseworthy. ‘For instance’ (he says), ‘suppose a good citizen who had seen his Majesty take refuge there, had been asked, “Is King Charles up that tree?” his duty would have been not to say “Yes” —so that the Cromwellian soldiers should seize the King and murder him like his father—but “No”; his Majesty being private in the tree, and therefore not to be seen there by loyal eyes.’ In fact, it would have paid just as well to say, with a grin, ‘Yes, his sacred Majesty has just shinned up the tree,’ for the Cromwellian soldiers would have thought you were chaffing them, and would have boxed your ears and ridden on. In several historical anecdotes this set of events is said to have occurred. To the lay mind

to say 'No!' seems certainly wrong, very wrong. But one would have done it, for all that, unless a 'Yes,' delivered with a certain air (as if you wished to see an Ironside climb a tree in boots and spurs), seemed better business. Mr. Rashdall 'does not know the name of any living ethical writer of the smallest consideration by whom it has been maintained that it is self-evident that we ought never to make an untrue statement under any possible circumstances.' I am not an ethical writer, but I think it self-evident that we should never lie, 'not if it was ever so,' as Facey Rumford says. But, though I ought not to lie, as in the case of the King in the tree, I *would* lie, and do what I ought not to do. But my ingenuous blushes would make my lie of no effect. Of course one would equally have lied had a Regicide, or even Milton, been up the tree, pursued by Royalists.

* * *

The Rev. Richard Cameron, from whom the Cameronians derive their name, when pursued daily, and in daily danger, told the country people—if obliged to give a 'Yes' or 'No' to questions as to his whereabouts—never to lie. Cameron had unsympathetic points in his character and conduct, but one must respect him when he preferred the veracity of his flock to his own safety. It is not a question of the morality of lying in time of war, because each side admits that, in war, to deceive the foe is permitted by the rules of the game. How, again, would you justify lying about the King in the oak-tree on the ground that it 'promoted, on the whole, the true good of human society'? Only omniscience could tell whether it would, or would not, promote the good of human society. As a matter of fact, a lie which saved Charles's life in the oak-tree would not have promoted the good of human society. Had he been executed his brother, James, would have succeeded to his rights, would have had no time to read the Anglican divines who converted him to Catholicism by the feebleness of their arguments against it, would have lived and died a Protestant king, and would have saved human society from the Revolution of 1688. Nobody can tell what the results of an action may be, but any one can see that lying is bad form. None the less, given a political fugitive up a tree, every one almost would deliberately lie to save the man's life, which things are a paradox. Mr. Rashdall says that 'Truth is . . . an end in itself,' but has sometimes to be sacrificed to a greater good. The saving

of Carolus Rex was not a greater good than Truth, and yet I doubt if any Roundhead gentleman, had he (like Everard in *Woodstock*) known where the King was concealed, would have told the truth to military inquirers. It is a good old problem of debating societies.

ANDREW LANG.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him, informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to

The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,

39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1904.

*Nature's Comedian.*¹

BY W. E. NORRIS.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TOP OF THE HILL.

DICK DUNVILLE, who had cravenly slunk off to bed, without saying good-night to his sister, after their return to their hotel, had to meet her alone at breakfast on the following morning, and he brought a somewhat hangdog visage to the encounter.

'I don't know what you think of me,' he diffidently began.

'I don't quite know myself,' Anne made brisk reply. 'Would it be going too far, I wonder, to say that I think you a genius? After all, that is pretty much what the newspapers say of you. At least, they say it of Harold, behind whom you are pleased to shelter yourself.'

'You don't mean to tell me that they call *Renunciation* a work of genius!'

'They have said something of the sort before now upon less provocation, I believe. They are enthusiastically flattering, at any rate—read for yourself!'

She tossed a handful of papers across the table to him, and went on: 'But if you ask me what I think of you and Harold from a moral point of view, I don't see why I should pay either of you compliments. If he has practised a fraud upon the public,

¹ Copyright, 1903, by Longmans, Green, & Co.

you have deceived your nearest relatives, although you have taken outsiders pretty freely into your confidence, it appears. There really doesn't seem to be a pin to choose between you.'

'I was afraid your opinion would be that a parson might be better employed than in writing plays,' Dick pleaded. 'And a very sound opinion to hold too.'

'A very silly opinion, I should call it, to express about you, whom nobody on earth can accuse of neglecting your duties. Why not confess that you were afraid of my throwing cold water upon you?—a thing I should most probably have done, in my ignorance. Or was it perhaps that your amazing misplaced unselfishness prompted you to force fresh honours upon Harold?'

'Of course not! How could I tell that I wasn't forcing disaster upon him? The truth is that if anybody has been unselfish, as well as most serviceable, in this matter, it is he; and that makes me regret all the more what occurred at supper last night. It really was too bad of her!'

'It really was,' Anne drily agreed, 'and I hope she realises by this time the folly of interfering between a donkey and a precipice. Not that you are over the precipice; only of course you would be if you had your deserts. Well, well! I, at all events, am not going to interfere and be scolded for my pains. Harold is to be allowed to go on reaping where he has not sown, I presume.'

'That depends entirely upon what you mean by reaping. He is to pay me a very handsome—only too handsome, I am afraid—share of his takings, and, at the risk of incurring your contempt, I must own that I wrote the play simply as a pecuniary speculation.'

'I don't believe it,' said Anne.

'Well, then, my motives were mixed; though I did most particularly want to make a little money, if I could. I certainly didn't want to see my name, with its reverend prefix, upon posters. For all that, I am not above being gratified by favourable reviews. What have the critics got to say about us?'

What, when summarised, they had to say was that *Renunciation* proved Mr. Harold Dunville to be something much more uncommon than a talented actor. His play, according to the critics of the daily papers, was one which demanded to be taken seriously, and which, despite some imperfections, could not be regarded as a mere ephemeral contribution to dramatic literature. The remarkable success which had attended its initial representation might or might not be sustained; but it was assured, in any

case, by its pathos, its brilliant dialogue, and its well-contrived situations, of a permanent place amongst the very few works of its class which had been attempted of late years. The critics, in short, had evidently been taken by surprise, and some of them gave a free rein to their admiration, while others, more guarded, allowed it to be inferred that they were only waiting for the deliberate sanction of the public to express themselves in warmer language. Where they were at one, and where they doubtless felt upon safe ground, was in their praise of Harold's acting. This they pronounced to have been a veritable *tour de orce*, and they declared—what indeed was the fact—that only he could have played the part he had assigned to himself with the mingled fire and restraint and humour which were essential to its interpretation.

'Author or no author,' Dick remarked, as he laid down the journals with a satisfied sigh, 'Harold scores all along the line.'

'And that is what you wanted, is it?' his sister returned. 'Well, I must say for you, Dick, that, author or no author, genius or no genius, you are——'

But he was denied the privilege of hearing what, in Anne's judgment, he was by the entrance of Miss Lilian Ormond, who walked into the room at this moment, with her chin rather more in the air than usual and with an expression of countenance which seemed designed to discourage familiarity. Miss Ormond was very polite and amiable, if a trifle distant. She said she wished to apologise for her extremely silly behaviour of the preceding evening. She quite saw now that there was much to be said for the arrangement which had been entered into between the two brothers, and she was very sorry that she had caused annoyance to them both by her meddlesome announcement. She hoped, however, that no great harm had been done, and she promised not to offend in the same way a second time. She also, it appeared, had been looking at the papers, and was delighted (or asserted that she was) by what she had read in them. Finally, she wanted to know whether her kind entertainers would be returning home by the twelve o'clock train or not. Because she was afraid she must not delay her own departure beyond that hour.

'But you are never going to desert us to-day!' Dick expostulated. 'We meant all along to see the piece through three nights; for everybody says that the first is nothing to go by. Don't you feel that you could stand another brace of representations?'

Lilian regretted so much that she must turn a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer. Unfortunately, she was wanted at home, and, much as she would have liked to see *Renunciation* a second and third time, she could not treat herself to that luxury. She was sure, for the rest, that there was no doubt at all about its having made a great hit. Her resolution was not to be shaken; nor, as Dick noticed, did Anne make much of an effort to shake it. When she had finished her breakfast—which did not take long—and had left the room, upon the plea of having to pack up, the Rector said rather reproachfully to his sister:

‘You might have given me a little help. I am afraid she is offended at what I said last night.’

‘I shouldn’t wonder if she was,’ returned Anne coolly; ‘but that won’t do either her or you any harm. As for help, I should be charmed to give it you if you needed any; but you don’t. Thank Heaven, all you have to do now is to go in and win; for you can’t, surely, be so dense as to mistake the meaning of her attack upon Harold! Nevertheless, it is just as well that she should be allowed a little time to recover her temper after your ungrateful jobation.’

‘My dear Anne,’ exclaimed Dick, flushing slightly, ‘you don’t in the least understand what you are talking about! If you had seen as much of women as I have——’

‘I happen to be a woman myself,’ interjected Anne demurely.

‘Yes, yes, I know; but for that very reason you see what you wish to see, instead of unwelcome truths. I was going to say that what you call her attack upon Harold is the proof that she cares for him. If she hadn’t cared, she wouldn’t have been angry. The feeling that she has for me is a perfectly natural and rational one, which she has never concealed—the outcome of our long friendship, our respective ages and mutual relations. I believe she is attached to me, and very glad I am that she is; but I am not to assume that because I am a lunatic she is another. For my own part, I can truly say that my one wish——’

‘Oh, don’t trouble yourself to formulate your one highly creditable wish,’ interrupted Anne, laughing, ‘you wish, of course, for her happiness. Well, it rests with you to make her happy; it certainly doesn’t rest with Harold. All the same, she had better go home in a huff; for I don’t deny that if you were to propose to her this morning she would probably be enough of a goose to refuse you.’

It may be laid down as a general principle that people in love

are always more or less of geese, and if Harold Dunville, during the course of his amorous career, had ever been really in love, he was so with Lillian Ormond. No doubt that was why the news of her abrupt departure dismayed him less than it would have done had he been able to believe in anything so antecedently improbable as her having lost her heart to his elder brother. What he did believe—and had good reason for believing—was that he himself had possessed her heart not long ago; that he had estranged her by his rather cynical courtship of Miss Gardiner; that she was displeased with him, that she had tried to humiliate him, and that her failure to do so accounted for her turning her back upon him in the hour of his triumph. Really he could neither blame her nor wonder at her for that; yet he in no wise despaired. Better days, he hoped, were at hand—a day when it would be in his power to approach her once more with frank avowals, with entreaties for pardon, with assurances of a fidelity which, when all was said, had survived trial, and—last, not least—with a comfortable balance at his bankers.

Meanwhile, he continued to play his part, on and off the stage, brilliantly and exultantly. Harold Dunville had at this time reached the zenith of his fame and prosperity; the piece at a bound carried public favour by storm; every place in the theatre was booked weeks in advance; personages highly situated in the social, political, and literary world wrote him letters with their own distinguished hands which are still extant to show with what strange facility a handsome and fairly talented man may fascinate his fellow-mortals; he enjoyed it all to the full, basking, as his habit was, in the present, with little thought or care for the future. With Lorna Fitzwalter he was charming—it was so important to conciliate her, and honeyed words came so readily to his lips!—to his brother and sister, so long as they remained in London, he demeaned himself after a fashion which quite contented them both; in the presence of the many flatterers and admirers by whom he was surrounded he displayed a very pretty and good-humoured modesty. He did not mistake himself for a genius (being preserved from such absurd misconceptions by the common sense which was a constituent in his piebald character); but he knew that, whether deservedly or not, he was one of the conspicuous, powerful personalities of the passing hour, and the knowledge pleased him. Whom would it not have pleased? Thus the opening weeks of the year were weeks of sheer glory and joy to him; weeks when he saw his reputation ever increasing, when his

private popularity beckoned him to giddy heights, and when the money came tumbling in. He posted cheque after cheque to Dick down in the country, never doubting but that in so doing he was discharging all due obligations to a collaborator; he had not a great deal of time to devote to dreams of Lilian, though he did sometimes dream of her; and as for Josephine Gardiner, it may be said that, so far as he was concerned, she paid the proverbial penalty of absence.

However, there came in the month of March a certain evening on which it pleased Miss Gardiner to deliver herself from that disadvantage. From beyond the footlights he recognised her fair hair and dark brows in a box in the first tier, and, at the sight of her, dormant ambitions woke anew in him. Why was she in London? It is not usual to return from the south of France at a date when our insular cold season is at its very worst, and he could not but remember that vision of his when, smarting a little under a defeat and a snub, he had pictured Miss Gardiner attracted homewards against her will by rumours of his achievements. Well, she should, at all events, see what he could do! He acted that night with all the strength and skill he had in him, which is saying a good deal, and it may have been the reward of his efforts that a card was afterwards brought to him in his dressing-room on which was scribbled in pencil, below Miss Gardiner's name, 'Quite splendid! Congratulate you immensely. Do come and look me up in Grosvenor Place some afternoon at five o'clock.'

Of course a hansom deposited him at the door of Sir Joseph Gardiner's London residence on the ensuing afternoon, a lurking suspicion that it might have been wiser, as well as more dignified, on his part to disregard Miss Josephine's summons adding some zest to the alacrity and curiosity with which he obeyed it. What she wanted of him he knew as little as he knew what she wanted of her; but he scented dramatic elements in the coming interview, and it would have been foreign to his whole nature to forego such a prospect.

'Very glad to see you,' said Lady Gardiner, into whose presence he was shown. 'Excuse me for not getting up; if I were to disturb Chatterbox, we shouldn't be able to hear ourselves speak for the next five minutes. Josephine told me to say, in case you should call, that she has been obliged to go out; but she hopes you will dine with us on Sunday if you are disengaged. Sunday, it seems, suits actors, as well as members of Parliament.'

'You are very kind,' answered Harold. 'Naturally, that is my only evening off duty in the week, and I have no engagement for next Sunday, as it happens.' He thought it only due to himself to add that all his time was fully occupied and that Miss Gardiner had given him to understand that she would be at home on any afternoon at five o'clock.

'I accept no responsibility for Josephine or for her statements,' returned the old lady, laughing placidly; 'from what I hear, she seldom keeps an appointment, unless it is important, and not always then. She tells me that *you* have once more become important, though. Haven't you written a play or something? Anyhow, I gathered from what she said this morning that you are being talked about, and, as you know, she delights in people who are talked about.'

Considering that all London was just then talking about *Renunciation*, Lady Gardiner's evidently honest ignorance and indifference seemed to border upon the sublime. Harold surveyed the old woman's fat, good-humoured countenance and twinkling eyes, as she reclined in her low chair, with a couple of dogs upon her knees, and, acquitting her of any mocking intention, was more amused than affronted.

'I should despair,' he remarked, 'of interesting you in my humble bids for fame or notoriety; but I have the vanity to hope that I must have interested Miss Gardiner, since she thought it worth while to send me a congratulatory message after last night's performance.'

Lady Gardiner nodded. 'Oh, she's interested; she's tremendously keen upon taking you up again, I fancy, which is rather unusual with her. As a general thing, she doesn't pick up what she has once dropped, and there, I must say, I am disposed to be of her mind. Attempts which don't come off are best not resumed. At one time I went in for rearing turkey-chicks; but it was such a worrying, disappointing business that I abandoned it, and though I am always being bothered to make a fresh start, I won't. I've tried it, you see, and I know just what the difficulties are.'

'I daresay they are very great,' answered Harold; 'but you have fallen back upon some substitute, I suppose. Perhaps Miss Gardiner is of opinion that a dramatist is a substitute for a Parliamentary candidate. He isn't the same person, at all events.'

'Well, he may be or he may not. In your case, I should have

thought that he was—in another setting, to be sure, if that were likely to affect results. Have a cup of tea?’

Harold accepted. He had a notion that Lady Gardiner was not unamiably inclined towards him, that she wished to put him on his guard against renewing an unsuccessful enterprise, and that she could, if she chose, give him information about her daughter which might be of service to him. But, although her candid remarks during the next quarter of an hour confirmed this impression, she did not tell him much. What Lady Gardiner disliked more than anything else in the world was trouble, and experience had taught her that interference with Miss Josephine's proceedings was apt to bring about trouble.

‘I hope you are making a lot of money?’ she remarked incidentally and interrogatively.

‘Yes, a lot, thank you,’ he replied, smiling.

‘That's all right. I have always found ready money a huge consolation myself, and I believe everybody else does. Work also isn't a bad thing for those who are not afflicted with corpulence. But I doubt whether there is much comfort to be got out of fantastic and extravagant experiments.’

‘Do you suspect me of embarking upon any?’ Harold inquired.

‘Oh, I know so little about you! I was thinking, when I spoke, of Josephine, who is nothing if not fantastic and empirical. Preserved from catastrophes, though, by a very clear vision of the side on which her bread is buttered. We are to have the pleasure of seeing you on Sunday, then? Sorry I can't have the pleasure of seeing your play, but theatres suffocate me.’

Harold, as he left the house, said to himself, ‘I'll be hanged if she shall treat me like that!’ But in what way he wished to be treated by Miss Gardiner he might have found it difficult to specify.

CHAPTER XX.

JOSEPHINE REPLIES ON THE WHOLE CASE.

SIR JOSEPH GARDINER had a prejudice, dating from the far-away period of his youth and Puritanical education, against Sunday dinner-parties; but this did not prevent him from entertaining a large circle on the first evening of every week during the Parlia-

mentary session. Being something of a philosopher, he had long ago recognised the fact that prejudices are a luxury denied to husbands and fathers, and although he never knew who was going to dine under his roof on a given day—sometimes did not know even when their names were mentioned to him—he refrained from letting his guests see how greatly he would have preferred their room to their company. From time to time, too, these banquets were rendered less wearisome for him by the unexpected discovery of a kindred spirit amongst the assemblage. Harold Dunville, whom he had never fancied, could scarcely be described as a kindred spirit; yet the sight of him on that spring evening was so unexpected that Sir Joseph, entering the drawingroom, as usual, at the last moment and blinking short-sightedly right and left, was moved to a species of cordiality.

‘Dear me! Mr. Dunville, is that you? I thought you had quite forsaken us. We have not met, I believe, since—since we came to grief together at the election. Well, sir, I don’t know that you lose much by being excluded from the present House of Commons. The old giants of debate are all dead, and we don’t seem to get any promising recruits. By the way, isn’t that your successful opponent over there? I wonder who—ah, my daughter, no doubt! She delights in asking people to meet who perhaps would not have chosen to meet if they had been consulted beforehand. I daresay it was she who asked you.’

Harold, who had but just arrived, had already recognised and been greeted by Captain Desborough, with whom Josephine was engaged in conversation. From Josephine he had met with a friendly, if somewhat pre-occupied, reception, and he had been made to feel that he was not (as he had secretly expected to be) the guest of the evening. He was, in fact, one of sixteen guests, all, with the solitary exception of Desborough, distinguished either by birth or by career; and if he was, for the moment, rather more of a celebrity than any of them, Miss Gardiner did not appear to have realised the circumstance. Her neglect piqued him a little, although he had wit enough to perceive the unintentional compliment which it implied. She would hardly have omitted to welcome him with verbal compliments unless she had wished him to understand that he must not take too much for granted. He took, truth to tell, a good deal for granted; it would have been almost impossible for mortal man with experiences such as his had been to help doing so, and he was in no hurry. She would give him his chance later in the evening, he knew; these pre-

liminary tactics of hers only whetted his determination to take advantage of it.

His chance did not come at the dinner-table, where he was placed as far as possible from her, between the loquacious young wife of a Cabinet Minister and a grim-visaged old woman, related to Lady Gardiner, whose name he did not catch. The Cabinet Minister's wife told him that she had long been dying to make his acquaintance and chattered to him about his professional fascinations in a style which caused him to wish that she had died before attaining her object; his left-hand neighbour gruffly informed him that, although not much of a playgoer, she had been to see *Renunciation*, and was unable to understand why such a fuss had been made about the piece.

'Not a bit true to life,' said she; 'people who have a good title to a large property don't throw it away to please a jilt. That sort of thing doesn't happen.'

'Perhaps not—only it did happen,' Harold observed. 'The episode is historically accurate, I believe, and those concerned in it were members of my own family.'

'Oh, indeed!' snorted the old lady. 'Then all I can say is that your ancestor richly deserved to lose all he lost, including his life. *Renunciation* has a noble sound, but it is really a mere synonym for idiocy. You may take my word for it, Mr. Dunville, that material advantage is the one thing worth securing in this dirty little world and the only thing that wise men try to secure. The romantic persons who pretend to be above caring for it go to the wall—and serve them right!'

Harold laughed at this exaggerated cynicism, yet felt, as he sometimes did, that material advantages were not wholly to be despised. Dunville Manor, for instance?—and a wife who, even though he might not be enamoured of her, would always be an agreeable, brilliant, stimulating companion? If he was to go in for the luxury of renunciation, let him at least have the satisfaction of exercising it. Miss Gardiner had so much the air of challenging him that he could do no less than take up her challenge.

He watched her during dinner, and perceived that she had her eye pretty constantly upon him, despite the unbroken dialogue which she kept up with Captain Desborough, who was seated by her side. Furthermore, he perceived that that gentleman had fallen an open and avowed victim to her charms. Poor, honest, breezy, nautical Desborough! It was not by the likes of him that

Harold was in any danger of being rendered jealous, nor was there much fear of his enchantress being serious. A skilled comedian is quick to detect comedy, and the key to Josephine's behaviour was one of a very ordinary pattern. Nevertheless, it did not follow that she was serious with regard to the man to whom her acting was addressed. Lorna Fitzwalter, who was in some respects shrewd, had unhesitatingly pronounced that she was not. Upon the whole, he was curious, a little excited, ready to go considerable lengths—resolved, in any case, that she should not elude him after dinner.

She made no attempt to do so. On the contrary, he had no sooner entered the drawingroom with the other men than she imperatively beckoned him aside and began:

'Now tell me all about it, please. When was that play written?'

Harold shrugged his shoulders. 'I am afraid I can't answer the question. It was made possible as a play last autumn, after I had so conclusively proved to you that I was impossible as a politician. One likes to prove that one is something, you see.'

'Ah! that's just what I wanted to know. Well, you have certainly proved yourself to be something and somebody. It is far and away the finest English play that has been produced in our time.'

'I am very glad you think so.'

'Of course I think so; everybody thinks so. But you puzzle me. If you had it in your power to do such work, why on earth didn't you do it before?'

'Doesn't it occur to you that the incentive may have been lacking before?' asked Harold.

She broke into a laugh. 'That would be such a pretty speech if it were but sincere! But, whether it is sincere or not—and for several reasons I don't quite believe it is—you make me feel that I failed to take your measure last autumn. Perhaps that is just what you wanted me to feel.'

His eyes met hers. 'Oh, there are several things that I should like to make you feel,' he declared.

'I suppose there are,' she returned reflectively and composedly. And then, 'I don't altogether trust you, somehow.'

'If it comes to that, Miss Gardiner, I don't altogether trust you. It would be rather odd if I did, don't you think so?'

She appeared to give this question impartial consideration

before she rejoined, with a smile, 'Well, you shouldn't have been so horribly disappointing! I had set my heart upon getting you into Parliament, and, although I believe I threatened to abjure politics, I still have to own that, as a stepping-stone, nothing quite takes the place of the House of Commons.'

'Is that why you have taken my late rival under your patronage? He is hovering about anxiously in the offing, I see, and evidently awaits a signal from you to join company.'

'He won't get it; you are much too interesting to be interrupted. Yes, I have taken him under my patronage, because he also is interesting in his way. Oh, not talented, as you are, of course; still by no means a fool and provided with plenty of energy and common sense. There is no reason why he shouldn't go far, with his seat as a stepping-stone and some unobtrusive patronage—mine, if you like—to give him a hoist when it is needed. Look at Mr. Brereton, whose wife you took in to dinner. A commonplace, everyday man, if ever there was one; yet there he is on the Treasury bench.'

'But not through his wife's exertions, surely!'

'Oh, I don't know. She is rather a goose; but she is pretty and she knows lots of influential people. However that may be, what I mean is that Captain Desborough has, or may have, a career before him. Is there any career before you, I wonder?'

The query sounded so frank that he did not hesitate to reply in the same spirit, 'That depends upon what you call a career and upon what you think my aspirations ought to be. There was a time when you would have it that what I must necessarily aspire to was the reinstatement of my family in the old home.'

'And don't you care about that?'

'I care a great deal about it,' Harold answered boldly; 'only there is something else which I care about far more. If the one happens to imply the other, as perhaps it does, I can't help that.'

She took no more notice of this plain declaration than as if it had never been uttered. 'Careers,' she remarked pensively, 'are various; much may be made out of a man of letters; though, as I have often told you, I don't see how anything is to be made out of an actor, except an actor. I may be wrong, but you strike me as being rather disquietingly wedded to the stage.'

'At a word from you, a divorce shall be obtained,' said Harold.

'Do you really mean what you say? Your meaning it would make you quite fascinatingly interesting, you know.'

'Well, there was a time when you seemed to find me so.'

'There was,' she confessed, without hesitation; 'but I am not sure that you ever found me so.'

He was sufficiently adroit to leave her in doubt. 'I couldn't manage to get up any thrilling interest in the election,' he admitted.

'Nor could I, except as a means towards an end. The question is whether the end is to be secured by other means or not.'

'If you can't answer that question, I don't know who can,' was Harold's rejoinder; and as he made it, he looked at her with those soft, smiling eyes of his which so few women had ever been able to resist. Miss Gardiner's senses were visibly troubled for an instant, but only for an instant.

'I must say for you that you are an excellent actor,' she calmly observed, after a brief pause, 'and you certainly pay me a high compliment when you offer to give up being an actor. I'm glad to have seen you in *Renunciation*, and I'm glad to have seen the piece, which was well worth seeing. It so often happens that one comes in for a treat like that by mere chance, doesn't it?'

'Was it mere chance, then, that brought you back from the Riviera in such haste?' Harold had the temerity to ask.

'Oh no, that wasn't chance. The fact is that I returned because I wanted to hear Captain Desborough make his maiden speech. A capital speech!—did you read it? The House always enjoys hearing naval men talk about naval matters, and what he had to say was said just in the right style. Quite clear and convincing and colloquial, with a joke or two, which made his hearers laugh because they made him laugh, thrown in to enliven the dry passages. Oh, as I tell you, there's no reason why he shouldn't go a long way.'

If her design was to provoke Harold's jealousy it failed, for he knew well enough that her return to England could not have been brought about by Captain Desborough's casual and doubtless unpremeditated contribution to a recent debate. Nevertheless, he was a little annoyed when, without giving him time to reply, she made that signal to the gallant Captain for which the latter had been patiently keeping his weather eye open during the last ten minutes or so.

'Would you believe,' she smilingly asked, as Desborough

drew near, 'that Mr. Dunville has been proclaiming his readiness to throw up the stage only because, in my humble judgment, he is thrown away upon it?'

'Oh, well, I should believe in anybody's doing anything that you asked him to do, Miss Gardiner,' was the prompt reply which she received. 'All the same, I shall be awfully sorry, and so will everybody else be, if our friend Mr. Dunville takes you at your word. I suppose you must have persuaded him that he can do as well elsewhere as upon the stage; but he can't do better, you know, because that would be impossible. Such a lot of my time has been put in abroad that the first opportunity I've had of admiring him came a few nights ago, when I went to see *Renunciation*, and I must say I never enjoyed myself more in my life. I'm no critic, of course; but, by Jove, Dunville, it strikes me that you're hard to beat!'

'Thank you,' answered Harold, laughing; 'that is a handsome tribute, coming from a man who beat me pretty soundly the only time when I tried to measure my strength against his.'

'My dear fellow,' returned the other, 'that was simply because I happened to hold the winning cards, and because it takes a good deal to get dissatisfied Tories to vote Radical. If it had been a question of measuring your brains against mine, I should have been nowhere; but they didn't expect fine language from me, and didn't get it. Besides, the fact is that I'm a lucky man—always have been. Somehow or other, I seem to get what I try for almost as a matter of course.'

This announcement was made with a confidential simplicity and geniality which went far towards explaining the phenomenon to which it referred. Harold surveyed the big, broad-shouldered, sunburnt sailor, and felt, with a quick pang of envy, that he was looking at a man big in every sense.

'One difference between us,' he mused, 'is that I am not big, and I suspect that one reason for his getting what he wants is that he always knows what he wants, whereas I never do. Not, at all events, until I have got whatever it may be, when I pretty generally become quite sure that I didn't want it. Lucky!—I should rather think he was lucky to be built on such lines! Why, the beggar is over head and ears in love with Miss Josephine; yet he isn't a bit enraged with me for having monopolised her all this time! He doesn't pay me the compliment of being alarmed or dismayed for one moment, confound

him ! It's ridiculous, perhaps ; but it's by men of his sort that battles are won.'

The above reflections and others of a kindred nature were made while Miss Gardiner and Desborough were keeping up a lively interchange of ideas. From time to time he was appealed to by one or other of them, and he took an occasional part in a conversation from which neither of them appeared anxious to exclude him. It could not be said that they were making love or even flirting ; only something in their evident mutual comprehension and good-fellowship warned Harold that Desborough might not, after all, be the negligible rival he had at first supposed. Thus at length he was put upon his mettle and forgot all the excellent reasons that he had for being indifferent as to Josephine's destiny. It was clear that she did not intend to give him sole possession of her ear again that evening ; but when, on bidding her good-night, he asked her, in so many words and in a resolute voice, to name some day on which he might see her alone, she replied at once :

'Five o'clock on Tuesday, if that will do you. Ask for me, and you will be shown into my sanctum, which no unauthorised person ever dares to invade.'

Well might Harold say of himself that he never knew what he wanted. He knew what he did not want ; he knew that he hated to be thrown over by any woman ; he knew that the idea of being cut out of the succession to Dunville Manor by Captain Desborough (of all people in the world !) was extremely distasteful to him. But whether he really wanted to win the prize for which he had virtually proclaimed himself a candidate or not was another question. It was, however, certain now that nothing short of failure to keep his appointment could dispense him from the obligation of making Miss Josephine Gardiner a formal offer of marriage. It may be conjectured that what would have entirely satisfied his soul would have been to receive an offer of marriage from her and, with deep emotion, deep gratitude and regret—to decline it. But as even Miss Gardiner was not sufficiently emancipated from the thralldom of social tradition to take a step so unusual as that, the ensuing two and forty hours brought some moments of anxiety and misgiving to her destined suitor.

Nevertheless, he presented himself on the Tuesday afternoon with a fairly serene countenance—relying, indeed, a good deal upon his star. If Desborough was a lucky man, so, after another fashion, was he ; he had been in, and had got out of, many a tight

place in years gone by ; it had never been his way to take much heed for the morrow, and he had generally found himself on his feet after no matter what shock or adventure. No sooner had he been admitted into Miss Gardiner's private room, which was in many respects the counterpart of that assigned to her use at Dunville Manor, than he advanced straight to the assault.

'I have come,' he announced, 'to beg for an answer to the question which, as I told you the other day, you alone can answer. Am I to abandon the stage or not ?'

'I don't think,' Josephine smilingly observed, 'that that was exactly the question which I left unanswered, was it ? Didn't it refer to a certain end and to the possibility of arriving at that end by some other means than by a seat in Parliament ?'

'Yes, I believe so. It's the same thing, you know.'

'For all practical purposes, I suppose it is,' she meditatively agreed ; 'only perhaps it would save time if you were to put another question to me which I presume that you intend to put. Then I should be able to reply on the whole case, you see.'

He did not altogether like her manner, which was perceptibly ironical ; but he at once complied with her invitation, and he was for the moment so thoroughly sincere in desiring to win the game upon which he was engaged that a very pretty flow of eloquence rose to his lips. A good deal of what he protested was quite true. Not, to be sure, the whole of it ; but certain assurances must, after all, necessarily accompany any offer of marriage, and upon these he did not dwell with more warmth than was unavoidable, for he felt instinctively that Josephine was to be attracted rather by a brilliant than by an ardent wooer. She listened to him with apparent pleasure, nodding her head from time to time, and when he had made an end, she said :

'Now I am going to be perfectly honest with you. I have always rather prided myself upon not being a romantic person, and if you had won that election and had asked me to marry you immediately after it, I believe I should have accepted you. For, although we don't love one another in any romantic sense, you and I—no, you are not to interrupt, please ; it is my turn to speak—although we are not romantically attached, we might have made a happy enough couple, as couples go. Well, you lost the election ; but then you came out as the writer of a play which has had an extraordinary, and I must own a well-deserved success ; so that seemed to open up fresh horizons. You see, Mr. Dunville, I really do like you very much, even if, as I told you on Sunday

evening, I don't implicitly trust you. On Sunday evening you had a distinct chance; but—Sunday was followed by Monday.'

'It always is. You mean, I suppose, that on Monday you began to have doubts?'

'No, I mean that Monday brought me certainty. Walking across the Park yesterday, whom should I meet but our friend Miss Fitzwalter—thrown in my path, I must assume, by a kindly and watchful Providence. Of course I stopped her; of course we discussed you and *Renunciation*, and I am sure she did not know what a portentous disclosure she was making when she let out the circumstance that the play was, after all, not written by you, but by your brother. I don't think I ever was more amazed in my life. Not at its turning out that you were not the author, it had seemed to me all along so amazing that you should be, but at the revelation which it gave me of your brother's capacities. Who would ever have believed that a country parson knew as much as that! I must certainly cultivate him when we go down to Dunville again. We are not concerned with your brother just now, though, are we? I wonder whether you will understand what I mean when I say that that confidential communication of Miss Fitzwalter's put an end and a finish to your chance with me.'

'I can understand,' answered Harold resentfully, 'that that may have been the object of her communication. Scarcely fair play on her part; for she knows just as well as everybody else who is in the secret does that I only assumed responsibility for the authorship by Dick's own wish. It is rather hard lines, I think, that I should be accused of being a literary thief because I consented to oblige him.'

'Ah, I thought very likely you wouldn't see the point! I accuse you of nothing, nor does Miss Fitzwalter; I agree with her that you and your brother were entitled to make any arrangements between yourselves that suited you, although I am afraid this one may end by exposing you to some ill-natured comments. But the point with regard to you and me is that, since you didn't write *Renunciation*, you revert to what you were before—a very clever actor, with abilities which seem at first sight to point to there being something more in you, but which, when it comes to testing them, prove of no practical value. Don't you see that a husband of that stamp would never do for me?'

'Josephine,' said Harold, drawing his chair a little nearer and laying his fingers upon her wrist, 'you are pleased to talk as if

we were a couple of bargainers—as if I wanted to marry the only child of the man who is in possession of Dunville Manor, and as if I hadn't a sufficient equivalent to offer. But is that the truth? Is it true that we are as devoid of all capacity for romantic emotion as you pretend?'

'Oh, I should think you might manage a good deal in that way,' she composedly returned, 'and even I, in the case of some simple, single-hearted man who honestly loved me——'

'Such as Desborough, for instance?'

'Such as Captain Desborough,' she assented. 'I don't know whether you have noticed that Captain Desborough, for all his easy-going good nature, is a rather masterful personage. He wouldn't stand much nonsense in his wife, I suspect; but, on the other hand, she would be able to rely upon him absolutely. Those are the right sort of men to marry, and in her heart every woman acknowledges it.'

'Is it possible,' Harold began incredulously, 'that you contemplate——'

She cut him short. 'Oh, it's possible; I don't say it's likely. What is now quite impossible is that I should ever consent to marry you. I have told you frankly that the thing might have come to pass. Let us be thankful that it didn't; for we should have led a cat and dog life as man and wife, and you would very soon have found yourself living apart from me on an annual allowance. I should recommend you—I hope I am not giving you bad advice, and I don't think I am—to marry Miss Fitzwalter, who knows pretty well what you are, who adores you *quand même*, and who will forgive you until seventy times seven. As for the Manor, I don't believe you really care about being Dunville of Dunville, and I doubt, after all, whether you would adorn the position. The stage, I end by thinking, is your place. So we will shake hands upon that and be friends; for, as I mentioned just now, I really do like you very much.'

(To be continued.)

Modder River.

II.

HERE, then, is the rest of it. When the infantry had to sag back to save themselves from our own guns, I felt that we had 'come to a hole in the ballad,' as we used to say at sea. Our gains were finished for awhile at least, and we two might as well go back and join the rest of the gang at the red house. Now by this red house was a little red dam, and here, therefore, was the chance to feed and water the horses again, for this was the heat of one of the hottest days that any of us could remember in this latitude. Also we might by luck chance on a bite ourselves—and sadly we needed it.

While the horses fed, then, and the men made coffee, I went up to the roof of the next house to keep a look out for any chance that might show. From that stand I marked a thin line of horsemen still going away and disappearing in a fold of ground to the north-west, and I debated what it meant, and if it were possible that they had quite abandoned all this side of the railway. It looked so likely that I made up my mind to prove the point, one way or another, by making a dash with my troop for a building on the near flank of the station; and I was making my way out through the front room of the house again when I heard a very Bedlam of gun and Mauser, and the little red dam was whipped to froth, while all the ground about it was blinded with dust. The Boers had marked the sagging of our infantry; their gunners had returned, and this was the sting they were putting into their renewal of the fight.

'Here's your horse!' shouted Taggart at the gate. 'Hell's after us!'

'Follow the rest!' I shouted, for the rest were racing to new cover as I caught my horse from his hand. 'I'll catch you!'

I was little time in bridling, and at the long wire fence bounding that side of the village I had overhauled Taggart. 'Where's the scoff?' I yelled at him.

'They left it there still cooking,' answered he.

Green troops, that, to leave their cooking so fast. Old hands will hang on to scoff longer than to a trench. But I said no more than—'Here's a beggar back for the scoff. You get the fellows together by the drift there.'

There was a precious tin of condensed milk I had given them. That was still unopened on the wall—it went into one pocket. Kicking over the pot of boiling eggs I got half a dozen of those into another pocket. A great pot was boiling for coffee, and the coffee itself lay near by in a bag. I emptied the coffee into the pot and kicked the fire away. When we came back presently that should be good coffee. It was night, and the drink was cold before I saw it again. Then I mounted and rode back; but as I went I saw, away to the west, that the Boers who had gone out there a while ago were now rallied and were sweeping round towards the drift where I had first crossed. They were to try and outflank us then, now that they thought us retreating.

When I got back to the drift at Rosmead, where the infantry was being sifted and sorted into its proper units, the first thing that stopped me was the procession of wounded, borne feet first and shoulder high by the Argylls as they came in. 'Our own shells did it,' said the bearers simply. Then I saw Rimington talking to Pole-Carew, the brigadier, and though I little liked that Mike should see me, since I had nothing yet to show for the day's work, yet I tried to get at the two to report this new move of the Boers. Various officers headed me off, however; officers, I suppose, zealous priests of that divinity which doth hedge a British general in the field. They saw a dirty irregular approaching their fetish, and they threw themselves into the breach. I could not get near the general. Then I saw that the Boers I had wished to warn the general against were moving now in plain sight on the skyline. It mattered no longer; I drew off and found my gang together again, helping themselves to a sack of sugar that Parker had discovered. Rimington disappeared to carry out some order—so far luck.

Then a yell arose, and every officer of those who had headed me off seemed to be bawling at me in chorus. 'Look at those horsemen! What are they?'

'Boers; what else?' retorted I.

'What sort of an answer is that? How do you know that they are Boers?' demanded one ineffable specimen, the fussiest of them. 'The general wants proof.'

Now the general was not saying a word about it. Boers or not,

the brigadier was attending strictly to his first need—that of putting some sort of a shape upon the muddle of units there representing his brigade, as it had struggled through the river, and posting portions to defend this drift as a base for a present readvance. But the gentleman, the specimen, ended his clamour with the sneering jibe at irregulars which seems to be the shibboleth of his class.¹

I ought to have laughed at him, but you know the fool-pride that is my curse. Moreover, some of the men heard the jibe and were new enough to feel themselves touched in their honour. They were not troubling—they have since told me—as to what such officers might think of them, but they could not be shamed before the men of this infantry—a gallant weakness that. Those clapped spurs in and were away with a rush and a dash that hid them in a cloud of dust. I simply shouted to the rest to follow, and then laid my horse to overtake them.

We were clear of the far fence of the village before I could draw ahead and get the fellows into shape again. A little farther on and a wire fence stretched across our front, but a gap lay open for us to pass through, and for that I drew. We had a telescope with us, but it needed no glass to see the burghers or the move they were bent upon. Bold and steady they rode, some of them aping troop formation, drawing across our front so openly there on the skyline that I began to understand the clamour of those officers behind me when they demanded proof that these were Boers. This infantry of our left had seen nothing of our cavalry and mounted infantry all day. To that infantry these men in front, riding so coolly by in the broad open, might well seem to be our own Horse returning from some attempted flank movement. If I were to do the right thing, then, by the infantry, I must indeed ‘prove’ that these in front were Boers, as had been demanded. I must make contact with these Boers and force them to open fire or attempt to capture us, and so betray themselves to the glasses of the watching officers. We must ‘play the game,’ and this was the way it must be played.

My blood stirred a little as I gave the word that put the little troop into shape for the work. This was no question of skilful approach to gain the information upon which a battle might be won. It was no gaudy dash into a hot corner to capture guns or other tangible trophies. This was to be a quiet, steadfast approach to an almost certain end, for the Boers in their strength would hold themselves till the last minute against the foolishness of this eleven, hold themselves till at speaking distance they could demand our

The thing went to the other extreme before Belfast was fought.

surrender, and then——? I looked at the men behind as they followed, from Desmoir on the right to Taylor on the left, and I had little notion that they would ever surrender.

As we rode, those men who had apparently felt that jibe the most began to call aloud the proofs as they saw them that these in front were Boers. Here on the veldt they were arguing with the image of the man who had insulted them—arguing with the memory that rankled in their minds.

‘Can’t you see they are Boers?’ cried Parker scornfully. ‘See how they ride, butt on thigh. They are Boers if ever Boers were.’

But I was jealous that, if we were going to our finish, watched by the eyes of all that infantry, we should at least go proud and steady. ‘Of course they are Boers,’ called I to him. ‘What did you join for but to meet Boers? But you may still keep the line for all that; check a little now and drop into line.’

Then a voice on the left, Straw’s voice, where he also drew ahead as he rode with his face craned forward, chanting the proofs. ‘That’s Boers! see their horses tripple. British cavalry don’t tripple.’

‘Neither do they ride all of a heap,’ shouted I. ‘Get your dressing and keep your interval.’

Up through the blazing sunlight, yonder on the quivering windless skyline, the enemy drew silently across, every man an indigo separate shape even in the crowd their numbers made; for they were keeping open order, prepared against the shells which should tell them their trick was detected. And, because they never slackened or changed their pace for an instant, their front drew so far across my left that I gave the word to bring up the right shoulder and so continued towards them.

Nearer we drew, and a little clamour broke out amongst my men, who thought that because they could now swear to these in front for Boers it would be enough to ride back and tell it. But by this time we had come so far up that a rearward glance to right and left showed me all too clearly the full menace of this move of the enemy. A little more and the Boers would have the lower drift at their mercy, and take our disordered infantry between two fires. We were eleven men—could we do anything to stop them?

Only one chance—slenderest chance! except that in battle no chance but has a chance till it is destroyed. If we could come so close to them in open quiet that, when they challenged us to surrender, we could, by racing away, draw so many of them after us in chase, that the rest would wait to see the outcome of it, then

not only our infantry but our guns also would see, and might with a rain of shells destroy this menace by driving this commando back in ruin over the skyline. There was no other hope, no other way. But oh ! if the Lancers had but been on this flank, for the ground was the fairest we had yet seen for charging over.

Regrets are waste when action is in hand. We must do our own. First I silenced the men. 'Come along steadily, now.' And—quiet—damn it ! you don't expect to live for ever. Keep your interval and keep your dressing, or you'll have our own guns take you for Boers once more, and put you out of the field again.'

I looked at the faces of the men as they followed, and I was well content. They could not know my plan, and it was not possible to explain. Remember that they were not regulars, with the instinct of discipline to make them follow a mere sergeant into what they must have thought this waste—a sergeant, moreover, whom they had hardly known till yesterday, and whom some of them perhaps thought more than a little mad. Picture them following me up that long slope, bare of cover, towards that mass of men, and following at a walk only. It is well to ride in a whirlwind charge, and to give and take and be doing. But to ride at a walk, waiting for the wiping out, when you think all need for it is past, and when all the time you feel between your knees the good horse that might rush you away to safety—or at least by charging lessen the waiting for the final wound—you must admit that these men were of the true stuff that will not break away in the face of death, and that because it will have none of dishonour. Am I wrong in my pride of them ? or was I wrong in the word when I presently spoke—'We are doing well, *gentlemen*' ?

The moment was come to do something. Our steady, shapely advance had begun to have an effect on the Boers. Those on the nearest edge of their mass drew in a little and went hesitatingly, as if in wonder, half shouldered towards us. The slightest thing might move them to decision. 'A volunteer !' I shouted ; 'a volunteer to go ahead and challenge them !'

Andrew Gemmell's horse was quickest in answering to the spur because he needed none. A good, game, red bay ; his eagerness had kept me checking his rider all day for being too forward. An eager pair. I was well content it should be they two for the need in hand, for I did not know then that Gemmell's eyes had been going to the bad all day through the blistering heat or I might have sent some other man. 'Go ahead, now, and challenge them,' said I. 'Keep your horse in hand, and when you turn, turn instantly

or they'll have you. Then come back hell-for-leather. I'll be watching, and I'll wait for you. Go, now !'

He went away at a swinging canter, buoyant and happy, and I turned to the other men. 'Keep coming steadily on at the walk, but keep your horses ready, and when I give the word to go about, then turn and ride like the devil back for the infantry.'

I caught the twinkle in Nolan's eye. 'Sergeant,' answered he, 'couldn't I ride back first and fill my water bottle, so when St. Patrick offers us that whisky in heaven we sha'n't lose the drink by waiting for the water, as McCarthy did ?'

At that allusion to Pat's pet story we none of us but smiled. And—'Did you say heaven ?' said Dick Delaporte. 'Don't trouble ; it's hell we're all going into, and that quick and lively. Here we are on top of 'em. Shall we ask 'em to hands up ?'

We were indeed 'on top of them.' I played my last card. 'We cannot go till our scout returns ; we cannot leave Gemmell. But I'll go fetch him back. Keep coming while I'm gone.'

I drew away at the gallop and laid on after Gemmell. Our work had touched winning ; the whole of this host of the Boers had drawn rein, their flanking move suspended ; their design upon the drift and the infantry below forgotten while they faced towards us, silent and immobile, in a huge crescent, into the hollow breast of which we were being enclosed.

In that crescent they had made another little crescent, a sort of little bay, into which Gemmell was riding. I pricked my horse faster—and found myself on the edge of a shallow circular depression or pan, literally crowded with Boers waiting our coming. Near ?—I found myself noting the colour of their hatbands and the sweep of their beards as I instinctively drew down to a walk and let my eye run from face to face of them. A great stillness seemed over all, till out of that stillness one with a ruddy beard challenged me, sharp and high, 'Hands up !'

This was the moment. I looked at Gemmell, yonder to the left front, and it was the moment for him, too. Another voice had challenged him, and I saw him pause, and then, as the rifles moved, saw him swing about in a jump and start back ; the good red bay stretched level, burning the wind to carry him clear.

A hundred voices were clamouring to have my hands up, but the work wanted yet the giving of one order to finish it. 'All right now,' I shouted over my shoulder to the men. 'Go about now ! Ride ! ride like hell !'

Swift as buck they went about, and wild as wild horses they

tore away for the river, while in the same bound I swung out towards the line of Gemmell's coming. There is no understanding of why any of us escaped. The blast of fire that tore past us should have utterly torn us to pieces. But I remember only the slow canter towards Gemmell's coming, while my horse tore on the tight held rein, with the nightmare slowness of time, till Gemmell was level with me, and I could let my own horse go as we raced after the rest, the Boers almost stretching their hands for us.

A stride or two and my horse almost leaped through himself as a bullet cut him across the off shoulder. He flew like a thing demented through the din, and not till I had overtaken and drawn ahead of the flying troop could I get him in hand again. Then, as I looked along to the left of the line, I saw Parker's grey, neck stretched and nostrils wide, but riderless, the empty saddle down on his flank—one man of the best had paid for the rest.

I checked and looked back, but there was no sign of Parker between us and the headlong front of the chasing Boers where they followed, shooting from the hand as they came, the nearest less than a hundred yards behind. They must have ridden over Parker; no going back could help him now.

Then my mind remembered the wire fence we had threaded through in coming. I feared the men had forgotten it in their dash for the river. I had no mind that they should come to an end now at the fence after what they had done already. I leaned down and sent my horse ahead again for every hair that was on him.

Commend me to a good horse—to a horse that ran unmastered till he was a seven-year old—to a horse that smarts from a flesh wound and is mad with a mad desire to outstrip all the roaring flight of chasers and chased. It seemed no time at all till I was level again, till I had drawn ahead on the right and was forging across to the left, yelling insistently 'Wire! wire! This way the gap! This way! wire!'

My voice was not heard so much as my example was followed. All save two passed safely through the gap with me, and those two, Desmoir and Gemmell, wide on each flank, crashed through the fence at different places, and then, while the burghers checked for fear of a like fall, remounted and got so far away before their horses dropped that both came in afoot unhit.

The standing miracle of battle is how the bullets can miss. It was one miracle the more that not a man of us got it as we went through that single gap in the fence. Then the fence became our helper, as the Boers dismounted to break it down before they could crowd

after us, while we raced on along the road skirting the village till, at this end of the short lane leading up from the drift, I saw the heads of a company of infantry, neck deep in a narrow ditch, late the enemy's entrenchment, lining the road, the outcast earth making a bank behind their helmets so that at a short distance they were invisible.

Reining in beside the officer commanding, 'Boers! shoot!' was all I shouted.

'Are your fellows all clear?' he demanded.

'All clear here,' and at the word the infantry let go, every rifle pumping out the nickel. The Boers had come as far as they were to come that chase.

Then I marked one burgher dismount. Dressed in black, he had been conspicuous from the first, a leader among them; and now, all in the open, farthest forward of them all, he stepped down. With a deliberation comely to see he passed his arm through the rein on his horse's neck, levelled the rifle at his hip while he judged the distance, and next, dropping on one knee, lifted his piece with a clean sure movement, drew bead, and fired.

I was the only man showing over much, for I was mounted still. Even so I should still have known who he shot at by the nearness of the bullet to me, for it was only the excited movement of my horse which spoilt that bullet getting me. But the shot set all the rest of the burghers who had followed to firing, some from their horses, some dismounted where they had halted, scattered all over the open.

'Shoot that man in black!' I shouted to a section which left the trench to lie out in the open for better shooting, for the trench was nearly end on to the Boers. But no shot seemed to stir the man, and cleanly and deliberately as before he lifted and fired at me again.

'Hold my horse, Taggart,' said I, dismounting; for Taggart had remained with me.

Jumping across the trench I walked well out from the flank of the prone men, and there kneeling in the open, as the other man was kneeling, I took a shot at him, and shot for shot we answered one another in deliberate succession till we had fired three times apiece. His fourth, however, came hurriedly, and without waiting for mine he rose, gripped the mane and mounted. His horse was turning to go as I fired, and I must have fired low, if, indeed, it was I who hit the horse, for the horse gave a lunge that came near to unseating him. But he gathered the horse again into shape and

so went away, the rest of the burghers drawing after him, and we were left to keep the ground we held.

It is told me now that the man in black was son to one of their best leaders, and that he is dead of a wound gotten there as he knelt. I do not know; I only know that it was good to have so gallant a fighting man single me out and be mine enemy, shot for shot, till one of us could stay no longer. I should have liked to have met him in a truce. And if you say that we were both vile shots to miss each other at that range, then I say go to the nearest race track, take an empty rifle, and then, after a neck and neck race only once round the course, jump down and try to take aim—at a haystack if you like. You'll understand after that.

I watched the Boers go, and they went but slow and unhurryingly, as though they had a scorn of us for all they had left the field to us. It did not matter. The thing was done, the chance had won. At the cost of one man and two horses we had drawn the Boers from their line, and baulked the move which otherwise might have put our battle in jeopardy beyond guess. When these who had followed us should rejoin the main body on the rise it would be too late to seize that drift below—our people would be ready to meet them.

'It was sheer damned insolence in you fellows,' said one officer who had watched us go.

'Superb insolence, though,' added another.

I did not tell them what I thought it was.

But we had got off so cheaply that I thought we paid too much in letting Parker lie out yonder on that long slope. He might be only so wounded that a doctor still could save him if he were found in time. 'I am following up these burghers to look for a man of mine who was shot off that grey,' said I to the officer nearest. 'You might see your men don't open on me; our infantry have been doing it most of the day.'

He promised, and I rode out, alone this time, telling Taggart to get the rest together by the dam and get to food while I was gone. As I went I noted that some of those who had just chased us were lying now in some Kaffir huts and timber to the left, for they sniped me briskly in passing, till the sound drew upon them the fire of the company in the trench, which quietened them awhile. Coming to the gap in the fence, I marked the lone mimosa on the ridge, where the first of the returning Boers were clustering. Taking a line on that I kept straight on till I reached the spot where I had first seen Parker's riderless horse.

Slowly from here I began the search, zigzagging to and fro amongst the great ant heaps as I went, till presently the burghers beyond apparently decided that I was no belated man of their own but one of the enemy, and so to be shot at. They opened on me heavily enough to make my horse very uneasy, smarting as he was still from his wound. And as if bullets from in front were not enough I heard the 'click-clock' from behind—our own fellows were letting me have it also.

Every moment, however, I thought I must surely light upon Parker, and so every moment I drew nearer to the burghers, till at last they must have taken me for a wounded man of their own, who could not guide his horse, for their fire ceased and two of them rode out towards me to help me in. It was a fine moment; I must either deal treacherously with them or go. I had to go. At an easy canter then I left, thereby drawing a double fire from our own men. The two good fellows behind drew rein, looked at me going, and then quietly put about and rejoined their own.

The snipers in the huts took up my coming and cracked away at me in a great bustle till I got home to the trench again, where one or two began to explain and apologise for their firing. But I was weary, and in return did but compliment them on the fine flavour of their asininity, and so sat quiet awhile.

But as the sun dropped down I grew like a man who wants all his children home by the hearth before he shuts the door upon the night and lies him down to rest. The more I thought on poor old Parker, the stiffer I grew that the piffers on the ridge and these fellows here should meddle with my search for my own man. Without a word I mounted and went out again.

The sun was down and the day glooming to night as I went. This time the snipers troubled me little and our own people not at all. The burghers on the ridge were now scarce more than a mere outpost, and their aim was little worth against the edge of dark as it rose behind me. But I found no Parker.

Then, to end my quest, came a new upcast. The snipers in the huts found the day wear late. It was time to stop work; time to get their horses and ride quietly home to camp and coffee; to news of the day and word of the morrow; to sleep and to a while of quiet. Thus they rode out now, and, heading for home by the quietest way, took a cast which must bring them to the spot where I was searching. In the darkling I counted them as they came, something like fifty in number, riding by twos and threes, butt on thigh and reins slack, bearded men and big men, talking on the

day's doings and comparing criticisms soberly. And I saw that it was time for me, too, to be gone home; I could work no more for that day either. Moreover, to stay here was to put these tired men to the trouble of dealing with me. I was so weary that I thought on their weariness, and so turned quietly for home.

Slowly and soberly they came on, and slowly I edged away out of their track. We were so near in passing that some of them at this edge lifted their faces towards me, so that their fellows, lifting, too, at that, ceased their other talk to cast a brief glance at me, perhaps to comment with a terse word as to my presence there, while they peered at me against the first dark of the east, I looking over my shoulder at them against the last light of the west. But, because they felt that their day's work was enough, they fell to their old talk again, and so continued on into the dusk and home.

I had been so crowded out of my direction that I found myself arriving at the little red house where we had intended food before, and, groping my way into the yard in the dark, I found the coffee, cold now, but good as coffee ever was when I dipped my face into the great pot as it stood, and sucked up a long, long draught of it. Refreshed at that, I went out into the veldt a third time, this time afoot, and a third time I returned without success.

Slowly I rode home in the dark at last, in between our outposts; and as I passed through the lane that led to Rosmead drift the night was cheerful with many fires, each with its little group of tired men sitting round it, cooking the vegetables from the near gardens, with duck, or fowl, or the flesh of pig or sheep, carved unhandily, but smelling gratefully to hungry nostrils. It stirred me the more for the lad out yonder on the dark veldt. But away up the river, where our right still lay, the firing still continued; so heavy and so continuous the yellow flare of it across the night that it reminded one of the blazing rows of naphtha lamps in some huge pleasure fair at home. Yet the real battle, the work of any value, had ended when the company here in the trench stopped the rush of those Boers whom we had baulked of their attempt to outflank us. All since then had been mere letting off of ammunition.

It was dawn when I found Parker at last. We had done so much that day that Pole-Carew had more for us to do that night. Learning at last that the general was disabled he had promptly formed a plan for a real battle next day, and I was so glad to see light at last in all this fog of fighting that I was pleased enough to receive an order from him to go out at two o'clock in the

morning and find whether the Boers still held the ridge of the lone mimosa.

Taggart went with me, refusing to let me go alone, and the rest were all away despatch carrying from commander to commander through the chaos of the army. We found the ridge abandoned, the fire of the outpost still smouldering ; and day was dawning with the faint reddening of a pallid line betwixt the dusk of the wan starred sky and the dark of the earth beneath as we started back.

Picking our way carefully we had got some half-way back when my eyes, noting a great ant heap, noted also a ghostly shape stretched this side it, touched with an eerie grey from the widening morn beyond. 'Yea!' said I softly, 'here is Parker at last ; dead !'

But for answer—the ghostly shape not stirring the while—a cracked voice came up, 'I am not dead. I want a drink of water, that's all. I'm all right.' With one move we were both down beside him together. He had been shot through the breast as we turned to go about yesterday, and the bullet had touched his spine in passing out. The wound is mortal. Small wonder that he thought his breast was shot to pieces.

We had no water. 'Gallop for the ambulance, Taggart !' said I. 'You can let the general know that the Boers are gone at the same time.'

'Gallop for water ; hang the ambulance !' said poor Parker.

As Taggart went away as swiftly as he dared in the half light, Parker spoke again, his teeth chattering the while with the deadly chill that follows a mortal wound, as well as with the chill of the night. 'Christ ! but it was long waiting for you to come.'

'And it was long, too, the finding you,' was all I could answer him.

Taggart came back with the water, and close behind him four kindly privates of the nearest outpost, no ambulance having as yet crossed the river—a lucky thing for Parker. Unwrapping their putties the four passed them under him, and, lifting him very gently, bore him off to camp. Rimington says we should all have been shot for our cheek yesterday, but I think one was enough if that one be a man who could keep such courage as that to greet us after the long, slow, crawling hours of the night's agony.

Well, I'll write you no more of battles in this war. There'll be many to come, but I shall see no more days like the day of Modder River. It doesn't come the same man's way twice in the one war. Let this be enough, then ; and for conclusion let me give you the

last lines of some that I wrote last night after the battle, while Parker was still missing and before I knew that the Boers were gone.

God . . . help us this day
To quit ourselves like men,
Whate'er betide the fray:
Or it be lost or won
Keep us but true, and then
Thy Will be done.
Amen.

A. O. VAUGHAN.

In Arcady.

THE clouds, which through the day had been slowly gathering, now hung in massed battalions, covering the land as with a pall, and giving the December landscape a sevenfold gloom. In the valleys the air had a shrewdness that made the blood tingle, but in the upland fields, the wind, blowing from the great plain and across the treeless Downs, nipped one to the bone. Thin spears of ice were forming on the shallow pools, and the tufts of coarse Down grass were white with hoar-frost and stiff and unyielding to the feet.

The frosty air brought a confusion of sounds. The clang of sheep-bells, the quavering cry of many bleating sheep, the crisp barking of a dog, and, farther away, but sounding through all, the plaintive low of homing cattle. But nothing moving was in sight, and save for those sounds the waste might have belonged to some forsaken star.

But presently over one of the low chalk hills broke a tangle of huddled sheep, with a dog barking and snapping at their heels; and a moment or two later came a man who whistled to the dog, waved his arm southward, watched a moment to see that his silent direction was understood, then strode swiftly down the hill, crushing the frozen grass with his iron-bound boots.

In the lee of the hill was a field of turnips, with, in one part of it, a short line of hurdles closely packed with straw to form a barrier against the wind, and here another man was busy carrying other hurdles from a distant corner of the field, and throwing them on the ground. He touched his hat to the newcomer who, without a word, took up a great iron bar and started to drive the hurdles into the ground, so as to form a triangle with those already set up. Having carried what he deemed a sufficient number of these hurdles, the hind helped him with his task, and presently the triangle was perfect, save for a rail or two. Then they took large bundles of straw and began to pack the

hurdles so as to form another wall of straw similar to the one already in existence. Whilst they were thus engaged, the flock of ewes, heavy with young, stampeded round the hill and gathered by the newly made pen, watching the two workers with fathomless eyes. But the dog, frisky with youth, would not let them rest. Snapping and barking, he kept them in uneasy movement, until they showed signs of breaking away; then his master shouted to him angrily and threw a stone, which sent him slinking down the field.

'That dog is a thought too spry,' said the farmer, turning to the straw again.

'Yees, but he'm young yet; an' 'e'll improve,' replied the hind. 'Never didden zee zo good a dog for the age of en.'

The farmer nodded in acquiescence, then looked at the heavy sky, and remarked, 'Tes going to snow.'

'Et do zeem zo!'

Silence fell again, and they worked steadily for some five minutes; then the lowing of cattle near at hand broke on their ears, and beyond the stone dyke at the far side of the field some red-backed Devon cows came into view. Immediately the farmer saw them he sprang upright, and began to walk rapidly across the turnips to the stile in the corner where the road turned. The cows wandered lazily down the road, cropping now and again at the green undergrass, or nibbling some of the tender shoots of the bramble the year had produced. Behind them, a switch in her hand and a dog at her heels, came a girl, occasionally flicking the back of a loiterer with the switch. Sharp as was the air, she wore a white curtained sun-bonnet with the strings untied, and beneath it showed a pleasant face, cheeks as rosy as a 'tompot' apple, eyes as blue as June skies. A sparkle of mischief came into her eyes as she saw the young farmer seated upon the stile, and when she came opposite to him she stopped.

'How do 'ee do, Jan?'

'Pretty well, thank 'ee, Zalome. How be you?'

The girl disregarded the question, and made a remark about the weather; then, yielding to a feminine weakness for gossip, asked, 'Have 'ee zeen Laban Bishop?'

The farmer started, and there was a sudden quickening of interest as he answered sharply, 'No, is 'e whome?'

'Yes; come yesterday an' do stay over Zunday. They do tell as 'e be getting along won'erful well, and have a fine varm down by Axminster; milks nineteen cows, if all as we dō hear be true.'

'Then what do 'e want to leave 'em vor, to come gallivantin' round here?'

The girl laughed mischievously. 'That's what everybody be wondering; an' father asked en straight out this marning, an' 'e zaid as 'e'd come to find a wife, the maids down to Axminster not being to his mind.' Then she added inconsequently, but perhaps not irrelevantly, 'He'm-a-coming down to our place to a little party we be giving to-morrow night.'

'Never!'

'Yees, an' his sister Joan an' some more maids an' men; an' father said as if I saw 'ee I was to ask 'ee too, an' would 'ee please vor to come early?'

'De-lighted, Zalome!' Then with sudden consternation, 'But 'tis market day! I do allow you'd forgotten that.'

'Noa. But our Dick be going, while I do zee to the china an' the girdle-cakes an' the vovls. You'll 'ave to leave the market early.'

'It do zeem zo.'

'Well, I must be pushing along,' said the maid, tapping the rump of the nearest cow smartly with her switch, and moving quickly down the road. For a moment the farmer stood irresolute, then, with the air of a man who had taken a sudden decision he called—

'Zalome!'

'Ye-es, Jan?' the girl answered, inquiringly.

'Wait wan moment till I've had a word with Huddy, then I'll goa with 'ee zo far as the cross-roads.' The girl waited whilst he ran across the turnips and gave some directions to the hind, then when he came back and climbed the stile they fell into step and walked side by side down the road. A constrained silence came upon them, most difficult to break through. The man had much to say and knew not how to say it, and the girl could not or would not help him. So they walked for some distance, until the silence became irksome, and the man was really grateful when a few flakes of snow came fluttering from the leaden skies.

'Do look terr'ble like snow,' he said, relieved for the moment.

'Terr'ble.'

Then the silence fell again, and lasted until the cross-roads were reached, when the farmer grew desperate, realising that his opportunity was slipping from him.

'Zalome!'

‘Yes, Jan?’

‘You baint a-thinking ov Laban Bishop, be ‘ee?’

The girl laughed merrily. ‘Why, Jan, whatever have that to do with ‘ee? Now, I do allow as Laban be a terr’ble vine yellow, an’ ‘e’m pushing along won’erfully. I shouldn’t wonder if——’

‘I’d break the neck of en fer two pins,’ interrupted her companion savagely.

‘Why, Jan, whatever vor? What have ‘e a-done?’

‘‘E’ve dared to look up to ‘ee.’

‘Oh, az vor that——’ the girl began, then stopped, and ended with a laugh. The man stood dumb, and a gust of wind, blowing across the Downs and bringing a whirl of snow with it, made the girl turn quickly after the cows, leaving him standing in the middle of the road; but as she went she called over her shoulder, ‘Now, don’t ‘ee vorget to-morrow night, Jan, or——’

‘What?’

‘I’ll marry Laban Bishop, zo zure as eggs!’ Then with another burst of laughter she was gone.

II.

THE party at Marshallsay Farm was in full swing. Farmer Stoodly had insisted on supper being served early, knowing well how the influence of good cheer makes for merriment, and breaks down that stiffness which invariably characterises a rustic party in the earlier stages. He now sat close in by the great fire of logs for warmth, whilst he had his coat off for coolness, and superintended the three-handled cider mugs (locally yclept ‘God-forgive-mes’) with their precious contents.

‘Steady, maid! Not too much!’ he said to Salome, who was pouring gin from a stone jar. ‘There, that’ll do first-rate! Now a mo’sel o’ ginger—not such a won’erful girt lot, about zo much as will cover a xixpence. That’s et! that’s et! Now pop it en, and push the mugs nearer the vire—closer! But not too close. There! that’ll do prime!’ Then, wiping the sweat from his shiny crown, he turned to his guests, who had been watching this delicate operation in silence, and bade them make themselves at home—‘Vor I be at whome, if you baint, naybours!’

The joke was ancient, but had the honour paid to it that its age demanded, and no man laughed any the less heartily because

he had heard the same remark made at every party he had ever attended on the countryside. Then when the laughter ended he spoke again :

‘ I zim we might have a drop o’ music now, while the zider be warmin’. Zalome, will ’ee be zo good as to oblige at the pianner ? An’ maybe Laban’ll zing “ Green Broom.” ’

Laban agreed that he would, and Salome seated herself at the instrument, which for to-night had been carried out of the front room to the kitchen. ‘ Green Broom ’ met the taste of the company so well that the singer received an encore, to which he responded with ‘ Widdicombe Fair.’ So well known was this to the assembled guests that they declined to allow him to sing it alone, and with perfect unanimity, but with more noise than harmony, joined him from the very first line.

‘ Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me zur grey mare,

All along, down along, out along lea ;

For I want for to goa to Widdicombe Fair,

Wi’ Bill Brewer, Jan Stewert, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan’l

Whiddon, Harry Hawk, old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh an’ all,

Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh an’ all.’

As they reached the last line of the song, which careers thus through eight verses, they heard the outside gate bang, then sounds which told them that the late-comer was busily engaged kicking the snow off his boots in the porch. They watched the door in silence, each conjecturing who might be the other side of it—Salome, in particular, in breathless suspense, ardently hoping that it might prove to be John Fowler ; for ‘ Jan ’ so far had not appeared, and seemed likely to prove himself a laggard in love.

The door opened, its great iron hinges groaning terribly, and Salome turned sharply to the piano and began to strum the keys to hide her disappointment, for the newcomer was a wizened old man who carried a fiddle in a green baize bag.

The old man was hailed with delight by the young, for his coming was the signal for dancing ; and though there was not too much room in the Marshallsay kitchen, yet, as Laban Bishop said, ‘ there mit o’ been less,’ and in that all found a shred of consolation.

‘ Drow your coat on the back o’ the zettle,’ cried the farmer, ‘ and keep yer hat on ef ’ee like, Amos. But avore you do begin

just taste a drop o' zider to warm 'ee after the walk in the snow. Here, Zalome, hand en the "God-forgive-me"!' The fiddler took the three-handled mug, carefully selected the side which had been farthest from the fire, then drained it like a man. He stood up for a moment, breathing deeply after the draught, then ventured, "'Tes a pretty tippie, vor zure!" and without another word turned to his fiddle-bag. The kitchen was cleared, partners were duly selected, Laban claiming Salome for the first dance (and keeping her for the second), and soon the whole party was in the whirl of a country dance. Dancing creates thirst, and in 'Dorset Dear' thirst means cider, and in consequence there was such a demand for this beverage that at the third dance Farmer Stoodly, going to the jars to refresh himself, found both empty.

'Drat the thing! An' the zider be to the shed in the li'l orchard! Here, Zalome, do 'ee pop out an' fill the jars.'

Salome was in the act of taking the jars when Mr. Laban Bishop stepped forward and, gallantly offering his company, took them one in each hand. If Salome had not been piqued by Jan's absence, possibly she would not have accepted Laban's escort; but as it was, throwing a cloak over her shoulders, she stepped out into the snow and the moonlight with him by her side.

All the way to the shed in the little orchard they walked without speaking, and there, after Salome had unlocked the door, Laban filled the jars from the huge hogshead, and they commenced the return journey, still in silence. But half-way back to the house the man halted under a large tree, and set the jars down in the snow to rest his fingers, which were cramped in the narrow handles. He seemed about to speak, when Salome herself broke the silence.

'Look, Mr. Bishop.'

She was pointing to the bough above his head. The snow hung heavy on the tree; but in spite of that, shining under the moon, in the dark mass on the bough he recognised the white berries of the mistletoe. He grabbed for her, but missed, and with laughter she slipped out of the shadow of the tree, never thinking that he would leave the jars to follow her. But there she miscalculated, and with laughter on her part and earnestness on his the chase began. And she led him a dance, 'vor zure.' In and out among the bewildering shadows of the trees she ran, and over the treeless spaces where the snow was deepest, and he followed hard after her. All round the little orchard, and through

the gate into the great cider orchard, then back again, the maid dodging in and out among the apple-trees, the man striving his best to outwit her in vain. But close by the shed where the cider was stored she made a slip, and in a twinkling he had her in his arms, panting and breathless. The tree under which they stood had no mistletoe to justify the act, nor did he look for any, but kissed her with dry lips. For a moment he held her, then he said 'Zalome?'

'Yees?'

'Ee heard me tell the varmer I be come down here to look vor a wife?'

'Yees.'

'Twas 'ee I meant.'

'Nonsense, Laban Bishop.'

'Tis God's truth! An' I've a tidy varm, milking nineteen cows, an' a little gig wi' yollow wheels to goa to market in. What do 'ee zay to et, Zalome?'

For the time, maybe, Salome was dazzled by the splendour thus unfolded, for she said nothing, and Laban, growing anxious, pressed her again.

'Zay YEES, Zalome!'

And Salome, after one fleeting thought of the laggard Jan, said 'Yees!'

'I won'er what vather'll zay?' she cried, a moment later.

'That et do teake a terr'ble girt while to draw a li'l drap o' zider! What have 'ee done wi' the jars?'

They started apart. The voice might have come out of the ground, but it really came from the shadow of the shed, where the farmer stood chuckling at the fright he had given them. Then back they went to the house, recovering the jars on their way; and when the farmer had given out the great news their united health was drunk in boisterous fashion, with many more or less wise remarks and observations that would have staggered Solomon in all his wisdom; and with the general conclusion that it omened well, 'an' did ought to be a good Chrizmastide,' they resumed the dancing in the whirl of 'Haste to the Wedding.'

And just at that moment Jan Fowler, lying in Dorchester hospital with two fractured ribs and a broken arm, the result of his horse slipping in the snow, was thinking of Salome, and, remembering her threat, groaned to think of the opportunity this accident gave to his rival.

III.

THE banns were called the following Sunday, and the wedding was to be on Old Christmas Day; but in the short time between the engagement and the wedding Salome suffered many misgivings. When she heard of John Fowler's accident, and his slackness was thus explained, sudden regret overtook her. Not but that she was doing very well for herself. Laban milked nineteen cows on a farm of his own, and had 'a li'l gig wi' yollow wheels,' whilst Jan helped his father on a smaller farm and drove to market in a common, old-fashioned trap. To be sure, Jan's wife would be mistress in his father's house, for Mrs. Fowler had been dead these five years and Jan had neither sister nor brother; but 'all the same 'tweren't like having a whomestead o' your own!' In this she tried to find consolation, but failed dismally, and so heard her banns published without the pleasure usual on such occasions. The week following the first publication of the banns she was in a strait betwixt the two, and her regard for Jan threatened to overcome the attractions of Laban's farm and gig. But she had not the courage either to break the engagement or postpone the wedding, and so suffered many torments. In the third week, wandering up the road in a state of indecision, having that morning had a letter from Laban making some arrangements, a brilliant idea came to her. She wondered she had never thought of it before.

There grows in Arcady a potent herb, known to natives by the name of 'livelong,' which amongst many virtues has the power to help any maid beset with two suitors to the momentous decision between the two. To be sure, 'twas winter and the herb was not now to be found; but Salome had heard that 'lad's-love' was a good substitute for it, and that was at hand in a sheltered corner of the garden at Marshallsay. She hastened home, nipped three long sprigs from the southernwood bush, and carrying them to her room set them separately in three vases, and arranged them one at each end and the other in the middle of the mantelshelf. Then, according to the directions which govern this rite, she named the middle piece with her own name, and the pieces to the right and left with the names of her suitors, respectively Laban and Jan. This done, she left her room in a more contented frame of mind, quite satisfied that by this means an infallible decision would be made for her; for the mystic law which operates in this rite says that the sprig which stands for the man whom the maid is

to marry will bend towards the central sprig, whilst the one representative of the man rejected of fate will turn away therefrom. It is a simple rule for the solution of the knotty problem of two equally desirable lovers, and has governed many a happy choice in Arcady.

For the next few days Salome watched this love's barometer with absorbing interest. The first morning there was little change in their relative positions. The second morning both were bowed towards the central sprig, which itself was bent impartially towards the middle of the room. The third morning when she observed them she gave a gasp, for the southernwood in the process of drying had twisted more, and now the right-hand piece was still inclined to the middle sprig, whilst that in the left-hand vase turned abruptly away.

'Oh, 'tis Laban!' she said without enthusiasm, and tried to find consolation in the thought of the 'li'l gig wi' yollow wheels.'

The next morning the positions were reversed, and the sprig that was for Jan turned towards her in a marked fashion, whilst that for Laban inclined away.

'No! 'tis Jan after all!' she whispered, and there was a note of gladness in her voice.

And it was Jan the next morning, and the next after, which was Old Christmas Day and her wedding morning, and she noted with eagerness that the central sprig, which so far had remained impartially bent between the two, in the night had twisty awry and now was turned towards the left-hand sprig. And at ten o'clock she was to be married to Laban! Whatever were the Fates about, and was ever maid in such a pass before?

At nine o'clock she donned her wedding finery, and at nine-thirty, feeling very miserable, she climbed into the trap with her father and mother, to drive to the church a mile and a half away. At the cross roads, drawn full across their way, a smart trap was standing, and on the whip was tied a large white wedding favour. The man in the trap kept his face averted, and Farmer Stoodly audibly wondered 'Whatever thic vool be about!' Then, as they drew nearer, he shouted to him to draw aside, 'an' not stand moon-ing there like a cow!'

At his cry the man turned his face to them for the first time, and Salome gave vent to a sobbing 'Oh!' for the man was John Fowler, with a face white and pinched and his left arm in a sling.

'Why, Jan! Et be you, be et?' said the farmer, drawing rein. 'I thought 'ee was in the horspital to Darchester!'

'Came out yesterday,' said John shortly.

'Howsomever, 'ee be welcome, real welcome, to the weddin' veast. I zee 'ee've a-heerd.' And he pointed to the other's wedding favour with his own whip.

'Yees, I've a-heerd; an' I've a word to zay to your darter before her do goa to church. I don't mind 'ee hearin'; fact is, 'tis best 'ee should, varmer!' And he turned to Salome.

'Zalome! Twadn't vair!'

'Noa, Jan, *twadn't* vair!'

'But I guess 'ee didn't knoaw to the time?' he said softly.

'Noa, Jan, I didn't knoaw to the time, an' I thought——'

'No call to zay et, maid; I do knoaw what 'ee thought: an', howsomever, tiddn't too late to change your mind yet.'

'Noa, tiddn't. *Not eet!*' whispered the girl, and her face was burning.

'Then I call on 'ee to do the right now!' He stood in the trap and waved a blue paper with his uninjured arm. 'Get down an' come 'long o' me. 'Tis a licence. I got en two days zince to Darchester, an' us can be married to-day. Will 'ee come?'

'Vor zure I will, Jan,' said Salome, thinking of the signs the lad's-love had given, and beginning to climb from the trap.

'Why, dall 'et all! what be this?' shouted Farmer Stoodly in amazement.

'Noa harm, varmer, noa harm whatsomever. Only your darter be agwine to marry me 'stead o' Laban. I reckon your mistress had better come 'long of us an' zee the ceremony, while you do drive to church an' tell 'em that the wedding be to Darchester. We'll be back along in dree hours. Come on, mother.'

Mrs. Stoodly descended from one trap and climbed into the other, whilst the farmer looked on astonished.

'Well, I'll be dalled! You be a wanner, Jan Vowler!'

John had already gathered up the reins and handed them to Salome, then he passed her the whip, flicking the horse as he did so, and as they began to move down the road he called, 'Best drive vast, or they'll be waitin' vor 'ee to church, varmer!'

Salome waved her whip, and they bowled merrily down the road. The farmer watched them till they were out of sight, then as he touched up his horse he said to himself, 'Dall et all! 'tes a won'erful curious thing, a maid's heart! An' it mit ha' been worse, et mit ha' been worse—the weddin' vittles mit ha' been wasted!'

BEN BOLT.

A Metaphysical Problem.

A GOOD little girl and a bad little boy,
Through sharing the same occupations,
Grew very great friends, to the grief and the joy,
Respectively, of their relations.

For the good little girl, by the daily contact
With the bad little boy, became naughty ;
From modest and careful she grew—it's a fact—
Pert, careless, conceited, and haughty ;

While the bad little boy, by her goodness inspired,
Enlisted 'neath Virtue's bright banners ;
Till all whom he met with remarked and admired
His diligence, truth, and good manners.

And thus they combined, as it were, to destroy,
Or rather reverse their position,
Till a *bad* little girl and a *good* little boy
Attested the fact of transition.

Now what is the moral ? (My head's in a whirl
With the lessons this tale is affording.)
Are you bad like the boy ?—Are you good like the girl ?—
For you see it will differ according.

To the good I say ' Don't,' to the bad I say ' Do '
Make friends with your opposite neighbour ;
Yet should you *both* take my advice it is true
It will prove an impossible labour.

If the bad seek the good, and the good fly the bad,
A circle unending they follow.
No ; one must be passive—the lass or the lad,
Or both—when my moral seems hollow.

The true question's this: 'Would you have *him* or *her*
Remain as the final offender?'
Or, to put it in brief, 'Are the folks you prefer
Of the male or the feminine gender?'

But Ah! what a question to answer! And I,
In responding, decline to be leader,
For the dullest of wits must perceive the reply
Will depend on the sex of each reader.

P. LITTLEWOOD.

A Rebel at the Court of Louis XIV.

*THE LETTERS OF CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, DUCHESS
OF ORLEANS.*

HISTORY, which loves dramatic contrasts, never produced one more striking than when the young daughter of Prince Charles Louis, Elector Palatine of the Rhine, arrived at the Court of Louis XIV. to take the place of the charming and unhappy Henrietta of England as wife to the great King's brother. This German girl, rustic and sentimental, with her sturdy Teutonic frankness and her intense patrician pride—the pride of a small and poor Court, which may be noble or ridiculous as you like to take it—came into a society in which by tastes, by habits, by principles, she felt herself a stranger. And a stranger she remained to the end of her long life, during which she solaced a heart, that ever beat true to the Rhineland, by that long, detailed correspondence with her German relatives which gives so faithful and spirited a picture of her life and surroundings.

No one can be really said to know the period of Louis XIV. who has not at his fingers' ends the letters of Madame. For mere literary charm they will not compare with some that have been left us by women less celebrated than the incomparable Sévigné; but their frankness, humour, and intelligence give them a salt and savour of their own.

The most interesting in the voluminous mass of letters written by the Duchess of Orleans between 1671, when she came into France, and 1722, when she died, were those addressed to her aunt, the Electress Sophia, mother of our George I., who was distinguished in her own day as the friend and correspondent of Leibnitz. She had been brought up by this woman—shrewd, observant, sceptical; she had inherited her love of knowledge, her hatred of shams, and her vein of occasionally Rabelaisian pleasantry. She lived with her aunt from 1659 to 1663, and then

went back to Heidelberg, the beautiful town which she never ceased to love. In 1722, shortly before her death, she wrote thus to her half-sister :

‘ There is not in the world a better air than that of Heidelberg. No one better than I can understand, my dearest Louise, what you must have experienced there. I cannot think of it without the keenest emotion, but I will not say more about it to-night ; it would make me too sad, and would hinder me from sleeping.’

Is there not something pathetic in these words of the aged woman, in whom, after fifty years in the most brilliant Court of Europe, the yearning for her childhood’s home is still so strong as to drive sleep from her eyes ?

With all her *brusquerie* and caustic humour, there was an element of romance and a love of wild Nature about the girl, who used to get up at five o’clock in the morning and wander in the woods, eating her breakfast of bread and cherries on the heights above Heidelberg. Even then, as in after-years at Versailles, she was willingly alone, and was always good company for herself.

The poor little Princess was not to be left for long to her bread and cherries, her lonely rambles, and her books. Something of a bookworm and something of a tomboy, she was introduced, as a bride of nineteen, into the inner circle of a society splendid, courtly, thoroughly frivolous, and passably corrupt. She seems to have considered the prospect before her without much enthusiasm, but as ‘ all in the day’s work ’—which it was. The chief use of a little Princess was to assist her family by making a suitable alliance. Her father, whom she loved tenderly, pointed out that her marriage with the brother of his formidable neighbour would materially smooth a path which had its difficulties. This was quite enough for her at the time ; the great trouble of her after-life was that the sacrifice so willingly made turned out to have been in vain. The impecunious Elector had hard work to pay the dowry that he had promised with his daughter, and had to endure endless vexation in consequence.

‘ Our neighbours the French,’ he wrote, six months before his death, ‘ give me no peace, and do not wish that I should have any comfort in my life. They are still asking more than 500,000 livres, besides the 80,000 that I have already paid them for arrears.’

The Duchess of Hanover replies :

‘ I think the insolence that you are obliged to endure is unbearable. . . The favour of Liselotte’—the pet name given to Madame

by her German relatives—'is not worth much if she cannot get you treated differently.'

Six months later, in 1680, the much-tried Charles Louis passed where creditors cease to trouble, and 'Liselotte' poured out her grief and anger to her aunt of Hanover:

'You are happier than I; for, although you lose as much, you are not at least obliged to live with those who, without doubt, have caused the death of his Highness the Elector by the trouble they gave him. That is what I find so hard to get over. You say, in your last precious letter, that you rejoice with me that I am near the King, with whom I like so much to be. Yes, I confess that before he persecuted papa to that point, I liked him well, and enjoyed being with him; but since then it has been painful, I must confess, and so it will be for the rest of my life.'

After the deaths of her father and brother, Louis XIV. laid claim on her account to the Palatinate, and she had the anguish of hearing that fire and sword had been carried into the Rhineland, and her own beloved Heidelberg given for a prey. She never forgave Louvois the devastation of her country, and after his death she exulted with a savagery which made no part of her ordinary temper that 'he was doubtless burning terribly in the other world for all that he had caused to burn in this.'

She was faithful to her German tastes in a circle that thought them coarse and rustic. She never appreciated the delicate cookery of France, but the sausages of the Fatherland were her favourite breakfast on hunting mornings at Versailles. Hunting was one of her passions. In this she resembled her royal brother-in-law; and here we are reminded of one of the paradoxes of her career, the friendship which—in spite of such outbursts as the one quoted above—linked her for so long to Louis XIV. It was not a relationship with which scandal could ever be busy, as in the case of her lovely predecessor. Charlotte Elizabeth could at no time of her life have been beautiful, and had none of the grace and tact by which such a woman as Madame de Maintenon may win an empire over the male heart that is more enduring than the power of beauty. She pleased the great King, one may imagine, by the very fact that she thought so little about pleasing. He was immensely entertained by the startling bluntness with which she said whatever happened to come into her mind. They had a bond of union in their common love of field sports, which formed the only relief to the intolerably deadening weight of Court ceremonial. Louis XIV. had to defend her on more than one occasion from the

unclean crew of parasites who tried to make mischief between her and her contemptible little fop of a husband, and her affection for him was partly based on gratitude. But one may say at least that in a society as petty, jealous, and spiteful as any that has flourished in modern times, these two souls—which, with all their faults, were moved by genuine honesty of purpose—found each other out, and rested in a real mutual confidence and regard.

One need not overlook the enormous shortcomings of Louis XIV. as a man and as a King to admit that in some important respects he 'tried to do his duty.' He was a hard-working Sovereign, both in the sphere of administration and in that social sphere which was, to his mind, no less important. So courteous that he never passed the poorest woman about the palace without lifting his hat, he carried polite consideration to the level of a fine art. In the way of courteous speech, there are few things nobler than his remark to the great Condé as the old hero was slowly ascending the great marble staircase at Versailles. Condé apologised for being so long in mounting the steps, at the top of which the King stood waiting. 'Ah, cousin,' Louis replied, 'one moves slowly when one is laden with laurels.' Generosity, a deep though far from enlightened sense of duty and responsibility, a splendid fortitude in adversity, there were these elements of grandeur at least in the character of Louis XIV.; and for these Madame gave him the friendship of her honest soul. When the great trouble of his life came upon him, and the adopted child of his old age, his grandson's wife, the young Duchess of Burgundy, was suddenly snatched away, she remained his faithful companion. 'Madame does not leave me,' said the lonely and broken old man. 'I can see that she is glad to be with me.'

Yet, in spite of this, Madame was a rebel and a truculent one at times. The strained relations caused by the treatment of her father have already been referred to. Then there was the famous episode of the marriage of her son, the Duke of Chartres, when the pride of the German Princess was wounded in its tenderest point by the proposal to wed him to his illegitimate cousin, the daughter of the King and Madame de Montespan. St. Simon's account of it has often been quoted; it is worth recalling once more:

'Madame was walking in the gallery; she was striding along, her handkerchief in her hand, weeping without restraint, speaking loud, and looking as much as possible like Ceres after she had been robbed of Proserpine. . . . At supper the King offered to

Madame all the dishes which were before him ; she refused them with a *brusquerie* which he endured to the end without relaxing his politeness and attention. Next day all the Court came to wait on Monsieur, Madame, and the Duke of Chartres ; but not a word was said. People contented themselves with making their obeisance, and all passed in perfect silence. Afterwards they went as usual to wait in the gallery till the King left the Council to go to Mass. Madame was there ; but when her son approached her, as he did every day, to kiss her hand, she gave him a box on the ear which could be heard some paces off, and which, in the presence of the Court, covered the poor Prince with confusion and filled the spectators, among whom I was, with immense astonishment.'

The course of events did not tend to reconcile Madame to the marriage, against which she protested so vigorously and so vainly. She continued to believe that her son, whose career as Regent, on the death of Louis XIV., supplied a well-known chapter to the *chronique scandaleuse* of Europe, might have been a different man if he had been more happily wived. 'I do not like *mésalliances*,' she said in her old age. 'The marriage of my son has spoiled my life.'

She was none the less a rebel in her attitude to the pietism which Madame de Maintenon, whom she cordially detested, was credited with having made the fashion. On her marriage she had, as a matter of course, renounced the Lutheran religion of her childhood ; but to the end of her life she retained not only the practice of Bible reading, which was not infrequent among the Gallican Catholics, but her love of the old Lutheran hymns. Her tone on theological subjects, however, accorded no better with the Augsburg Confession than with the Council of Trent. She admired the Englishman who, when he was asked at Fontainebleau, 'Are you a Huguenot ?' replied, 'No.' 'Catholic ?'—'Still less.' 'Ah, you are a Lutheran ?'—'Not at all.' 'What are you, then ?'—'I will tell you. I have a little religion all to myself.'

'I, too,' she added, 'have a little religion all to myself.'

She could speak with respect and admiration of a man like Bossuet, but she had no patience with what she considered the ignorant and narrow religiosity of James II.

'I cannot imagine,' she wrote, *à propos* of this unfortunate Sovereign, 'why Kings imagine that they please God by praying. It is not for that that He has placed them on the throne ; it is that they may do good, exercise right and justice. This ought to

be the true devotion of Kings, and the priests should keep to their own work.'

She went regularly and ostentatiously to sleep during sermons, even when her favourite Bossuet was preaching. 'It is a great honour to sit next the King,' she wrote, 'but as soon as I go to sleep he pokes me with his elbow to wake me up.'

The following little story gives a pleasanter impression of her attitude than the hard irreverence of certain passages in her letters. It relates to Rousseau, the painter, when he was decorating the orangery at Versailles :

'He was high up on the scaffolding,' she writes. 'I thought I was alone in the gallery, and began to sing Psalms out loud. Hardly had I finished the first verse, when I heard someone descending in haste from the scaffolding. It was M. Rousseau, who threw himself at my feet. "Good heavens, Rousseau," I said, "what is the matter?" "Is it possible, Madame," said he, "that you still remember your Psalms and hymns? God bless you, and keep you in these good sentiments." He had tears in his eyes as he said this. Some days after this he went away—I never knew where; but, wherever he went, I wish him much joy and happiness. He is an excellent fresco painter, and much esteemed.'

She was a rebel, too, in her enthusiastic admiration for William III., the demon of the Court of Versailles. Her intercourse with James II. during his exile at St. Germain did not diminish this feeling. 'The more one sees the King,' she wrote, 'the more one learns about the Prince of Orange, and the more one excuses this latter and holds him worthy of esteem.' And she adds: 'It is a fact that an intelligence like his pleases me more than a handsome face.'

The contempt which she felt for James II. did not extend to his wife. One of the most heartfelt passages in the letters refers to the death of the sorely tried Mary of Modena :

'She is certainly in heaven. She never kept a *liard* for herself. She gave all to the poor, and maintained whole families. In her life she never said any harm of anyone; and if you wished to tell her any harm about such a one, she would say: 'If it is harm, please do not say it. I cannot bear stories which attack the reputation. She has supported her misfortunes with the greatest patience—a patience which was not the result of simple silliness' (the reference is obviously to the defunct King James). 'She was very intelligent, pleasing, and gracious.'

The deposed King and Queen of England are only two out of the great gallery of portraits in Madame's collection. The frankness with which she sketched all the personalities of the Court, for the amusement of her correspondents, is the more remarkable when we remember that she was well aware that the letters passed under the inspection of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. When one of her epistles had been delayed in transit, she commented on the incident as follows :

'They read the letters in M. de Louvois's time, just as they do now ; but they did at least forward them in reasonable time. Now that toad has taken the position the letters are delayed for an infinite time, as he does not know German and has to get them translated.'

The ' toad ' was, of course, the acting Foreign Minister, who had the pleasure, as Madame well knew, of reading these remarks and forwarding them.

One gains from Madame's correspondence some idea of the strange life—half public, half oddly domestic—which was led by the French Royal Family. What an abnormal existence was that of Louis XIV., who rose, dressed, said his prayers, had his meals, and went to bed in public ; always on duty, always acting the part of host to that immense gathering of gentlemen whom it was his pleasure to keep in constant attendance on himself, withdrawing them from their local responsibilities in a way that was in the end to prove the ruin of the old *régime* in France ! His only relaxation seems to have been hunting, and his only time of comparative seclusion the hours which he spent each day in his private study, or in Madame de Maintenon's apartments at work with his Ministers.

Madame gives us a parallel picture of one of her own evenings at home :

'There is nothing more tiresome. Monsieur [the Duke of Orleans] is playing *lansquenet* at a big table ; but I am not allowed to appear or to show myself at the game, for Monsieur has the superstition to imagine that I bring him bad luck when I am near him. Nevertheless he wishes me to be in the room, and all the old women who are not playing I have on my hands. This lasts from seven to ten, and makes me yawn dreadfully.'

The demon of dulness had, in fact, descended in full force on the once brilliant Court during the later days of the great King. Even Madame de Maintenon, who was supposed to have reached

the height of a woman's ambition, complained to one whom she trusted of the intolerable weariness of her life.

Things became worse when the charming Duchess of Burgundy was carried off by a sudden attack of malignant disease, and the young husband, who adored her, followed her within a few days to the grave. All hope of reform perished with the lost heir, the pupil of Fénelon. The Duke of Orleans, Madame's son, was already, what history was to prove him, a clever, kindly, ineffective voluptuary. He was mismated with a foolish, self-indulgent wife, and their children grew up as might have been expected. Here and there in Madame's letters she dwells pathetically on her son's learning, his generosity, his accomplishments; but her sober judgment spoke in the well-known fable in which she summed up the failure of his life. At his christening, she said, the fairies came each with her gift. At last the uninvited evil genius stepped forward, and, as she could not revoke any of the gifts already granted, she added the fatal proviso that he should never be able to use any one of them to his profit. This sinister twist of character, this weakness of will, neutralised the effect of all the fine and attractive qualities of Philip of Orleans, and made the period of the Regency a byword for shameless vice and national decadence.

The granddaughters of Madame appear, in her correspondence, as pronounced specimens of the 'smart set' of the day. They ate and drank to excess, and flaunted a disregard of decorum which was in flagrant contrast to the decent traditions of an earlier day, and horrified Madame's sedate daughter, the Duchess of Lorraine, when she came to Paris to spend a little time with her mother.

One of the comparatively innocent escapades of the young Princesses was that famous smoking party in a pavilion at Versailles, when they borrowed for the occasion the pipes of the gentlemen of the Swiss Guard.

It was for deeper and graver reasons than this that Madame wrote, within a few days of the death of her best-loved granddaughter, the warm-hearted, frank, wilful young Duchess of Berry:

'All her servants are easily consoled. I, too, my dear Louise—but for other reasons. I have learned since her death things that it would be impossible to write.'

At this time Louis XIV. was tried not only by repeated and cruel bereavements, but by defeats at Marlborough's hands, that threatened an inglorious close to his long and splendid reign.

'The King contains himself and bears up well,' Madame wrote, 'but one sees what he suffers inwardly. We have more need than you can imagine that the King should live. If he died, everything would be topsy-turvy; for there is neither friendship nor confidence, even between the nearest relations. Of all the Royal Family the King is, after all, the one who has the best heart.'

She stood loyally to the last by her old friend; and even when she lost her lifelong confidante, the Duchess of Hanover, did her best to hide her grief, as the King could not bear to see sad faces about him. At last, in 1715, Louis was gathered to his fathers. He died bravely, and with a decorum so perfect as almost to rise to the heroic. 'I thought it would be more difficult to die than this,' he said, smiling, to Madame de Maintenon, who stood by his bedside. 'I assure you it is not a great business; it is not hard at all.'

When the Duke of Orleans became Regent, those who expected to find his mother a prominent person in Court life thenceforth were undeceived. 'I have taken the resolution,' she wrote, 'to meddle with nothing. France, between ourselves, has been too long governed by women. I do not wish to bring that reproach on my son.'

She lived, in fact, a life of dignified retirement from Court faction and intrigue. Always fond of solitude, she spent more and more of her time in her own rooms with her pet dogs and canaries, her collections of medals, her books, and her immense correspondence. Her later letters are tinged with the mellow philosophy of one who has observed and suffered much.

In the last days of 1701 she writes to someone who had referred to the changes wrought by time:

'Never having been beautiful, I have not lost much. Then I see that those whom I have known beautiful are at this moment uglier than I. No soul alive would any more recognise Madame de la Vallière. Madame de Montespan's face is covered with wrinkles, and her beautiful hair is white as snow.'

Is it not an eighteenth-century version of Villon's lament, '*Où sont les neiges d'antan?*'

There must have been much homely strength of character and fidelity to early impressions about a woman who could write sincerely after a lifetime of Versailles:

'I would rather see the earth and the trees than the most magnificent palaces, or a kitchen garden than the finest pleasure grounds ornamented with statues and fountains. A green meadow by the side of a stream pleases me more than the finest artificial

cascades. In a word, I like better what is natural than all that art and magnificence can produce and invent.'

The following passage has a special interest by reason of the reserve which Madame habitually maintained about her religious faith :

'I do not think that death is as horrible as you imagine. When, after having read and said my evening prayer, I get into bed I commend myself to God, body and soul. I ask pardon for my sins known and unknown, I plead for them the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, and I do not trouble about anything more, whatever may happen.'

In this calm and resolute spirit she drew near to the close of her long life—if not one of the most attractive, at any rate one of the most worthy, of the royal ladies who adorned the great age of the French monarchy. Even now, after so many years, one lays down her letters with the feeling of having been oneself a spectator of the scenes she describes so vividly. Once more the royal hunt sweeps down the long avenues of Fontainebleau Forest ; once more we see the interminable card-party dragging along in the apartments of Madame, while Louis XIV. works at State papers in the room of the uncrowned Queen, who sits by the fireplace in her armchair. And we come back to the life of to-day with a feeling of real kindliness, almost of personal friendship, towards the gallant, frank, affectionate creature who retained to the end, in an atmosphere of narrowness and convention, her spirit of toleration, her sense of justice, and her love of Nature.

DORA M. JONES.

Madame Félicie.

THERE was great excitement among the villagers when Monsieur and Madame Ribaud took up their residence in the little house just opposite the main entrance to the 'Mansion.' It was a modest little house enough, with whitewashed walls, and tiled roof, and about ten square yards of garden in front, divided from the road by a neat paling and an iron gate.

On the morning after the arrival of the newly wedded pair, Monsieur Ribaud, whose Christian name was Anatole, was observed to superintend with great satisfaction the affixing to the top bar of the gate aforesaid of a small brass plate, on which were inscribed the words 'Les Rosiers.' There were, in fact, two rather stunted rose-trees in the garden, besides several carnations, a patch of mignonette, and a whole row of sweet williams.

The neighbours did not understand the newfangled title; but when, a few days later, a card appeared in the parlour window bearing the legend—

MADAME FÉLICIE RIBAUD,
Robes et Confections,

they thought they knew all about it. Robes! Yes, they had heard that Madam Ribaud was a dressmaker; and confectionery—everyone knew that Mr. Ribaud was the 'Lard's' man-cook. Yet when the first adventurous little village urchin strayed into the new premises, requesting 'an 'aporth o' sweets,' there was no sign of any such commodity, and when he pointed to the placard in the window Madame Félicie shook her head and laughed till every little white tooth was plainly visible.

She was clearly a product of Paris, this little black-eyed slender woman, from the topmost curl of her pretty wavy hair to the buckle of her little high-heeled shoe.

Even the most finished French scholars of the aristocracy could scarcely understand her *grassement*; all sorts of odd little modern

words, not to be found even in the dictionary, escaped her when she was excited. She walked with a curious undulating gait, and carried herself as if she had been a queen. She looked altogether so completely out of place in this sleepy Dorset hamlet that the village people gaped as she passed, and the more initiated wondered how long she would endure her surroundings.

But Madame Félicie was always gay. She laughed as she scrubbed her doorstep of a morning, and tried to talk in her funny broken English to the postman and the milkboy; she sang over her housework, which she accomplished with a prodigious amount of energy, involving much throwing open of windows, and thumping of pillows, and shaking of dusters; she sang also as she worked her sewing-machine; she talked to her customers the prettiest little prattle in the world, imitating as nearly as possible their own somewhat Anglicised version of her native tongue. She considered this but polite. Thus she would say, with her head on one side, in reply to a query:

‘Oh, si, Madame, certainement j’aime la contrée.’ Or, again, she would recommend some particular shade of silk or ribbon, declaring vehemently ‘Cela sied si bien à la complexion de Madame.’

Somebody asked her once if she did not feel dull in the little quiet place, after spending her life in gay delightful Paris, and she became pensive for a moment or two, and then answered with a laugh and a shrug—and this time in English:

‘But no, Madame, I am not dull; one has one’s interior.’

The truth was that Madame Félicie was very much in love with her husband. He was fifteen years older than she—a big, stout, good-humoured looking man with a twinkling eye, and hair that, having been cut persistently *en brosse* since his earliest childhood, stood straight on end the moment he removed hat or cap. He was not beautiful to look at, this good Anatole, but then he had such a heart—it was impossible to conceive what a heart he had, Madame Félicie often declared.

Every day, when he set out for the great house, she accompanied him to the lodge gates, and parted from him there with a little kiss on either cheek; this ceremony necessitated her standing on tip-toe and his stooping quite a long way down; but it seemed highly satisfactory to both parties. And then she would trip away, turning at every three steps to wave her hand and call out ‘Au revoir, mon bon gros’; and he would nod in return and say ‘À ce soir, mon chou,’ until his big, rotund form was lost to view at the curve of the avenue.

And at night, no matter how dark it was or what might be the weather, Madame Félicie, after putting aside her machine, and sweeping up the hearth, and setting out such a cosy little supper-table, would pop on her scarlet *capuchon*, and run up the road very quickly, because it was late and there were sometimes rough people about, and hide in the shadow of the gateway until she saw her Anatole's lantern come bobbing along amid the clumps of evergreens ; on which she would clap her hands softly, and laugh under her breath, and dance up and down in the dark.

He was usually as punctual as clockwork ; but, one night, Madame Félicie watched and waited in vain for a full half-hour ; and it was on this occasion that the couple had their first—I may say their only—serious quarrel.

After waiting, with her cheek pressed against the unsympathetic gate till the church clock in the neighbouring town reminded her of the flight of time, the little woman took her way homewards, in very great dudgeon.

On entering she removed the supper-cloth, and got out her sewing-machine again, and was working hard with bent head and a red spot on each brown cheek when her husband arrived, breathless.

'My angel,' he cried excitedly, 'thou didst well to come in. Thou must have been tired of waiting. I have been so occupied, but so occupied that I paid no attention to the time.'

'Really ?' said Madame ; and went on working with feverish energy.

'Yes, indeed, my cherished-one, I have had an inspiration—I have composed a new dish. It is a triumph. Thou wilt see for thyself how delicious it is.'

But Madame's lips remained pursed up, and her machine went *click—click—click—click* in an uncompromising fashion. He was still too much elated, however, with the result of his recent efforts to be as much impressed with this attitude as she desired.

'I have called it—this new dish—*Fraises en surprise*,' he went on.

'Ah ?' responded Madame coldly.

'Yes. Thou seest, my little one, the strawberries must be of the finest, those large red ones ; ripe, but not too ripe. I scoop out the interior, very delicately so as not to spoil the shape, and fill each one with a spoonful of strawberry cream iced just enough to give it solidity, but not enough to make it hard. Then I close the aperture with little rounds of angelica, cut out so as to resemble

the stalk of the fruit itself. The idea came to me all at once. Say, then, is it not an idea, my all-dear one ?'

The machine slackened for a moment, and Madame looked round with a frigid smile : 'As to that, it is an idea like another.'

'An idea like another !' he retorted indignantly. 'But not at all ! It is an idea quite apart—entirely and absolutely new.'

Madame had resumed her work again, but her ironical tones sounded clearly above the clatter :

'Fraises à la crème—Crème aux fraises—Fraises en surprise—Surprise à la ——'

'Ça !' cried her lord, with mounting ire, 'What takes thee to-night ?'

Madame's little wheel again turned more slowly.

'I cannot say that the idea strikes me as absolutely novel.'

'Allons, allons, allons !' said Anatole, struggling to recover his good humour, 'she is angry, the little woman, because I kept her waiting so long. But when she has tasted the result of my labours she will own that I was right.'

Now, if the chef had not been so entirely carried away by his professional zeal he would have realised that this was not the way to make his *amende*. Félicie turned her back more squarely upon him and feigned to take no notice, while he opened a little basket and took out a little dish, and, finally bending over her, displayed to her resolutely unenthusiastic gaze six large red strawberries embedded in sugar foliage.

'Eat, my treasure ; try one only,' he cried jubilantly. 'It is then that thou wilt say it was worth while.'

'No, thank you,' said Félicie acidly. 'I have no wish to set my teeth on edge. *En surprise* did you say ? A very unpleasant surprise to most people, I should think.'

And she simulated a shiver.

'Ah, c'en est trop !' cried Monsieur in a voice of thunder. He was so angry that he threw the plate and its contents upon the floor and stamped upon them, so that, between broken china and crushed strawberries and cream, the new carpet suffered considerably.

Then Madame laid aside her stoicism, and declared with a little shriek that he was a monster ; and Monsieur, still hammering upon the fragments with his heel, vowed that she was *par trop* maussade, and that he could not and would not endure that all he held most sacred should be giped at. Then Madame asked was it for this she had left her beloved Paris and her adored family ? And Monsieur

wanted to know where, then, was the reward of his devoted love and his many sacrifices ?

'Sacrifices !' ejaculated Félicie, whisking towards him. 'What sacrifices, pray ?'

'I have given up my liberty,' said Anatole, more in sorrow than in anger now. 'I have abandoned my happy, irresponsible *vie de garçon*. I have denied myself many things ; I could have travelled with Milord ; I could have gone to Scotland, a country which I have never seen, and which, I am assured on all sides, is most agreeable. But no. I agree to enter the service of Milord only on condition that I be not parted from my wife. By reason of this,' said Monsieur, sinking his voice, 'Milord, who is ever of the most considerate, is obliged to engage for Scotland with some *misérable cuisinière-job*.'

'But of what use is it for you, then, to stay, since you no longer love your poor wife at all ?' murmured Félicie.

On this Anatole was constrained to seize himself frantically by the hair and to endeavour to lift himself up by it. 'I do not love her !' he exclaimed tragically. 'She says I do not love her !'

He looked appealingly at the sewing-machine. Madame's gaze also reverted thither.

'How can I believe that he loves me ?' she said, with a sob, 'when he keeps me waiting such a long, long time in the dark, and when he does not come home for supper, though he knows I am so hungry and will never begin without him, and—and——'—(here came a whole volley of little sobs)—'when he *does* come he does not even *once* say he is sorry.'

'My angel,' cried Monsieur Anatole, 'thou art telling little lies. Surely I said I was sorry.'

'No, no, indeed thou didst not,' said Félicie, still much injured. 'Thou didst talk about thy new dish, and thou didst say that it was worth while waiting for it, and that I would see thou hadst been right.'

'Oh, oh, oh !' said Anatole, looking very knowing all at once. 'And of course I should have said that I was wrong, *mon pauvre petit chou-chou* !' He lifted aside the sewing-machine and stretched his arms across the table to her.

'And yet thou seest, *ma toute belle*, I did not forget thee. *Non ça*, I was thinking of thee all the time, and picturing thy delight when thou didst see my strawberries.'

'Oh, *mon pauvre gros*, and I said so many *vilaines choses* !' Madame was leaning across the table now, and sobbing on his

shoulder. 'Tu m'en veux à présent,' she whispered. 'Bien sûr, tu m'en veux ?'

And though he assured her that he forgave her, Anatole had great difficulty in persuading her to forgive herself. But when she had cried a good deal more, and kissed him a great many times, she dried her eyes, and began to clear away the mess on the floor with a little inward sigh for her spoilt carpet ; and Anatole took off his coat, and put on his apron, and set to work to prepare supper. As a rule it was Félicie who did the home cooking, her husband declaring that he had enough of it at the great house. But to-night he pronounced tenderly that she was trop émotionnée to undertake any fresh labours, and that it should be his joy to minister to her. Therefore, when she had cleaned the carpet and washed her hands, she sat down in the armchair, and Anatole waited upon her as if she had been a duchess ; and though they were both very happy and very merry, Félicie was troubled every now and then in her heart of hearts with a recurring twinge of remorse.

The months passed, and Anatole achieved fresh triumphs, and Félicie secured many new customers, for not only was she considered to have a wonderful cut, but there was a certain piquant attraction about employing a real live Parisian dressmaker. The couple were as busy as bees and as thrifty. It was their intention to make a fortune as speedily as possible, in order that they might live in France for ever after.

At Christmas a new marvel set the villages agog. A baby arrived upon the scene—a ridiculous French baby, which was enveloped in swaddling clothes and was carried about on a pillow by a little black-eyed nurse, who wore a frilled cap and was about three feet high. The baby was very fat and very brown, and its eyes were very round, and the little dark down on its head already evinced a disposition to stand on end. 'Ma fille,' as Félicie proudly declared when the mite was about six weeks old ; 'c'est Anatole tout craché.' But Anatole, with a sentimental air, opined that the little one was the living image of her mother.

Spring came late that year, and Félicie was a long time in regaining her strength ; even when she got back to work again, though she declared herself perfectly well, and never would own to being in the least tired, her face had a pinched look amid all its happiness. She had more customers than ever, and when the small nurse had brought the baby in from its airing she was frequently obliged to lend a hand in basting a hem, or top-sewing a seam.

'Thou art too thin, mon chou-chou,' Anatole would say sometimes. 'Thou art running from morning till night. Thou givest thyself no rest.' But Madame was in the best of health, she said. It was by contrast with the little one that she appeared thin. The little one was fat enough.

May came, wet and windy. The Ribands' home was much overshadowed by trees, and the branches dripped upon the roof, with a sound that would have been mournful had there not been so much cheerful bustle going on within that no one had time to notice it. And sometimes, after heavy rains, the river rose, and the flood came right under the garden gate; and then it was damp in the little house. But Félicie put on pattens and laughed, and said certainly Dorset was different from Paris; and Anatole dug a trench outside the paling, and was much commended by his spouse for cleverness and forethought.

The river, usually so beautiful in spring, with its limpid waters reflecting the blue sky and dappled clouds, and the varying greens of the trees whose branches dipped right into it, was, this year, dreary enough. The waters looked sullen, like the clouds overhead, and a brown deposit of mud was left upon its banks after the floods had subsided, and at sundown thick white mists rose from it, shrouding the bridge and the little town on the other side, and even the trees of the 'Lard's' park and the cattle huddled there. These evil mists crept even within the walls of Les Rosiers, so that, do what she might, Félicie found it difficult to keep the house warm; and when she went forth at night to meet her husband the dense vapour seemed to fill her lungs, and she often coughed long after they had returned together to the hearth.

'It is not safe for thee, my cherished-one,' said Anatole, 'to come out so late in weather such as this. Thou must stay at home until I come.'

'But the time seems so long,' said Félicie. 'I like you to think I am waiting for you there, and loving you.'

And come she would, mist or no mist, so that Anatole, between *attendrissement* and anxiety, was well-nigh distracted.

One day, however, he came back from the town, waving delightedly a small parcel.

'I have found it,' he cried. 'I have had an idea, my all-dear-one, which will satisfy thy heart and at the same time preserve thy precious health!'

He hastily undid the packet, and revealed a small lantern.

'Seest thou, my darling, is not this an invention? The glass

on one side is red, as thou observest, and on the other green. When the weather is too bad for thee to go out thou wilt stay at home, like a prudent little wife, and thou wilt fasten this outside our bedroom window with the red side turned outwards. Red, the colour of the heart—the colour of love! And I will see it from the avenue, and I will think to myself as I hasten along, my adored Félicie is staying at home to please me. She is quite well and she loves me. Well, does not that idea smile to thee?’

The idea smiled so much to Félicie that she smiled, too, and turned about the little lantern admiringly.

‘The green glass is very pretty also,’ she said. ‘When shall I turn that outwards? Green, the colour of jealousy! Aha! monsieur mon mari, if you dare to give me occasion——’

‘Jamais de la vie,’ cried Anatole, with huge delight, and assuming a very knowing air which intimated that he would not for the world—but still, if he chose—h’m, h’m! ‘No, no, my little one,’ he went on more seriously, ‘green signifies something prettier than jealousy; it also signifies hope.’

‘And when shall I tell thee to hope?’ said Madame, with her head on his shoulder.

‘Dame, if the marmot had not already arrived!’ said Anatole reflectively. ‘As it is we do not seem to want hope, do we? But if, for example, thou wert suffering, and I had parted from thee in anxiety, then, to salute my return, thou wouldst hang out the lantern with the green side towards me so that I might know at once that thou wert better, and might hope that thou wouldst soon be tout-a-fait remise.’

‘I see,’ said Madame contentedly. ‘Thou thinkest of everything, mon bon gros.’

And so after that Madame Félicie duly hung out the little glimmering red light so that Anatole might see even from very, very far off that she was thinking of him and loving him. But notwithstanding this, when the time for his home-coming drew near, the naughty, disobedient little woman would often run out all the same, and hide in the embrasure of the wall, and pounce upon her lord from behind as he went hurrying down the road with his eyes upon the tiny glowing beacon.

‘It was to make thee a surprise,’ she would say; or ‘I could not resist it, dost thou see?’ or, again, with a little naïve air of astonishment, ‘But I wrapped up so warm, so warm, it could not possibly hurt me. I even covered up my mouth, as thou canst observe.’

And the said little mouth was immediately uncovered again that she might embrace her Anatole upon the highway.

It was no doubt one of these forbidden expeditions that wrought such havoc in the peaceful little 'interior.' On returning one night, though Félicie sat very close to the fire, and though her face was quite hot, her hands remained persistently cold, and she shivered incessantly. Anatole made her some lime-blossom tea, and covered her up very warm; indeed, he spent the entire night, the good fellow, in covering her up, and tucking her in all round, and imploring her to perspire. But she did not perspire, and neither did she sleep; she coughed instead, a nasty little hacking cough. At daybreak the chef ran for the doctor—just for a precaution, he told Félicie, who was indeed very anxious to get up and prepare breakfast. But when the doctor came he looked grave. It was pneumonia, and a very serious case, he said; but Madame Ribaud was young, and with care—— He would look in again in the evening, and meanwhile prescribed warmth, absolute quiet, and the closest attention to his directions. He would tell the district nurse to call.

'It is I who will nurse her,' said Anatole fiercely.

And so, all at once, tragedy came to Les Rosiers, where hitherto an idyll of true love had reigned undisturbed. When Jeannette, swaying the baby from side to side on its frilled pillow, paused to listen outside the door of the sick-room, she could hear Madame Félicie's hurried breathing, and Monsieur Anatole's stealthy tread as he moved about within. The baby, resenting, no doubt, the changes in its hitherto unchequered existence, cried fretfully from time to time; and once Félicie showed uneasiness.

Anatole darted from the room, his eyes aflame.

'Carry her away,' he cried in a hoarse whisper; 'carry her out of hearing at least, if you have not the sense to stop her.'

'But, m'sieur, the poor little one——'

'My wife must not be disturbed, I say. My God, it is enough to drive one mad!'

The little house was very silent after this, and Félicie dozed fitfully and feverishly, and Anatole tried to smile whenever she opened her eyes.

Once, after taking her medicine, she remained looking at him with a curious expression.

'I have been thinking, mon bon gros—I do not sleep all the time, thou knowest—I have been thinking . . . that day when we quarrelled.'

'We never quarrelled,' said Anatole huskily.

'Oh, si—tu sais . . . la grande querelle—les fraises en surprise, tu sais ?'

Anatole nodded; he wanted to speak, but somehow he could not.

'I have been thinking,' said Madame, raising one little burning hand to stroke his sleeve, 'how stupid I was not to taste them. J'étais très maussade, hein ? Thou didst say I was maussade.'

'No, no, never—never anything but adorable.'

And Anatole caught the little hand in his, and kissed it.

'I should so like to taste them now,' said Félicie; 'they must be so good, the strawberries and the ice. How delicious to feel the ice upon one's tongue ! But there are no strawberries, now.'

'Yes, there are strawberries,' cried the chef eagerly; 'there are forced strawberries in the hothouses yonder at the château. The gardener would give me some in a minute. Couldst thou eat them, ma mignonne ? I could soon prepare them.'

Félicie's thick eyelashes were beginning to droop, but with an effort she opened her eyes wide.

'Yes, yes, I would like it, I would indeed. I have here on the heart, dost thou see, that I refused to taste thy invention. Besides,' she added, seeing him about to protest, 'I have a longing for them—I know they must be so good.'

'I shall be back in an hour,' cried Anatole joyfully. 'After all,' he said to himself as he descended the stairs, 'sometimes these sick fancies are instinctive. Who knows ? The coolness of the fruit might lessen the fever, and cream is certainly nourishing.'

His next-door neighbour agreed to sit with Félicie till his return; she had just taken her medicine and would not be likely to want anything for some little time. He set off as fast as his legs could carry him to the Park. Never did the legs of a stout man cover the ground more quickly; in despite of which he was longer in carrying out his purpose than he had anticipated. He was obliged to prepare the dish at the mansion, not having the necessary appliances at home. It was dusk when he descended the avenue again, carefully carrying the result of his labours; and as he came in sight of home he instinctively raised his eyes, and saw a little green light twinkling from the upper window. Green, the colour of hope ! Félicie had remembered his words. Yet at sight of the dancing gleam his heart went down, down, to the lowest depths.

In a few minutes he was in her room, and the neighbour, nodding good-naturedly, rose and withdrew.

'See, I have brought thee the strawberries,' said Anatole, in a strangled voice.

Félicie opened her eyes and smiled.

'Thou must feed me,' she said feebly.

With renewed hope he uncovered his little dish and cut off the tip of the largest strawberry with a silver spoon. 'Taste,' he said eagerly.

He bent over her, poising the spoon delicately, and she advanced her poor parched lips, and closed her eyes in token of ecstasy.

'Déli-cieux !' said Madame Félicie.

But when he offered her another mouthful she motioned the spoon away with a faint smile and a little shake of the head.

And then Anatole rushed blindly from the room, and clattered downstairs, almost overturning the good woman from next door, who was fastening her shawl at the foot.

'Well, to be sure,' cried she indignantly, 'whatever is the man thinking about? Makin' so much noise as a regiment, and his missus that ill——'

'Animal !' cried Anatole inarticulately, 'I go that she not see me cry !'

And he rushed into the little parlour, and shut the door.

A few minutes later he emerged, with red eyes, to meet the doctor; and the doctor was very kind, and said while there was life there was hope.

A little later that night, as Anatole was sitting by her bedside holding one small hand in his—the small fevered hand with its roughened forefinger—she moved her head upon the pillow, so that she could see him more plainly.

'Mon bon gros, I think of something.'

'Of what, then, my all-dear ?'

'If I die thou wilt be very lonely.'

'Ah, my little angel, do not speak of such things! If thou wert to die I would surely die too.'

'Thou wouldst wish to die, I know, mon ami; but thou must not die—there is the little one !'

'There is the little one,' repeated Anatole, in muffled tones.

'Yes, I have been thinking—thou wilt be very lonely, my poor Anatole, and I do not want to be selfish—I—I want thee to be happy. But if thou dost marry again—the little one will have a stepmother !'

And as she faltered the last words her unnaturally bright eyes grew suddenly dim.

And though poor Anatole knew very well that he could no longer restrain his tears it did not seem worth while to run away this time ; he rolled his poor face in the pillow instead, and cried, and cried, and said, 'Never, never, never,' until he could no longer say anything at all.

And then Félicie moved her head yet a little nearer until her cheek rested upon his stiff hair, and said 'Mon bon gros,' for the last time.

Two melancholy little processions passed through the gates of Les Rosiers within a few weeks of each other. The first went slowly upwards to the churchyard on the other side of the Park ; the second proceeded to the railway station—Monsieur Anatole and the baby, and the nurse, and all the little household gods. Les Rosiers remained deserted without any remnant of its former self, except the tiny brass plate which no one thought it worth while to remove from the gate.

Soon the forsaken house was deprived of its very name, and became henceforth known as 'Sibley's,' a large and noisy family of that name having taken possession of it. Cabbages were grown in the garden-plot, and a clothes-line was slung from a corner of the railing to the window-staple where Félicie used to hang her lantern.

But the rose-trees remained, and one day, five or six years later, a stout man, holding a brown paper parcel in one hand, and with the other leading a little girl, was observed to pause and earnestly consider them. And presently, loosing the child's hand, he stretched out a hasty arm and picked a leaf from each, and kissed them, and hid them in his bosom.

It was not until after he had gone that the village folk identified 'Mossoo.' His hair had grown quite grey, they said, but still they knew the back of him ; and the little maid—yes, now they came to think of it, anyone could tell she was poor Madam's child. The very turn of her head in that little red hood, and the very walk.

One or two, more curious than the rest, followed the big man from afar, and saw him presently turn in at the churchyard gate, and watched as he knelt by Madame's grave. They saw him stoop and kiss the grass, and then gather a handful of it, which he hid away, like the rose-leaves, in his bosom. And then he unfastened his parcel and laid, just at her feet, such a beautiful big wreath ; and then, lifting up the child, he made her kiss the cross at the head of the grave, and carried her away, wiping his eyes as he went.

The watchers kept out of sight till he departed, and then went forward to examine the wreath. It was a large one, such as they had never seen, all made of yellow everlasting flowers, and there was something written on it that they could not make out.

But these were the words ;

A ma bien-aimée.

M. E. FRANCIS.

Feathered Foragers.

IN the black roll of the Highland keeper the golden eagle heads and ennobles the list of 'vermin.' Terribly destructive he is, the king of the winged ravagers, and when forests and moors rose to fancy rents he was ruthlessly proscribed. Sir William Jardine, that accurate naturalist, tells us that in three years, in the 'thirties, in the single county of Sutherland, 220 eagles were shot or trapped. The numbers of the victims were the best justification of the slaughter, for the eagles did infinite harm and could be credited with little good. The peregrine may be more ruthless, for he will strike from sheer love of the game; but it was argued in his favour that he checked disease by flying at the ailing members of a brood—although that is more than questionable. No such plea could be urged for the eagle; but at least he makes his hunting a pure matter of business. In satisfying his own appetite and that of the ravenous eaglets in the breeding time, he was always abroad and always active. It was fortunate, perhaps, that though loving the excitements of the chase and preferring fresh-killed meat, he has no objection to carrion. When he came on the carcass of a drowned sheep he would gorge like a boa-constrictor, to be paralysed for a day or two both in flight and brain power; or he would follow on the track of the wounded deer, stooping at the head, striking home with his beak, fixing his talons in the shoulders, and blinding the staggering brute with the death shadow of flapping wings. When gorged, the forester with his terriers or the shepherd with his collies would take him at an advantage; with filmy eyes, and too heavily weighted to rise, he would fall a victim to a single stroke of the stick. But happily, when the eagle was disappearing, and, indeed, in a fair way of being extirpated, there were owners of vast tracts of forest who came to regard him from the picturesque point of view. Peremptory orders were issued for the preservation of eagles; and in Athol, in Strathconon, in Stack, and other great

forests, for many years they have found a sanctuary. The golden eagles have been getting up again, but you can't keep them near home by hand feeding, like pheasants. Princes of the Powers of the air, they range far and near for their prey, and think nothing of a flight of some fifty miles or so. When Evan Dhu hoped to show his skill as a marksman, the eagle he missed was on his way from the glens of Glennaquoich to fetch an afternoon's prey from the Braes of Bradwardine. The flight is deceptive as it is strong. Each slow stroke of the pinions sends him forward with the effortless glide of the skater who has stored up reserves of velocity. See a pair circling high overhead, when intruders on the wastes threaten the eyrie they have good reason for deeming impregnable. It is the poetry, or rather the passion, of aeronautic action. As striking is their fashion of seizing the victim, with the lamb or the fawn it is a swift, straight stoop, like the perpendicular drop of the osprey when plunging on a trout in the loch. But with winged game it is a swooping circle, a poise, and then the swift, slantidicular rush. Anything light, like a grouse or ptarmigan snatched up in the air, is borne away to some rocky perch to be devoured at leisure. But when the eagle goes in for feasting on the carcass of drowned sheep or death-stricken deer, it is remarkable that, in restless activity, he never folds his pinions. They keep steadily flapping as he tears his way to the entrails. Once I chanced to assist from an ambush at one of those Highland banquets, and had opportunity of noting the mortal terror the king of the clouds inspired in his subjects. Crawling up a burn, on the outlook for cackling mallards, I was brought to a pause by the croaking of ravens and the hoarse clamour of carrion crows. Peeping cautiously through a heather bush, I saw a mixed company beginning operations upon a drowned wether, which they seemed to have just discovered. Simultaneously they raised their heads—before I did. Then there was the sound of a mighty rushing wind, and down dropped an eagle. As he stalked deliberately to the stranded sheep, all the others scattered, and, voraciously jealous as they had been the moment before, not a bird interfered till the monarch was satiated. It was ludicrous to see their disgusted expression as they hopped around, occasionally venting their irritation on each other with savage pecks, but keeping well out of reach of the arch enemy. Indeed, the eagle was a formidable figure, with the fierce yellow lustre of the glittering eyes, as he cast malignant glances about, while he tore away at wool and skin.

On another occasion I saw an eagle even nearer, though it was

but a spectre-like glimpse; but few can boast so close an experience. We were shooting ptarmigan on one of the highest of the Ross-shire hills, when we were suddenly enveloped in thick driving mist. I was looking to my steps on a paving of loose boulders, when the wing of an eagle actually fanned my cheek. The great bird was at least as much taken aback as myself, and vanished in the gloom with piercing screams.

Should he escape gun, trap, and poison, the eagle is believed to live to extreme old age. Highland tradition and superstition credit him with marvellous longevity. Certain it is that when he falls upon years no creature is more to be pitied, for his lot is sadly changed. Eyes and pinions fail him together, and he probably dies of sheer starvation. In exceptionally severe winters even eagles in the prime of their vigour are reduced to great straits. The whole Highland country is buried deep in snow, and hares and ptarmigan, having put on their winter coats, are barely to be distinguished from the drifts. Then eagles, reduced to extremities, have been known to attack the starving deer, who are in equally lamentable case. After a protracted snowfall, when crippled with starvation and reduced to skeletons, they have been approached within easy gunshot, like the partridges who gather to the rick-yard.

Keepers are not so hard upon eagles as they once were; indeed, many now take a pride in protecting them, partly, perhaps, from some touch of sentiment, but chiefly because eagles keep down the mountain hares, which bother the dogs and are regarded as unmitigated nuisances. Their worst enemies now are the naturalists, who bribe the bird-stuffers, and the egg-collectors, who will give a guinea for an egg; nor is the egg dear at the money, considering the risk involved in getting it. Harrying an eyrie is, indeed, a case of 'bird-nesting extraordinary.' Seldom accessible from below, it must generally be assailed from above. The adventurer, slung from a rope, is swinging in mid-air, and it is a chance if the violent oscillations of the pendulum land him on the ledge before the nest that is slippery with the miscellaneous *débris* of the larder. Should there be nurslings, the parents are screaming overhead—enough of itself to shake the nerves, even if they do not actually assail the assailant. The nest is constructed on a colossal scale, with an interweaving of sticks. Sometimes there are veritable pieces of timber, which show the strength of the bird, for often in a treeless forest the materials must have been fetched from afar. There are seldom more than a couple of eggs, of a dull white, with specks or splashes of pink. And in the olden time, when the balance of

Nature was still undisturbed, it was well that the multiplication of the race was so limited. Had their broods been numerous as those of the red or black grouse, they must have made a clean sweep of the hills. It may have been a fair feud for the hill ranger or shepherd to kill the eagle, but I am always sorry for him when I see him in captivity. Moreover, the exhibition is a cruel futility. Moping on his perch under the gratings of the cage at the 'Zoological,' he shows as little of his native spirit and animation as the stuffed specimens in the museum. As hillsick as his moping neighbour the chamois, gazing wistfully at the clouded sun, towards which he will never soar again, he pines away with chronic liver complaint.

I feel no such sympathy for the caged raven. In the first place, being sullen of mood and naturally of a sombre temperament, he takes confinement more philosophically. Then, if he did suffer keenly, I could find it in my heart to rejoice at it. He is a sublimation of the vilest qualities of the grey crow, the incarnation of cowardly ferocity. There are passion and life in the cry of the eagle, but the croak of the raven is the intoning of a death-dirge. His favourite haunt is in the darkness of some lonely glen; and his ill-omened voice, chiming in with the grumble of the shrunken torrent, aggravates the depression that insensibly steals over you in the shadows of falling night. Belated after a long and weary stalk, you cannot help reflecting on the fate that might have befallen you had you broken a leg or sprained an ankle. Till absolutely helpless you would be tolerably safe, for the raven seldom attacks till his victim is in the death throes, and he has a morbid predilection for corpses. But he will gloat over the death agonies with hungry impatience, walking round and round, drawing nearer and nearer, and noting all the signs of approaching dissolution. Of man, even when prostrated, he has some instinctive dread, but he knows that the dying sheep or deer is powerless. Then he strikes at the eye—his favourite morsel—and what Christopher North calls his 'cut and thrust beak' is admirably fitted for the purpose of an autopsy. It is strange, when there is a real treasure-trove of carrion, how many ravens—almost always by the couple—will gather quickly to the feast. For, as a rule, they are solitary birds, or, at least, each pair keeps lonely house, foraging some district which seems abandoned to them by tacit consent. Probably their fashion of congregating may be ascribed to the same cause which attracts African vultures and the king storks to a fresh-killed piece of game, when the moment before the clear sky

had been apparently speckless. One couple keeps a watch on the movements of another, and answers to the croak of irrepressible exultation. Scent, too, may have something to do with it, though that explanation is scarcely plausible. Yet it is a fact that though the raven's nostrils are thickly feathered, the keenness of scent surpasses that of the fox, whom the bird rivals in sly audacity and cunning.

Ravens are indefatigable ravagers of the moors. They nest in March, and their voracious broods are hatched early in April. Thenceforth there is no peace for the game, who breed later; and it is no wonder that the keeper wages unsparing war against them. They mark each movement of grouse or grey hen, ready to drop on the nest when she leaves the eggs. When the young birds have chipped the shell, the cover of the heather is a slight protection. Generally, as I said, the ravens breed in some rocky solitude where winged game is scarce, and their young must sometimes be on short commons. But later in the season the family often migrates to moors where the sportsman expects the very cream of the shooting. Many a good keeper has been unjustly abused for sending optimistic reports to the south which have been sadly falsified on the Twelfth. Frequently unexpected rains may be answerable for that, but I believe that often much of the blame should rest on the swarthy shoulders of the ravens and hooded crows.

The eagle is a pitiable object in confinement. The raven, on the contrary, is perhaps seen to most advantage when uncaged, but half-domesticated and a prisoner at large. Of course, as Macaulay remarked of Mr. Montgomery's Satan, old habits are not easily eradicated, and he still retains his predatory and felonious instincts. But with his Tartuffe airs of solemn hypocrisy, if he is a thief by habit and repute, he is a most amusing one. Even his felonies are condoned when he tampers with plate or jewellery, carrying off spoons and rings to his private repositories. Dickens, with his Bohemian sympathies, was never more humorous than when he bemoaned the demise of the first of his raven *poem*, the prototype of Grip, in 'Barnaby Rudge.' It will be remembered that the departed on his death-bed had forebodings of his approaching dissolution, and was troubled as to the disposal of his little property, consisting chiefly of stolen halfpence, invested in the back garden. The death was characteristically due to a surfeit of stolen white paint, and was delicately broken to Dickens by the medical attendant of the deceased, who 'prepared me by the remark that "a jolly queer start had taken place."'

Magpies and jackdaws have the same thieving propensities

and as pets are as troublesome, though even more entertaining. Both are admirable mimics of sounds, and born actors, and not unfrequently are accomplished ventriloquists. The magpie in captivity is always on the hop, with head on one side, and an overdone air of innocence which never deceives those who know him best. In the woods he is for ever flitting through the trees, with the playful jerk of the tail which seems to show contempt of the persecutors he outwits. Though he is one of the most beautiful of British birds, with the rich colours of back and breast contrasting the brilliant black and white of the tail, very naturally the keepers are down upon him. Like all his tribe, he doats upon eggs, and in the spring-time he regularly goes bird-nesting. No village boy has so sharp an eye or is half so well acquainted with the secretive instincts of birds, from pheasant and partridge to willow wrens and sedge-warblers. About the only thing to be said in his favour is that where wood pigeons multiply he thins their numbers. Laying a couple of white eggs on a transparent fabric of slight lattice-work, the cushats could not have a more dangerous neighbour. If he has overlooked the eggs, he keeps an eye on the young. Frederick St. John, a close observer, comments on his careful table arrangements, declaring that he always waits till the nurslings are 'fit for the table.' The magpie is shy of traps as of guns, yet, if the snare be well concealed, eggs are an almost irresistible lure. He takes excellent care of himself, and, though the keepers keep him down, is never likely to be extirpated; and we should be sorry to miss the grating scream, an agreeable though harsh tenor to the droning whirr of the nightjar, for he is always most vociferous in the gloaming, when he can indulge in greater liberties. As a boy I remember no more thrilling sensation in the woods than the discovery of a magpie's nest. Though, indeed, there is little attempt at concealment; for it rather challenges observation, though it tests the pluck of the climber. It is a huge structure of sticks, elaborately roofed in, but perched, in most cases, in a perilously inaccessible position.

The jay, in the glow of colours that glance in the sun, rivals, if it does not surpass, the magpie. Seldom seen now in many southern districts, it is still common enough in the woodlands of Kent and Sussex. You hear the scream of alarm as the beaters enter a covert; you catch a glimpse of the flash of the feathers as it shoots across a glade. It loves the dense undergrowth and tangled 'short cut,' where the saplings are cut septennially for hop poles. Its nest, on a smaller scale, resembles that of the magpie, though the roof is dispensed with. Like the useful and much-calumniated owl, it

deserves not only mercy, but protection from the keepers. It may pick up a few eggs at an odd time, but it is not a hardened or an inveterate egg-stealer. And it is a better guard to the coverts than any number of watchers or bell wires, for it sounds a warning when any trespasser sets foot in them. Even a fox can never lie up for a quiet snooze among the brambles or bracken if a jay is on the look-out. It will keep up a continuous clamour, till Reynard changes his snug quarters in disgust or despair.

Magpies and jays shun human company, but the jackdaw makes himself at home anywhere and everywhere. So the keeper knows to his cost, when a daw has domiciled himself within stoop of the pheasant nursery. How gladly then would the watcher, who wastes his curses, have him anathematised with bell, book, and candle, like the sacrilegious church robber immortalised in the *Ingoldsby Legends*! He nests indifferently in ruins, churches, cliffs, and the holes in hollow trees. Where he has the choice, his first idea is to have a poultry yard or pheasant preserve handy. He is really a rook on a smaller scale, scarce to be distinguished save for the size and some tinting of the plumage. Like the rook, he is gregarious, loves to settle in colonies, and sticks year after year to the same nesting-place. In autumn and winter he takes to the fields with the rooks, mingling indiscriminately with their flocks. Of all the egg thieves and chicken snatchers he is the most audacious, if not the most destructive. The sparrow-hawk trusts to dash, making a swift stoop on the coops, and is gone like a flash of greased lightning. The daw is seldom foolhardy or precipitate; he waits till the watcher's back is turned, for being ever on the spot he does not trouble to hurry.

If the daw is a miniature rook, the crow is a feebler raven. In his campaigning qualities he is as the light Uhlan to the heavy dragoon. Always scouting and keeping a bright look-out, nothing escapes his observation. In fact, his keenness overreaches itself, for he can never keep a discovery to himself. His cry of joyful surprise when he sights a prize calls all his *confères* to the feast, with any of the ravens who may be within hearing. Crows are a universal pest, but naturalists are much puzzled as to the several species. There is a standing confusion between carrion crow and hooded crow; naturalists tell us that their internal arrangements are identical, but the feathering varies according to sex and age. The fact is that though their habits differ—for the carrion crow is gregarious, which the other is not—they are much in the habit of intermarrying, so the breeds get mixed. The one indisputable

point is that they are equally noxious. Preferring carrion, they devour anything, and are, of course, among the most mischievous of the egg-hunters. They are partial to fish, and when the otter leaves a salmon on the bank, with a single bite out of the shoulder, the crows clear the table, leaving nothing but the backbone. In the season they resort to the seaside, like their betters, where they surfeit on any garbage stranded by the tide, or pick up a living from the shellfish. When puzzled by the hardness of the shell, they show a sagacity which is rather reason than instinct. Lord Cockburn tells us in his 'Memorials,' that at Caroline Park, near Edinburgh, tenanted first by Lord John Scott, and afterwards by Sir John McNeill, they were seen to soar into the air with the cockles, to shiver the shells on the rocks below. The character of these marauders is so infamous that lapwings and gulls make common cause against them, mobbing and even buffeting them when they come near the nesting-places. I remember paying a visit to a settlement of the black-headed gulls, which covered, as with a snowy sheet smeared over with inkstains, a couple of acres of rushy swamp. The gulls were not unused to visitors, and did not disturb themselves at my approach. But suddenly the air was darkened with screaming clouds, swirling and thickening towards a centre, when out of them emerged a panic-stricken crow, winging his flight to a neighbouring fir wood, and, with the merciless buffeting he received on all hands, for once I rather felt for the grey-backed marauder. On the moors the plague has been greatly abated by the use of strychnine. You take a hill hare or rabbit, slit the eye, and introduce the poison. Naturally there is some danger that dogs will come to grief, and as the crows will drag suspended bait to the ground, it is difficult to keep it out of the dogs' way. But as it happens, a dog, should he worry a dead rabbit, will seldom touch the head; whereas the crow commences with pecking at the eye. And the strychnine acts so surely and quickly that the crows lie strewn in the immediate neighbourhood, and you have the satisfaction of seeing how well the plan has worked. As for rooks, it is quite impossible to deal with them; and yet they are as eager after eggs as any of their cousins. If you go out with the keeper, gathering pheasant eggs in spring—and there is no more amusing form of bird-nesting—you will see them following, well out of gunshot and keeping unwinking eyes on every movement. They will certainly search the spot where you stoop. Better to take half a nestful than wait; otherwise you will find a pitiful scattering of broken shells.

The raven led us into such low company as the scavenger crows. We rise again with the osprey or fishing eagle, the victim of an exterminating war, though dear to all lovers of the picturesque. It is sad to think that two of the best of northern sportsmen and naturalists set an evil example. Colquhoun actually boasts of raids upon the ospreys who bred on the islands of Loch Lomond and in the old castle of Monteith; and St. John, in his 'Tour in Sutherland,' ruthlessly robbed the nests, and in skulking ambush took shameful advantage of ardent parental affections among the insular eyries of the lonely lochs. Happily now some of the great landowners have taken the birds under their protection; and in some impregnable positions, in the wilds of the western coast, they have always defied their enemies. So it is not often that one has a chance of watching the fishing of the osprey; but nothing in nature is more noteworthy or more wonderful. Poised in the air, the piercing eye must detect the trout fathoms below the surface; the drop is as the sheer descent of a heavy stone, and almost invariably the bird emerges with the trout in the talons. Then, if there are no nurslings in the nest, he carries it to the nearest rock and devours it at leisure. The nest is as solidly constructed of sticks as that of the golden eagle, though more warmly padded with rushes and grasses.

The osprey is seldom to be seen now, but the peregrine falcon is more common than is generally believed. There are few extensive forests of savage character which are not frequented by one or two pairs. But the peregrine, with his insatiable appetite and his lust for blood, knows better than to make a show of himself. He is a good friend to the deer-stalker, for he thins the grouse. It has been argued that he cannot be very destructive to feathered game, because they find cover in the heather when they see him abroad. The fact is that he sits ever watchful on some rocky eminence, and only launches into the air when the covey is on the wing. See him hawking the golden plover or lapwings on the moors, and mark the swiftness of the stoop and the certainty of the death-stroke! Often he makes his eyrie on some lofty sea-cliff, and then the plover and shore-haunting fowl have lively times of it. In the old hawking days the peregrines from the Hebrides, the Welsh cliffs, or the Isle of Man fetched fancy prices when coin was scarce. Nor was it wonderful, for not even the little sparrow-hawk is so imbued with the passion of the chase; for the peregrine, in his thirst for blood, will kill for sheer wantonness. Striking with the wing as well as with beak or singles, he will drop the grouse or black game, *en passant*,

without one glance over the shoulder. There is sinister cruelty in the fiery eye; and when the female has chanced to be widowed there is many a fierce love-fight for the lady's good graces.

When the peregrine puts on the pace, it is tremendous; it almost beats that of the old blackcock. But for grace of aerial motion the kite is *facile princeps*. So he got his Saxon name of 'the gleder,' which is eloquently expressive. Rising in sweeping circles on seemingly motionless wing, he steers by imperceptible action of the tail, till dwarfed to a speck in the sky or lost to sight altogether. Never is there the slightest appearance of effort. As to how far he harms game, authorities hold very opposite opinions. I myself believe that he feeds chiefly on carrion and reptiles. The truth is that, like the eagle, he is no ways particular as to his fare, and his voracity involves him in justifiable suspicion. 'Greedy as a gled' was an old Scottish byword. Like all the hawks, he is a nuisance in the hatching time, as the keepers of the last generation knew to their cost—for nowadays the kite is a rare apparition. And though he could not dive for his prey, he was devoted to trout, like the osprey. When traps were set—and he was never shy of them—a trout or a cut of salmon was a sure bait.

The buzzard is the largest of the tribe, bigger even than the peregrine, incorrigibly lazy, and consequently corpulent. He will never build for himself if he can help it, but takes up his quarters in the deserted residence of crow or magpie. He is cowardly, too, and puts up with any amount of bullying and buffeting from small birds. Yet the impostor makes a fine appearance in the air, and the flight is scarcely less imposing than that of the kite. The buzzard may be almost harmless, except when purveying for the young; but of very different temperament is the tiny sparrow-hawk, the incarnation of daring, dash, and impudence. The polecat of the air, it is as persistent in its sanguinary attentions to any locality that attracts it. Like the jackdaw, when it has found out the pheasant coops it never relaxes its attentions. The keeper may be nodding or gone to dinner, but the sparrow-hawk is ever wide awake. It is a deadly and standing terror in the purlieus of the farmyard. A shadow shoots across the sun, and there is a general concert of alarm. Geese are gabbling, brood hens are clucking, and ducks are quacking as they hustle their ducklings into the pond. I have seen a sparrow-hawk stoop on a farmyard while a sale of cattle was going forward, to snatch a pigeon off the roof, leaving a trail of feathers behind. Enormously strong, even the smaller male will carry a bird heavier than himself to a con-

siderable distance. But he seldom carries it far; his powers of appetite have their limits, and, as he infallibly returns to the 'kill,' you can take your revenge. The patience of the ambushed gunner will be rewarded, or if you surround the 'kill' with traps he is pretty sure to put his foot in one of them.

The hen harrier and the little merlin are equally mischievous. The hen harrier hunts the fields and hedges on the methodical system of a sagacious old pointer; and the merlin, hunting like the hen harrier in couples, is the more dangerous in that it makes its nest in the heather among the grouse.

A word may be said by way of postscript about the owls, much calumniated, like the nightjar, because their looks are sinister and their deeds are of the darkness. I believe the superstitious keeper detests the owls because of their eerie screeching and wailing. In reality they are joyous birds, and the hooting is the expression of serene contentment. When other creatures, except the field prowlers, are buried in sleep, the owl wakes up to full activity. He is the invaluable friend of the farmer and forester, for he is the deadly enemy of rats and mice. No animal has quicker sense of hearing than the field mouse; he listens for the faintest rustle of roving weasel or stoat, but against the silky flight of the owl he is helpless. On pinions lined with down, with expanding eyes that blaze like carriage-lamps in the dark, the owl, with sharper ears than his own, is literally down upon him before he has a suspicion. Nor is there anything in nature more tenacious than the clutch of the owl's claws. The brown or tawny owl and the white or barn owl have their different methods of hunting. The brown owl prefers to take up a position on a tree, listening and looking out for anything moving. He it is who does most of the hooting. The barn owl, on the contrary, goes as silently about his work as any night poacher; how often has one started, in getting over a stile, when he came flitting ghost-like over the shoulder, a shadowy spectre! Nothing disgusts me more than to see that useful and unobtrusive friend of man ignominiously gibbeted on the keeper's tree among miscreants of the darkest dye. Yet till he changes his habits and becomes a bird of the day, he will never rid himself of his evil reputation. I remember a shoot in the north, when a couple of tawny owls were conspicuous in the day's collection. An old keeper, reduced to keeping a turnpike, gave them a malevolent kick, with the elegy, expressive of dread and detestation: 'Ay, anyhow ye're a good riddance; ye'll never any more disturb honest folks in their beds wi' yer yowling!'

ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

At the Sign of the Ship.

THE hoax is usually a rather cruel and stupid form of the practical joke ; the fun turns on the discomfiture of another person, and on the hoaxer's sudden sense of superiority. Hobbes, it is usually said, recognised in these factors the origins of mirth, and no doubt early man must have laughed consumedly when he wakened up an enemy with a stone spear-point. The sense of superiority is the essence of the jest. Lately, someone told me that as I walked in the street I was observed to break into a broad grin. Probably I was thinking of a French reviewer who, in tackling a recent work of mine, certainly provided me with a sudden sense of superiority !

* * *

The recent Kilmarnock hoax differed from most, as it really was intended, I suppose, to teach, and certainly does teach, a needful moral lesson. Kilmarnock is an old wild Whig town in Ayrshire.

The cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And long-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers,

says the poet. Moreover, Kilmarnock is, somehow, connected with Robert Burns, perhaps because his poems happened to be printed there. Therefore there was joy in the town council when 'the Provost, douce man,' read a letter purporting to convey the desire of Mr. Andrew Carnegie to build a Burnsocarnegeium, or temple, for the joint cult of Burns and Carnegie at Kilmarnock. As far as I remember the letter, the temple was to be in the style of the Parthenon, with friezes representing the loves of Burns, while statues, in the interior, displayed his characters, such as Shanter, the 'wee modest crimson-tippit beastie,' the Mouse, rendered immortal by the bard ; Holy Willie, Poesie Nan, Highland Mary, Lord Glencairn, and all the pell-mell of Burnsian characters. Whether the figures were to be in that popular material, wax, or rather in bronze, my memory does not inform me, but all was to be a memorial to 'the Nation's Pride.'

* * *

It was a glorious conception, and would have provided a great deal of employment for the Scottish school of sculpture, and brought money into the town, for who would not have made a pilgrimage to the Burnsocarnegeium? Dumfries, proud as she justly is of the Mausoleum, would have taken a lower seat, and even Stratford-on-Avon would have seen her Birthplace and free library pale their ineffectual fires.

* * *

But the whole idea, to the sober mind, seemed only compatible with the hypothesis that Mr. Carnegie is rather an ass—an unsound hypothesis. Indeed, the joy of Kilmarnock was damped when this offer of a temple to the Nation's Pride was officially disclaimed. Mr. Carnegie has never dreamed of hanging on to the plaid of the Ayrshire ploughman by erecting this stately fane. The thing was a hoax. Somebody's sense of propriety had been weaker than his sense of humour. Extraordinary to relate, the humorist was no less a person than a Bailie of the good town. 'Observing the absurdity of men' and Scots, the Bailie had allowed a smile to cross his lips. That smile was the Burnsocarnegeium. He had seen that Scotland expects Mr. Carnegie to do his duty, which is to erect free libraries through the length and breadth of a Presbyterian land, and under every green tree. But for Kilmarnock he would, naturally, do more; and, intoxicated by love of the Nation's Pride, he would 'a stately pleasure dome decree,' like Kubla Khan, in Xanadu. To Scots, this scheme could not seem incredible, so demoralised are they by Transatlantic dollars. Scotia, *puir lass*, has long lain, like *Danæ*, in a brazen tower, into which Mr. Carnegie, like Zeus of old, has descended in a shower of gold. Free libraries are 'the consekens of that manœuvre.' The Bailie calculated correctly on the credulity of his demoralised countrymen, and the hoax was a perfect success. But the humorous moralist had actually employed a policeman to type-write the letter containing the spurious offer. Why a policeman? Was that a subtle part of the joke? It did not need Mr. Sherlock Holmes to find out the joker, and the Bailie's place in Council knows him no more. He sits in sackcloth, with ashes on his *pow*, but probably he has the sympathy of Robert Burns, who, if mortal things touch immortal minds, must be greatly diverted. The affair is what the newspapers call 'an object-lesson.' Do not swagger too much about the Nation's Pride, who has dozens of monuments and the Mausoleum. There is an economical statue at Glasgow, on the top of a

very tall pillar, which, as far as appearances go, may represent either Burns or Sir Walter ; it cannot be Knox, Wallace, Bruce, or Montrose. Meanwhile 'what porridge has John' Knox? No monument that I know, except the lean initials on his gravestone, almost under the feet of the prancing charger of Charles II., outside the Parliament House. If I am right, this is not fair, is not seemly. A friend of mine lately received a circular asking him, an Englishman and an Anglican, to subscribe to a monument of John Knox. He replied that he daily saw several monuments to Mr. Knox, in the shape of the ruined cathedral and Dominican chapel of St. Andrews, and that many towns boasted similar memorials of the great Reformer. Though usually much persecuted by promoters of memorials, I have not, somehow, been asked to subscribe to Knox's monument. Our fathers did not stone that prophet, and the children have not built his tomb.

* * *

The origin of the horse, that noble animal, is the theme of a very interesting paper by Mr. Cosser Ewart, the professor of natural history in the Town's College of Edinburgh. It was till lately thought that the genuine wild horse, with no domesticated ancestors, did not exist in a state of nature. Seeming wild horses were only strays from stable, bit, and bridle. But in Central Asia the famed traveller, Prjevalsky, discovered what he believed to be genuine wild horses.

* * *

When any interesting discovery is made, the tendency of science is to say that it is a hoax (if in archæology), or an error, if in things natural, and, even among these, the gorilla was regarded as on a par with Mr. Barnum's stuffed mermaid. The wild horse was received with scepticism. Either he had tame ancestors or he was a hybrid between a kiang (*Equus hemionus*) and a Mongolian pony. If a hybrid, I presume that he was sterile, a fact which could be ascertained. The late Sir William Flower suspected that the wild horse was only a hybrid. In 1902 the Duke of Bedford had a lot of wild horse colts imported from Mongolia. Mr. Ewart finds that the skeleton and soft parts of the animal are not such as become a hybrid. He next, to put the matter to the touch, bred three hybrids between kiangs and ponies. If these turned out to be the so-called wild horses, then the sceptics were right, and the wild horse could no longer be 'proud of the title'; he would be only a

hybrid, not a wild horse. Mr. Ewart says: 'Sir William Flower, the late President of the London Zoological Society, having more than hinted, in 1891, that Prjevalsky's horse was a mule, one would have thought an effort would have been made forthwith to test this view in the Society's gardens.' But, when science holds a sceptical opinion, science is not always in a hurry to put that opinion to the test of experiment. A received view is so comfortable, why derange it?

* * *

Mr. Ewart found that the mixture of strains which was supposed to have yielded the suspected wild horse did not yield anything like him. He is a clumsy, coarse-limbed, big-jointed beast, like the big-headed steeds that palæolithic artists in France used to draw on reindeer horn, when reindeer were common in France, nobody knows how many thousands of years ago. But the hybrids, which, by the sceptical theory, ought to have been coarse, thick-jointed, heavy-headed brutes, are built for speed, are full of energy and vivacity. One foal walked over twenty miles on the fourth day of its terrene existence. 'The joints are small, the legs are long and slender and covered with close-lying hair. In the wild horse the joints are large, and the "bone" is round, as in heavy horses.' The hair of the wild horse is quite unlike that of the hybrid: the 'chestnuts,' also, are different; so is the hoof, so is everything. The wild horse neighs, the hybrid foal barks, not unlike 'the rasping call of the kiang.' *Ergo*, the wild horse is not the hybrid which he is accused of being. Neither is he, as Mr. Ewart proved by experiment, the offspring of tame ponies run wild. Mr. Ewart thinks that our own horses have a multiplex origin, and that our big-headed, big-jointed horses are more nearly related to the genuine wild horse than our small-headed, slender-limbed varieties. I suppose that the wild horse descends from the palæolithic artist's models, to which Mr. Jorrocks might well have exclaimed, 'Come hup, you hugly brute.'¹

* * *

Some students see bridles and bits on some of the horses' heads drawn by palæolithic man, and seemingly, in one case, a covering has been thrown over one of these animals. Dr. Munro has suggested that the cover on this horse (if a cover it be) 'may be no more than the hunter's skin coat thrown over the back of the animal when

¹ *Proceedings Royal Society of Edinburgh*, vol. xxiv. part v. pp. 463-468, 1903. VOL XLIII. NO. CCLVIII.

led home by means of a halter made of thongs or withes, to be there slaughtered.' The brute must have kicked rarely, and why should a man throw his coat over a wild horse? If man got so far as leading a wild horse by a halter, he would pretty soon get on his back. However, the question is open. We have no palæolithic sketches, so far, of a man on horseback, and, if one was found, it would be called a forgery. It is to be hoped that Mr. Ewart will examine the original drawings made by palæolithic man, for one cannot found any certain opinion as to the presence of bridles on the horses from study of reproductions of the drawings. Casts would be more trustworthy than copies drawn by hand, or even photographs. Why, having domesticated the horse, the Homeric Greeks rode him so little, and drove him so much, is ever to me a great mystery. They could ride, and had travelling circuses displaying feats of fancy horsemanship, but they preferred chariots. And how, in Agricola's wars, the Caledonians could charge in chariots, over the bogs and hummocks, is another insoluble problem. Fancy driving a hansom across a moor!

* * *

It often strikes one that gentlemen of science would profit much by studying the works of novelists who excel in the construction of plots. For scientific gentlemen, in making a theory, are really constructing a plot. They take a collection of facts difficult to explain, and invent a story into which the facts ought to fit neatly, like the incidents in a tale. Mr. James Payn once wrote a novel in which the interest and the whole development hinged on the colour of the heroine's hair. But, somehow, in the middle of his romance, Mr. Payn nodded (as Homer is untruly said to do), and, forgetting what colour his heroine's hair had been at first, made it black, not golden, or golden, not black. I found him out, much to his amusement.

* * *

Dr. Durkheim, Professor of Sociology at the University of Bordeaux, and editor of *L'Année Sociologique*, an excellent annual, has fallen into Mr. Payn's error. For five years Dr. Durkheim has maintained a theory of the Origin of Society, or, at all events, of savage society. To understand it we must remember that a tribe, in America and Australia, usually consists of two divisions, called 'phratries' by science, each phratry bearing, in the oldest types, the names of two animals, say Wolf and Raven in America.

Every child born into the tribe belongs to his mother's phratry, is Wolf or Raven. If Wolf, he must never marry a Wolf girl, he must marry a Raven girl, and, if Raven, he must marry a Wolf girl. Moreover, in the Wolf division are other divisions, or kinships, called Salmon, Snipe, Trout, and Beaver; while in the Raven division are kinships called Grouse, Rabbit, Mole, and Dog. These are named 'totem kinships' or 'clans.' Every child belongs to his mother's clan as well as phratry; he is Wolf-Snipe or Raven-Mole, and he may not, of course, marry a Snipe if he is Snipe, or a Mole if he is Mole.

* * *

Such are the facts; how are they to be accounted for? Dr. Durkheim invents his plot. In the beginning there were two clans, say Wolf and Raven; no Wolf might marry a Wolf, no Raven might marry a Raven. The clans grew too large, and threw off swarms; each swarm then took a new name, say Snipe, Mole, Salmon, Grouse, &c. But they retained a sense of their old union with Wolf or Raven, and no colony thrown off by Wolf would marry a Wolf, or a member of any Wolf colony, while the Raven might not marry a Raven, or a member of any Raven colony. A Wolf, or a man of a Wolf colony, must marry a Raven, or a member of a Raven colony. So Wolf and Raven are now the 'phratries,' and Snipe, Mole, Grouse, Salmon, &c., are now the totem clans in the phratries. So Dr. Durkheim wrote in 1898.¹

* * *

This reads very well; but, alas! Dr. Durkheim did not 'jine his flats'—like Mr. James Payn, he forgot the colour of his heroine's hair! For in vol. i., page 52, he assures us, without noticing it, that all this could not possibly have occurred. For we want to know *why*, from the first, Wolf could not marry Wolf, nor Raven Raven? It is, Dr. Durkheim tells us, because Raven and Wolf were totems. And what is a totem? He is (vol. i., page 52) 'a being immanent in the clan; he is incarnate in every member of the clan. He is their blood. He is their ancestor and their god . . . a god who is entirely in the organism of each member of the clan.' He is in them, and they are in him. Again, 'a man can no more change his totem than he can change his soul.'² All that is quite true; a savage cannot change his totem. But, alas! in vol. i., page 6, Dr. Durkheim had assured us that, soon after the beginning of

¹ *L'Année Sociologique*, vol. i. p. 6.

² *Ibid.* vol. v. p. 111, 1902.

things, plenty of men of the Wolf and Raven totems did do what he shows, in the same article, could not possibly be done: did change their totems, change their blood, change their gods, and change their souls. His entire system rests on the theory that men did what he truly declares that men could not do. You cannot change your soul or your blood, yet they did it, Dr. Durkheim tells us, in the most cavalier manner. For five years Dr. Durkheim has been maintaining a theory which, as he tells us, is impossible.

* * *

I suppose that, taking Europe, America, and Australia, about thirty-seven persons are interested in these problems. But, apparently, not one of the thirty-six (Dr. Durkheim himself being the thirty-seventh) has pointed out to the learned doctor that, in his plot, he has forgotten the colour of his heroine's hair, upon which his whole romance hinges and depends. Apparently the learned do not read each other's works very carefully, and I only discovered last night this extraordinary discrepancy in Dr. Durkheim's system.

* * *

He might get out of his scrape by saying that, at first, Wolf and Raven were only names, like Smith and Jones, and that they did not become gods, 'present entirely in every member of the clans called by their names,' till a later superstition raised them to that eminence, and made it wrong for Mr. Wolf to marry Miss Wolf. But he has declared (vol. v., page 110) that 'a totem is not merely a name, he is a religious element, first of all and most of all.' He is something of that sort among savages *now*, but he could not have been all that when Dr. Durkheim's savages changed their totems. If he were all that, then they could not have changed. *Then* he must have been only a name—easily changed, a name which became a god later, *nomina numina*, as Mr. Max Müller often used to remind us. So why had sets of savages that kind of group name, Wolf, Raven, &c., and how did the *nomina* become *numina*, how did the beasts' names become beast-gods—that is, totems? Dr. Durkheim has forgotten the excellent advice given to the Ram in the French fairy tale: 'Bélier, mon ami, commencez par le commencement!' He has not begun at the beginning. I hope this is intelligible to others than the sacred thirty-seven who are interested in these problems. If a man gives his undivided and

strenuous attention to the matter he cannot fail to understand these simple paragraphs.

* * *

Did you ever read the American poet Chivers? Six months after Edgar Poe published *The Raven*, Dr. Chivers published *The Lost Pleiad*. Therein was a lament for Dr. Chivers's mother, dated '1849,' with the refrain, 'No, nevermore!' So Poe stole 'Nevermore' from Chivers. Worse, Chivers dates his poem *To Allegra Florence in Heaven*, December 12, 1842. So that is earlier than *The Raven*. Now, *Allegra Florence* has these lovely verses:

Holy angels now are bending to receive thy soul ascending
 Up to heaven to joys unending, and to bliss which is divine;
 While thy pale, cold form is fading under Death's dark wings now
 shading
 Thee with gloom which is pervading this poor broken heart of
 mine! . . .
 And as God doth lift thy spirit up to heaven, there to inherit
 Those rewards which it doth merit, such as none have reaped
 before;
Thy dear father will to-morrow lay thy body with deep sorrow
In the grave which is so narrow, there to rest for evermore!

If Poe had not used this metre in *The Bridal Ballad* (1837), one might say that Poe had greatly improved on the metre of Chivers's *Allegra Florence*.

* * *

About 1851, Chivers came out with *Eonchs of Ruby*. An Eonch is a shell, like 'conch' in conchology. Here is a sample of an Eonch, based on Poe's *Annabel Lee*:

Where the Opaline Swan circled, singing,
 With her eider-down Cygnets at noon,
 In the tall Jasper Reeds that were springing
 From the marge of the crystal Lagoon—
 Rich canticles, clarion-like, golden,
 Such as only true love can declare,
 Like an Archangel's voice in times olden—
 I went with my Lily Adair—
 With my lamb-like Lily Adair—
 With my saint-like Lily Adair—
 With my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

—Stanza 3.

Here is another :

Her eyes, lily-lidded, were azure,
 Cerulean, celestial, divine—
 Suffused with the soul-light of pleasure,
 Which drew all the soul out of mine.
 She had all the rich grace of the Graces,
 And all that they had not to spare ;
 For it took all their beautiful faces
 To make one for Lily Adair.

Go it, Chivers ! That is really very nice. It is also very like *Dolores*, by Mr. Swinburne, in movement, and Mr. Alphonso G. Newcombe, in *The Sewanee Review*, says that Mr. Swinburne's 'debt to Chivers is as conspicuous as his debt to Alfred de Musset,' which is so inconspicuous that I never noticed it.

Oh, festive and frantic Dolores !
 The joy of the Sixties wert thou,
 With thy sanguine and succulent glories,
 With the blood on thy breast and thy brow !
 But thy tune was afloat in the Fifties,
 So doth Mr. Newcombe declare,
 And to steal it poetical thrift is,
 From *Lily Adair* !

* * *

Chivers's poems are very rare. The British Museum has not a complete set of his works. 'There are less worthy poems' than one cited 'in every anthology of American verse that has declined to give him place,' says Mr. Newcombe. Will he not oblige true lovers of song (of whom I am one) by giving us a small and beautiful volume of *Selections from Chivers* ? The world, that neglects the lofty line, as Mr. Alfred Austin moans (and I do not mind saying that, as far as my own poems are concerned, Mr. Austin is right), the world would be awakened by the trumpet peal of Dr. Chivers.

* * *

The remarks on Canon Ainger which follow are from the pen of a friend.

* * *

The world feels poorer and duller to many now that Canon Ainger has gone from it. 'He is the only man I ever want to hear

lecture,' a well-known editor once remarked to me, and I heartily agreed with him. He might have added, 'he is the only man I ever want to hear read aloud,' for in his hands this usually rather boring experience became a moment of delight, and indeed of revelation. It is more than thirty years since, at our first meeting, he picked up a singularly meaningless magazine poem, and read it out four times, each time with a different emphasis, and finally laid it aside with regret, as containing no sense to extract! His friends were accustomed to have recourse to gentle wiles, to lure him on to give some passages from his favourite authors which were listened to with such pleasure by all. The conversation was turned carelessly in the direction of our wishes, the desired books were to be found, as if by accident, on the table near his chair, and somehow, however tired and dejected he might have been when he entered, in a few moments we were all convulsed with laughter over the humours of *Country Conversations* or Mr. Micawber.

* * *

A common sorrow is held to form the closest and dearest of bonds, but for twenty people who can share our griefs, there is scarcely one who can laugh with us. And do not our hearts go out to that one with a feeling of relief and certainty that the others never give us? Is it not true that the sympathy thus created is a tie that is binding both for good and evil days, and that sad indeed will be the hour when one's first thought on hearing a witty repartee or a clever story, will no more be to pass it on to the person who will most surely appreciate it? 'I must tell that to Canon Ainger,' I have said to myself, more times than I could count during the last ten years, and never once did my story miss its mark, or fail to provoke one even better.

* * *

Two other friends I had with this special grace of humour, both now passed away. One of them was an old and tried friend of Canon Ainger's himself, and together we three have spent many pleasant afternoons, which it will be a lasting pleasure to remember. For it is only those who have learned to suffer who know how to laugh.

* * *

I have often wondered at his great and even surprising patience with stupid people whom his quick mind must have chafed under,

but his courtesy towards them was unfailing. There was only one thing with which he could not put up, and that was any kind of pretension. It did not matter how plausible the pretension might be, or how carefully it was veiled, he saw through it instantly, and passed by on the other side. 'She was just repeating what she has heard other people say, and did not know she was talking nonsense,' he would remark, but the lady so criticised remained to the end of dinner in total ignorance of his adverse opinion.

* * *

As to the trouble he took for his friends, his care for them and his loyalty to them, this is not the place to speak. Like other people of fine taste and weak health, he had his moods, and perhaps lacked tolerance in certain directions. But he was in all things a man different from other men, and we shall never look upon his like again. He had the 'genius to be loved,' and there arose a 'great cry' from the hearts of many of us when we knew that the place in the world which suited him so perfectly, and which he filled so admirably, would know him no more.—L. B. L.

ANDREW LANG.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him, informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to

The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,

39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

INDEX

TO THE FORTY-THIRD VOLUME.

A. L., 'The Nemesis of Froude,' 18
 Amarga (Naranja), On a Cuban
 Ingenio, 71
 Arcady, In, by Ben Bolt, 488
 Armour (Margaret), The King's
 Nose, 216
 Astrida's Lover, by Fred Whishaw,
 817
 Auld (William), Parliament in the
 Making, 187

BARRINGTON (LENA), Pat Magee's
 Wife, 416
 Betham-Edwards (M.), Restaurant-
 keeping in Paris, 167
 Billy, by May Kendall, 168
 Black (Clementina), Old-fashioned
 Accomplishments, 45
 Bolt (Ben), First o' May, 80
 — In Arcady, 488
 Brown Puppy, The, by Ellen Ada
 Smith, 252

CANADA IN THE SIXTIES—III., by
 Paul Fountain, 58
 Clayton (N. W.), Young Russian
 and Young Englishman, 87
 Cromie (Robert), Marine Steam
 Turbines, 210
 Cuban Ingenio, On a, by Naranja
 Amarga, 71

DEFENCE OF PLAY-READING, A, by
 W. E. Hicks, 488
 Disenchanted Squirrel, The, by
 Netta Syrett, 82

FAIRY PIPERS, THE, by Duncan J.
 Robertson, 44
 Feathered Foragers, by Alexander
 Innes Shand, 528

First o' May, by Ben Bolt, 80
 Fountain (Paul) Canada in the
 Sixties—III., 58
 — The Swimming Powers of Ani-
 mals, 828
 Francis (M. E.) (Mrs. Francis
 Blundell), Madame Félicie, 510
 — Mademoiselle and Fräulein, 406

GATEWAY OF EMPIRE, A, by Esther
 Hallam Moorhouse, 854
 Gore-Booth (Eva), Lament for
 Fionavar, 242

HARGRAVE (MARY), Rahel Varnha-
 gen: the German Sibyl of the
 Nineteenth Century, 263
 Hicks (W. E.), A Defence of Play-
 reading, 488
 Humours of Eastern Travel, by
 Louisa Jebb, 244

JEBB (LOUISA), Humours of Eastern
 Travel, 244
 — The Sound of the Desert, 418
 Jones (Dora M.), A Rebel at the
 Court of Louis XIV.: the Letters
 of Charlotte Elizabeth, Duchess
 of Orleans, 500
 Justice of the Mountains, The, by
 Frances MacNab, 52

KENDALL (MAY), Billy, 168
 — Miss Fenella, 838
 King's Nose, The, by Margaret
 Armour, 216

LAMENT FOR FIONAVAR, by Eva
 Gore-Booth, 242
 Lang (Andrew), At the Sign of the
 Ship, 89, 188, 271, 359, 446, 584

LITTLEWOOD (P.), A Metaphysical Problem, 498

MACNAB (FRANCES), A Turkish Redif, 116

— The Justice of the Mountains, 52

MADAME FÉLICIE, by M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell), 510

MADemoiselle and FRäulein, by M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell), 406

MARINE Steam Turbines, by Robert Cromie, 210

MARSH (C. F.), A Wherry Elopement, 426

— The Suspicions of Turkentine, 122

METAPHYSICAL Problem, A, by P. Littlewood, 498

MISS FENELLA, by May Kendall, 888

MODDER River, by Capt. A. O. Vaughan, 887, 475

MOORHOUSE (Esther Hallam), A Gateway of Empire, 854

NATURE'S COMEDIAN, by W. E. Norris, 1, 97, 198, 281, 869, 457

'NEMESIS of Froude, The,' by A. L., 18

NORRIS (W. E.), Nature's Comedian, 1, 97, 198, 281, 869, 457

OLD-FASHIONED ACCOMPLISHMENTS, by Clementina Black, 45

PAGET (M. C.), Sikhim, the Land where the Rhododendrons Grow, 800

PARLIAMENT in the Making, by William Auld, 187

PAT Magee's Wife, by Lena Barrington, 416

RAHEL VARNHAGEN: the German Sibyl of the Nineteenth Century, by Mary Hargrave, 268

RAINSFORD (W. H.), Taurus Inter-venes, 178

REBEL at the Court of Louis XIV.:

the Letters of Charlotte Elizabeth, Duchess of Orleans, by Dora M. Jones, 500

RESTAURANT-keeping in Paris, by M. Betham-Edwards, 157

'RIMPPIE,' An Unrecorded Incident, 147

ROBERTSON (Duncan J.), The Fairy Pipers, 44

SHAND (ALEX. INNES), Feathered Foragers, 528

SIGN of the Ship, At the, by Andrew Lang, 89, 188, 271, 359, 446, 584

SIKHIM, the Land where the Rhododendrons Grow, by M. C. Paget, 800

SMITH (Ellen Ada), The Brown Puppy, 252

SOME Scouts—but not Scouting, by Capt. A. O. Vaughan, 227

SOUND of the Desert, The, by Louisa Jebb, 418

SUSPICIONS of Turkentine, The, by Chas. Fielding Marsh, 122

SWIMMING Powers of Animals, The, by Paul Fountain, 826

SYRETT (Netta), The Disenchanted Squirrel, 82

TAURUS INTERVENES, by W. H. Rainsford, 178

TURKISH Redif, A, by Frances MacNab, 116

UNRECORDED INCIDENT, A, by 'Rimpie,' 147

VAUGHAN (Capt. A. O.), Modder River, 887, 475

— SOME Scouts—but not Scouting, 227

WHERRY ELOPEMENT, A, by C. F. Marsh, 426

WHISHAW (Fred), Astrida's Lover, 817

YOUNG RUSSIAN AND YOUNG ENGLISHMAN, by N. W. Clayton, 87

OETZMANN & CO.

HAMPSTEAD ROAD, W.

(Continuation North of Tottenham Court Road.)

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE

NOW PROCEEDING.

SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED SALE CATALOGUE POST-FREE.



Superior Solid Silver Hair Brush, richly chased 'Oupid's' design, 10/6. Hand Mirror, 17/6. Hat or Cloth Brush, 6/9. Comb, 5/9.

ALL
CARPETS
MADE
UP
FREE.



Handsome Inlaid Sheraton Tea Tray with brass handles 10/6



Solid Wood Coal Cabinet, carved panel. Walnut or Oak, 19/6. Usual price, 32/6.



Handsome Black and Copper Kerb Suite, artistic design, any length to 5 ft., 27/6 complete. Usual price, 42/-.

THE ENGLISH HISTORICAL REVIEW.

No. 72.

OCTOBER.

Price 5s.

Edited by REGINALD L. POOLE, M.A., Ph.D.

Fellow of Magdalen College and Lecturer in Diplomatic in the University of Oxford.

1.—ARTICLES.

- CHRONICLERS' ESTIMATES OF NUMBERS AND OFFICIAL RECORDS. By Sir JAMES H. RAMSAY, Bart.
THE ANABOBY OF STEPHEN'S REIGN. By H. W. C. DAVIS.
THE DUTCH ON THE AMAZON AND NEGRO IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By the Rev. GEORGE EDMUNDSON. Part I.
JAMES I. AND SIR EDWARD COKE. By ROLAND G. USHER.
THE NORTHERN QUESTION IN 1716. By J. F. CHANCE.

2.—NOTES AND DOCUMENTS.

- HIDES AND VIRGATES AT BATTLE ABBEY; by Professor JAMES TAIT. DEBIES AND DESMOND; by J. H. BOUND. EARLY POSTS IN ENGLAND; by J. A. J. HOUDEEN. LETTERS OF NAPOLEON I., 1794-1807, FROM LORD ORAWFORD'S COLLECTION; by H. A. L. FISHER, &c. &c.

3.—REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

4.—NOTICES OF PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., New York, and Bombay.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

No. 406.

OCTOBER.

Price 6s.

- I. THE PONTIFICATE OF LEO XIII.
- II. MODERN SPIRITUALISM.
- III. THE EMMET INSURRECTION.
- IV. TURNER.
- V. THE REVELATIONS OF RADIUM.
- VI. PIERRE LOTI: AN APPRECIATION.
- VII. THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ARMY.

- VIII. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.
- IX. BOHEMIA AND THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN EMPIRE.
- X. MR. WATSON'S POEMS.
- XI. OXFORD IN 1903.
- XII. POLITICS AND PARTIES.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., New York, and Bombay.

Messrs. LONGMANS & CO.'S

AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE VALET'S TRAGEDY,

and other Studies in Secret History.

By ANDREW LANG.

8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

CONTENTS.—The Valet's Tragedy—The Valet's Master—The Mystery of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey—The False Jeanne d'Arc—Junius and Lord Lyttelton's Ghost—The Mystery of Amy Robsart—The Voices of Jeanne d'Arc—The Mystery of *Samson de la Cloche*—The Truth about Fisher's Ghost—The Mystery of Lord Dunsany—The Queen's Marie—The Shakespeare-Bacon Imbroglio.

A QUEEN OF TEARS.

Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark and Princess of England.

By W. H. WILKINS,

Author of 'The Love of an Uncrowned Queen' &c.

With Portraits and other Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. [In November.

. Caroline Matilda (1751-1775) was the youngest sister of George III. She married Christian VII. of Denmark, was suspected of an intrigue with Struensee, the Prime Minister, and was divorced and imprisoned. She was released by the interposition of George III., and died at Celle, near Hanover, at the age of 24.

SOUTH AFRICA AFTER THE WAR.

By E. F. KNIGHT,

Author of 'Where Three Empires Meet' &c.

With Illustrations. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

. For eight months recently, the Author of this book has been travelling through South Africa as special correspondent of the 'Morning Post,' describing for that paper the progress that has been made in the re-settlement of the country since the war, and studying on the spot the various problems that are now being solved or are awaiting solution. Travelling for the most part by road in cart or wagon, it was on the country-side among the farms rather than in the towns that he acquired information concerning the present attitude and feeling of the Boer population. His tour extended to the Zambesi, and his book concludes with a description of the seldom visited Victoria Falls.

CLIMBS AND EXPLORATION IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

By HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD,

Author of 'El Maghreb: 1,200 Miles' Ride through Morocco,' and

J. NORMAN COLLIE, F.R.S.,

Author of 'Climbing on the Himalaya and other Mountain Ranges.'

With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 89 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

WM. BLACKWOOD & SONS'

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY AND HIS FRIENDS.

From Letters, Diaries, and Recollections. By HENRY JAMES. With 2 Portraits. In 2 vols. Post 8vo. 24s. net.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. By CHARLES

WHIBLEY. New Volume—Modern English Writers. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

THE BAYARD OF INDIA: a Life of General Sir James Outram, Bart., G.C.B. By Captain L. J. TROTTER, Author of 'Hodson of Hodson's Horse' &c., &c. With Portraits. Demy 8vo. 16s. net.

PRACTICAL NURSING. By ISLA STEWART, Matron of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London; and HERBERT E. CUFF, M.D., F.R.C.S., Medical Superintendent, North-Eastern Fever Hospital, Tottenham, London.

Vol. II. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Vol. I. Third Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

PERSONALIA: Political, Social, and Various. By 'SIGMA.' Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

PERIODS OF EUROPEAN LITERATURE.

Edited by Professor SAINTSBURY.

NEW VOLUME

THE DARK AGES. By Professor W. P. KER. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. [In the press.]

A NEW THEORY OF EVOLUTION. By JAMES W. BARCLAY, formerly M.P. for Forfarshire. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

NEW NOVELS.

KATHERINE FRENTHAM. By BEATRICE HARRADEN, Author of 'Ships that Pass in the Night' &c. Crown 8vo. 6s.

OUR LADY'S INN. By J. STORER CLOUSTON, Author of 'The Lunatic at Large' &c. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE BOY GALLOPER. By the Author of 'On the Heels of De Wet.' With 6 full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.

FOR THE WHITE ROSE. By WYMOND CARRY, Author of 'Monsieur Martin.' Crown 8vo. 6s.

BARBARA WINSLOW: REBEL. By BETH ELLIS, Author of 'An English Girl's First Impressions of Burmah.' Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE YOUNG GERANDE: an Episode in the Career of the Right Hon. Marcus Gerande. By EDMUND WHITE. Crown 8vo. 6s. [In the press.]

Messrs. LONGMANS & CO.'S

AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

PART II.

By the Right Hon. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, Bart.

Author of 'The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay' &c.

2 vols. 8vo. 21s. net.

[On November 2.]

CABINET EDITION OF S. R. GARDINER'S 'COMMONWEALTH AND PROTECTORATE.' HISTORY OF THE COMMONWEALTH & PROTECTORATE.

1649-1656.

By SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER.

New and Cheaper Edition. With Maps.

In 4 vols. Crown 8vo. 5s. net each.

*** This work was originally planned to make 4 vols. 8vo., but only three volumes were published during the author's lifetime. Mr. Gardiner, however, left one more chapter ready for publication, and this will form Chapter XLIX. of this Edition.*

It is also printed separately as a Supplement to the Library Edition. 8vo. Price 2s. 6d. net.

NEW BOOK BY THE LATE PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER. THE SILESIAN HORSEHERD

(Das Pferdebürla)

Questions of the Hour answered by F. MAX-MÜLLER.

With a Preface by J. ESTLIN CARPENTER.

Crown 8vo. 5s.

*** This is a translation of a work which was published some years back in Germany, but which is now for the first time translated into English. It consists of a controversy on religion carried on between Professor Max Müller and an unknown correspondent in America.*

NEW VOLUME OF THE FUR, FEATHER, AND FIN SERIES. SNIPE AND WOODCOCK.

By R. DE VISME SHAW and R. J. USSHER

With 8 Illustrations by A. THORBURN and C. WHYMPER.

Crown 8vo. cloth, 5s.; or half-bound in leather, with gilt top, 7s. 6d. net.

NEW VOLUME OF THE OUTDOOR WORLD SERIES.

THE SEA SHORE.

By WILLIAM S. FURNEAUX,

Author of 'The Outdoor World,' 'Life in Ponds and Streams,' &c.

With 8 Coloured Plates and 300 other Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 89 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

New Volume by FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.

Early in November. With Eight Illustrations by ARTHUR TWIDLE. Crown 8vo. 6s.

SEA-WRACK. By FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.,

Author of 'The Cruise of the Cachalot,' 'The Log of a Sea-Wolf,' 'Deep Sea Plunderings,' &c.

. A Collection of Short Stories of Seamen's Adventures.

A. CONAN DOYLE'S NOVELS.

'AUTHOR'S EDITION.' IN TWELVE VOLUMES. With an Introductory Preface and 2 Photogravure Illustrations to each Volume. Large crown 8vo. 6s. each net.

This Edition of Sir A. CONAN DOYLE'S Novels is limited to 1,000 sets, the first volume of each set being signed and numbered; and the volumes are not sold separately. The Author's future work will, in due time, be added to the Edition.

Volumes I. to VIII. are ready, and Volumes IX. to XII. will be published on November 16.

THE LIFE OF VOLTAIRE. By S. G. TALLENTYRE, Author of 'The

Women of the Salons,' Author with HENRY SETON MERRIMAN of 'The Money-Spinner and other Character Notes.' With 2 Photogravures and 16 Half-Tone Blocks. 2 vols. large crown 8vo. 21s.

. A Life of Voltaire for the general reader. The only complete biography of Voltaire in English. With striking illustrations.

SAMUEL PEPPYS, LOVER OF MUSIQUE. By Sir FREDERICK

BRIDGE, K.B., M.V.O., Mus.Doc., King Edward Professor of Music in the University of London. With a Portrait of Samuel Pepys and Musical Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.

. Enlarged from the Lectures recently delivered by Sir Frederick Bridge.

THE PLOT OF THE PLACARDS AT RENNES, 1802.

(Le Complot des Libelles.) By GILBERT AUGUSTIN THIERRY. Translated by ARTHUR G. CHATER. Crown 8vo. 6s. [On November 2.]

PAGES FROM A PRIVATE DIARY. Reprinted from the *Cornhill*

Magazine. NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION. Small post 8vo. 5s. [In the press.]

DEBORAH OF TOD'S. By Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE. NEW

AND CHEAPER EDITION. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. [On November 2.]

FROM MY WINDOW IN CHELSEA. By Mrs. FULLER

MAITLAND, Author of 'Priors Roothing,' Author with Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK of the 'Etchingam Letters.' Small post 8vo. tastefully bound in leather with flap edges. [Shortly.]

NEW NOVELS.

ROMANCE: a Novel.

By JOSEPH CONRAD and FORD MADDOX HUEFFER,

Authors of 'The Inheritors, an Extravagant Story.' Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE SECRET IN THE HILL.

By BERNARD E. J. CAPES,

Author of 'The Lake of Win,' 'A Castle in Spain,' &c. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE HONOURABLE MOLLY.

By KATHARINE TYNAN,

Author of 'The Dear Irish Girl,' 'Love of Sisters,' &c. Crown 8vo. 6s. [On November 2.]

PRIORS ROOTHING. By Mrs. FULLER MAITLAND, Author of 'Pages from the Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre'; Author with Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK of 'The Etchingam Letters.' Crown 8vo. 6s.

DAILY TELEGRAPH.—'A book full of delicate, autumnal charm.'

BARLASCH OF THE GUARD. By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN,

Author of 'The Sowers,' 'The Velvet Glove,' 'The Vultures,' &c. SECOND EDITION. Crown 8vo. 6s.

WORLD.—'The finest thing of its kind that Mr. Merriman has yet accomplished in fiction.'

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

Messrs. LONGMANS & CO.'S

AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THREE FRENCHMEN IN BENGAL;

Or, the Loss of the French Settlements.

By S. C. HILL, B.A., B.Sc.,

Officer in Charge of the Records of the Government of India.

With 4 Maps. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

“ This account of the loss of the French Settlements in Bengal has been composed almost entirely from hitherto unpublished documents, and the Author's object has been to make something like a picture of Bengal as it appeared to the French when Clive appeared there. The 'Three Frenchmen' were M. Renault, Chief of Chandernagore; M. Law, Chief of Cassimbazar; and M. Courtin, Chief of Dacca. ”

LEDGER AND SWORD;

Or, the Honourable Company of Merchants of England Trading to the East Indies (1599-1874).

By BECKLES WILLSON.

With Frontispiece by MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN, and numerous Portraits and Illustrations.

2 vols. 8vo.

[Nearly ready.]

ENGLAND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

By JULIAN S. CORBETT,

Author of 'Drake and the Tudor Navy' &c. 2 vols. 8vo. [In the press.]

“ This is an account of the rise of England as a Mediterranean Power from the Peace with Spain in 1604 to the Peace of Utrecht in 1712, showing how the revolution in naval warfare under Elizabeth enabled England to take a new place in European politics by action within the Straits, and dealing incidentally with the progress of naval strategy and organisation which led, through the tentative expeditions of James I. and Cromwell and the abortive occupation of Tangier, to the developed policy of William III. and Marlborough, and our final establishment at Gibraltar and Minorca. ”

A SOCIAL HISTORY OF ANCIENT IRELAND.

Treating of the Government, Military System, and Law; Religion, Learning, and Art; Trades, Industries, and Commerce; Manners, Customs, and Domestic Life of the Ancient Irish People.

By P. W. JOYCE, M.R.I.A., LL.D., Trinity College, Dublin.

With 361 Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. net.

PROBLEMS AND PERSONS.

By WILFRID WARD,

Author of 'The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman' &c. 8vo. 14s. net.

CONTENTS.—The Time-Spirit of the Nineteenth Century—The Rigidity of Rome—Unchanging Dogma and Changeable Man—Balfour's 'The Foundations of Belief'—Candour in Biography—Tennyson—Thomas Henry Huxley—Two Mottoes of Cardinal Newman—Newman and Renan—Some Aspects of the Life-work of Cardinal Wiseman—The Life of Mrs. Augustus Craven.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 89 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

FROM MR. MURRAY'S AUTUMN LIST.

THE CREEVEY PAPERS. A Selection from the Diaries and Correspondence of Thomas Creevey (1768-1838), sometime M.P. for Thetford, and afterwards for Appleby; Secretary to the Board of Control, &c.; dealing with all the principal events and characters, social and political, from the close of the 18th century to 1838. From family papers hitherto unpublished. Edited by the Right Hon. Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., M.P., Author of 'The Life of the Duke of Wellington' &c. With Portraits. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. 31s. 6d. net.

This book may be regarded as a companion to the Greville Memoirs and the Orkney Papers. It will probably prove to be not inferior in interest to either of these works, and dealing with the same topics as Orkney handled, but from the opposite side in position.

GEORGE WILLIERS, Second Duke of Buckingham, 1627-1688. A Study in the History of the Restoration. By WINIFRED, Lady BURGHOLM. With Portraits. Demy 8vo. £1 1s. net.

THE LIFE OF JOHN COLBORNE, FIELD-MARSHAL LORD SEATON, G.C.B., G.C.H., G.C.M.G., K.St.G., K.M.T., &c. Compiled from his Letters, recorded Conversations, and other Sources. By G. C. MOORE SMITH, M.A., Editor of 'The Autobiography of Lieut.-General Sir Harry Smith.' With Maps, Portraits, and other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 16s. net.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARIES OF A SOLDIER AND SPORTSMAN, during Twenty Years' Service in India, Afghanistan, Egypt, and other Countries, 1865-1885. By Lieut.-General Sir MONTAGU GERARD, K.C.B., K.C.S.I. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 16s. net.

SIXTEEN YEARS IN SIBERIA: the Experiences of a Russian Revolutionist. By LEO DEUTSCH. Translated and Edited by HELEN CHISHOLM. With Portraits and other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 15s. net.

RECORDS AND REMINISCENCES. Selected from 'My Reminiscences' and 'Old Diaries,' 1881-1901. By Lord RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER. With Portraits and Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 18s. net.

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

THE ODD-JOB MAN. By OLIVER ONIONS, Author of 'The Compleat Bachelor,' 'Tales from a Far Riding,' &c. Crown 8vo. 6s.

PHOEBE IN FETTERS. By Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS, Author of 'The Dream and the Man.' Crown 8vo. 6s.

A NEW LIBRARY EDITION OF THE HISTORICAL WORKS OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. With Illustrations. In 9 volumes, demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net each.

HISTORY OF THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC. 3 vols.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS. 4 vols.

JOHN OF BARNEVELD. 2 vols.

No uniform Edition of Motley's Historical Works has ever existed in England, and for many years past the original Library Editions of the earlier works have been completely out of print.

Vol. I. of the *RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC* will be ready about the end of October. The remaining volumes will be published monthly in the above order.

THE JOURNAL OF MONTAIGNE'S TRAVELS IN ITALY.

By way of Switzerland and Germany, in 1580 and 1581. Translated and Edited with an Introduction and Notes by W. G. WATERS, Author of 'Jerome Cardan' &c. With Portrait and other Illustrations. 3 vols. pott 8vo. 15s. net.

THE HOME MECHANIC. By JOHN WRIGHT. With 250 Illustrations. Medium 8vo. 12s. net.

The aim of the author has been to produce a book which shall enable a householder to do most of the common repairs required in his house, and to give him practical hints as to the actual doing of the work, thus rendering him, to a great extent, independent of hired labour. To the amateur it will be particularly useful, for it will help him to become a good all-round workman, teaching him joinery, plumbing, graining, bracing, soldering, turning and general metal working; it also gives a short account of designing, scale drawing, and of calculating strains; it further embraces the making and tempering of tools, how to make a lathe, a steam engine, &c. There are about 250 illustrations, many of which have figured dimensions, and are, in fact, complete working drawings.

JOHN MURRAY, Albermarle Street, W.

Messrs. LONGMANS & CO.'S

AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE HISTORY OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

(1860-1885).

By Sir SPENCER WALPOLE, K.C.B.

2 vols. 8vo.

[*In the press.*]

NEW EDITION OF FREEMAN'S 'HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY.'

THE HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF EUROPE.

By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, D.C.L., LL.D.,

Formerly Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford.

NEW EDITION.

Edited by J. B. BURY, M.A., D.Litt., LL.D.,

Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

ATLAS to the above. With 65 Maps in Colour. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

LECTURES AND ADDRESSES.

By MANDELL CREIGHTON, D.D., D.C.L., &c.,

Sometime Bishop of London.

Edited by LOUISE CREIGHTON. Crown 8vo. [*Nearly ready.*]

CONTENTS—The Teaching of Ecclesiastical History: Inaugural Lecture, Dixie Professorship—English National Characteristics: Romanes Lecture—The Early Renaissance in England: Rede Lecture—The Study of a Country—Elizabethan London—The English Church in the Reign of Elizabeth—S. Edward the Confessor—The Coming of the Friars: 1. S. Dominic. 2. S. Francis—Laud—Heroes—The Baptists—The Congregationalists—The Picturesque in History.

THE LONG NIGHT.

A Tale of Geneva in 1602.

By STANLEY WEYMAN,

Author of 'A Gentleman of France.'

Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE MASTER OF GRAY.

A Tale of the Days of Mary Queen of Scots.

By H. C. BAILEY. Crown 8vo. 6s.

NEW NOVEL BY M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. F. BLUNDELL).

CHRISTIAN THAL.

A STORY OF MUSICAL LIFE.

By M. E. FRANCIS (Mrs. Francis Blundell),

Author of 'Fiander's Widow,' 'The Duenna of a Genius,' &c. Crown 8vo. 6s. [*In November.*]

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 89 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

New York, and Bombay.

THE BLACK FAMILIARS. THE BLACK FAMILIARS. THE BLACK FAMILIARS. THE BLACK FAMILIARS.

BY L. B. WALFORD,

Author of 'S'ay at Homes' &c.

'The Black Familiars' is a romantic story of the early years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the Roman Catholics were not without hope of a restoration of 'the old faith.' Katherine Delaval, the dainty heroine, is daughter of a noble Roman Catholic family. Her mother, fearful of the future, would like to secure the family estates, whatever course events may take, and she intrigues to get Katherine married to a rakish young Protestant favourite of the Queen. The intrigues of the priests play a large part in the story. The love element is liberally provided.

JAMES CLARKE & CO., 13 and 14 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

TWO NEW BOOKS FOR BOYS.

NEW VOLUME OF THE 'OUTDOOR WORLD SERIES.'

THE SEA SHORE.

By WILLIAM S. FURNEAUX.

Author of 'The Outdoor World' &c.

With 8 Coloured Plates and 300 Illustrations in the Text.

Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

MORNING POST.—'There are many curious and attractive illustrations, and the book is artfully designed to induce the reader to take that fateful first step which may lead him into regions from which he may never entirely escape so long as he lives, but as they are full of strange delights the captive is not likely to complain.'

BIRMINGHAM DAILY POST.—'We know of no work in this department which is at once so comprehensive and so interesting.'

THE YOUNG ICE WHALERS.

By WINTHROP PACKARD.

With 16 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.

NOTTINGHAM GUARDIAN.—'A very brightly and naturally written story of the adventures of two boys in the Arctic Seas. . . . It is a well-illustrated book, full of excitement for boys, without drawing the long bow too much.'

LONGMANS, GREEN, & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., New York, and Bombay

STORIES OF IRISH LIFE.

By E. OE. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS

AN IRISH COUSIN.

NEW AND REVISED EDITION. Crown 8vo. 6s.

SPECTATOR.

'We welcome a new and revised edition of "An Irish Cousin," by E. OE. Somerville and Martin Ross, originally published in two volumes by Messrs. Bentley in 1889. It was the good fortune of the present writer to review this brilliant and witty tragi-comedy when it first appeared, and he may be pardoned for reproducing the words in which he hailed the advent of the two writers who have since contributed so liberally to the gaiety of the English-speaking public:—"If any one wishes to get a true picture of the realities and amenities of Irish country life, he cannot do better than seek instruction from this admirable novel. . . . For a first venture, this novel is a remarkable achievement. It is redolent of the soil and yet absolutely unpolitical." We have only to add that we have re-read the novel with undiminished pleasure.'

TWENTY-FIFTH THOUSAND.

With 84 Illustrations by E. OE. SOMERVILLE. Crown 8vo. 6s.

SOME EXPERIENCES OF AN IRISH R.M.

Mr. STEPHEN GWYNN in the 'CORNHILL MAGAZINE.'

'There are few greater attractions than that of open healthy laughter of the contagious sort; and it would be black ingratitude not to pay tribute to the authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M."—a book that no decorous person can read with comfort in a railway carriage.'

With 10 Illustrations by E. OE. SOMERVILLE. Crown 8vo. 6s.

ALL ON THE IRISH SHORE

SPECTATOR.—'The paramount duty of a reviewer in dealing with this happily-named volume is one of extreme simplicity—namely, to advise anyone who loves wit, humour, horses, and Ireland, to procure it without delay.'

THE REAL CHARLOTTE.

NEW AND CHEAPER IMPRESSION.

Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

THE SILVER FOX.

RE-ISSUE.

Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 89 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

A List of Story Books, edited by
Mr. Andrew Lang, illustrated by Mr. H. J.
Ford, Mr. Lancelot Speed, and Mr. G. P.
Jacomb-Hood, and published by Longmans,
Green, & Co.

MR. LANG'S CHRISTMAS BOOK FOR 1903.

THE
CRIMSON FAIRY BOOK

Edited by **ANDREW LANG.**

With 8 Coloured Plates and 48 other Illustrations.

Crown 8vo. gilt edges, 6s.

Price 6s. each, gilt edges.

THE BLUE FAIRY BOOK.

With 138 Illustrations.

THE RED FAIRY BOOK.

With 100 Illustrations.

THE GREEN FAIRY BOOK.

With 99 Illustrations.

THE YELLOW FAIRY BOOK.

With 104 Illustrations.

THE PINK FAIRY BOOK.

With 67 Illustrations.

THE GREY FAIRY BOOK.

With 65 Illustrations.

THE VIOLET FAIRY BOOK.

With 62 Illustrations (8 in Colours).

THE CRIMSON FAIRY BOOK.

With 51 Illustrations (8 in Colours).

THE TRUE STORY BOOK.

With 66 Illustrations.

THE RED TRUE STORY BOOK.

With 100 Illustrations.

THE ANIMAL STORY BOOK.

With 67 Illustrations.

**THE RED BOOK OF
ANIMAL STORIES.**

With 65 Illustrations.

THE BLUE POETRY BOOK.

With 100 Illustrations.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

With 66 Illustrations.

THE BOOK OF ROMANCE.

With 52 Illustrations (8 in Colours).

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 89 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

FAVOURITE FICTION.

RIDER HAGGARD.

PEARL-MAIDEN :	s. d.
A Tale of the Fall of Jerusalem.	
With 26 Illustrations. ...	6 0
LYSBETH.	
With 26 Illustrations ...	6 0
SHE. With 32 Illustrations ...	3 6
ALLAN QUATERMAIN.	
With 31 Illustrations ...	3 6
HEART OF THE WORLD.	
With 15 Illustrations ...	3 6
JOAN HASTE. With 20 Illustrations	3 6
THE PEOPLE OF THE MIST.	
With 16 Illustrations ...	3 6
MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER.	
With 24 Illustrations ...	3 6
MAIWA'S REVENGE ...	1 6
COLONEL QUARITCH.	
With Frontispiece and Vignette...	3 6
CLEOPATRA.	
With 29 Illustrations ...	3 6
BEATRICE.	
With Frontispiece and Vignette...	3 6

ERIC BRIGHTYES.	s. d.
With 51 Illustrations ...	3 6
NADA THE LILY.	
With 23 Illustrations ...	3 6
ALLAN'S WIFE.	
With 34 Illustrations ...	3 6
THE WITCH'S HEAD.	
With 16 Illustrations ...	3 6
MR. MEESON'S WILL.	
With 16 Illustrations ...	3 6
DAWN. With 16 Illustrations ...	3 6
DR. THERNE ...	3 6
BLACK HEART AND WHITE	
HEART, and other Stories.	
With 33 Illustrations ...	3 6
SWALLOW.	
A Tale of the Great Trek. With	
8 Illustrations ...	3 6
THE WORLD'S DESIRE.	
By H. RIDER HAGGARD and	
ANDREW LANG. With 27 Illus-	
trations ...	3 6

STANLEY WEYMAN.

THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF.	
With Frontispiece and Vignette...	3 6
A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE.	
With Frontispiece and Vignette...	6 0

THE RED COCKADE.	
With Frontispiece and Vignette...	6 0
SHREWSBURY. With 24 Illustrations	6 0
SOPHIA. With Frontispiece	6 0

CONAN DOYLE.

MICAH CLARKE :	
A Tale of Monmouth's Rebellion.	
With 10 Illustrations ...	3 6
THE CAPTAIN OF THE POLE-	
STAR, and other Tales ...	3 6

THE REFUGEES :	
A Tale of the Huguenots. With	
25 Illustrations ...	3 6
THE STARK-MUNRO LETTERS.	
With Frontispiece and Vignette...	3 6

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR.	
JEKYLL and MR. HYDE. Sewed,	
1s.; cloth ...	1 6
THE STRANGE CASE OF DR.	
JEKYLL and MR. HYDE; with	
other Fables. Bound in buckram,	
with gilt top ...	5 0
'Silver Library' Edition. Crown 8vo.	3 6

MORE NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS :	
THE DYNAMITER. By ROBERT	
LOUIS STEVENSON and FANNY	
VAN DE GRIFT STEVENSON ...	3 6
THE WRONG BOX. By ROBERT	
LOUIS STEVENSON and LLOYD	
OSBOURNE ...	3 6

E. C. SOMERVILLE AND MARTIN ROSS.

SOME EXPERIENCES OF AN	
IRISH R.M. With 31 Illustrations	6 0
ALL ON THE IRISH SHORE.	
With 10 Illustrations ...	6 0

AN IRISH COUSIN ...	6 0
THE REAL CHARLOTTE ...	3 6
THE SILVER FOX ...	3 6

EDNA LYALL.

DOREEN : the Story of a Singer	6 0
WAYFARING MEN :	
A Story of Theatrical Life	6 0
HOPE THE HERMIT :	
A Romance of Borrowdale	6 0

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A	
SLANDER ...	1 0
<i>Presentation Edition.</i> With 20 Illus-	
trations by LANCELOT SPEED...	2 6

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 89 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

THREE NEW HISTORICAL ROMANCES.

Price 6s.

THE LONG NIGHT.

BY STANLEY WEYMAN.

A STORY OF GENEVA IN 1602.

'For ingenuity of invention, for unending variety of coherent incidents, for vehement descriptions of crowds, fights, or council chambers, Mr. Weyman never ceases to be honestly entertaining.'—*Daily News*.

'The famous "Escalade" of December 11, 1602, has at last been made the background of a strong and graphic tale in English. . . . It is one of the great historical scenes of the world, and Mr. Weyman has done sound justice to it. The book will be read not only by those who skip the history to find the love-making, but by those who skip the love-making to find the history.'—*Daily Mail*.

Price 6s.

THE MASTER OF GRAY.

BY H. C. BAILEY.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

'This romance belongs to the first rank of romances. It is a graphic, ingenious, and dramatic piece of work.'—*Daily Mail*.

'This is a remarkable piece of portraiture, a repellent yet powerful character study.'—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

'A downright good historical novel of the period of Elizabeth, dealing with the pathetic story of Mary Queen of Scots. There is a fine swing about it, and as a picture of the life of the time it is far ahead of much of the historical fiction of recent years. The style is beautifully simple and direct, and the pathos is delicately wrought.'—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

With 6 Illustrations.

Price 6s.

LONG WILL.

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE.

A STORY OF THE PEASANT RISING IN THE REIGN OF RICHARD II.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 89 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

The . . .
**Lord Mayor of
 London's Coachman**

says:

'For both silver and brass, the
 "Globe" is the best Polish I have
 ever used.'



GLOBE POLISH does not injure either
 the surface of any metal, however deli-
 cate, or skin of user. Sold everywhere.
 RAIMES & CO., Ltd., Trafalgar Road,
 Bow, London, E.; and Stockton-on-Tees.

Fourth Thousand. 18mo. Price 3s. 6d. net.

MODERN BRIDGE.

By 'SLAM.'

With a Reprint of the Laws of Bridge, as adopted by the Portland and Turf Clubs.

Revised in accordance with the latest developments of the Game.

THE WORLD.—'With "Modern Bridge," by "Slam," it really seems that the good Bridge Book, for which the world has been so long waiting, has at last appeared. . . . This modest volume appears to us to rise like a safe little rock upon which the doubting Bridge player may take his stand in absolute security. . . . "Slam" is at once lucidly logical and convincingly clear.'

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., New York, and Bombay.

JUST PUBLISHED.

BOLD TURPIN:

A ROMANCE, as Sung by SAM WELLER.

With 16 Illustrations in Colour by L. D. LUARD.

Oblong 4to. boards, 6s.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., New York, and Bombay.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1903.

CONTENTS

NATURE'S COMEDIAN. By W. E. NORRIS	PAGE 1
<i>Chapters IX., X.</i>	
'THE NEMESIS OF FROUDE.' By A. L.	18
FIRST O' MAY. By BEN BOLT	30
YOUNG RUSSIAN AND YOUNG ENGLISHMAN. By N. W. CLAYTON	37
THE FAIRY PIPERS. By DUNCAN J. ROBERTSON	44
OLD-FASHIONED ACCOMPLISHMENTS. By CLEMENTINA BLACK	45
THE JUSTICE OF THE MOUNTAINS. By FRANCES MACNAB	52
CANADA IN THE SIXTIES—III. By PAUL FOUNTAIN	58
ON A CUBAN INGENIO. By NARANJA AMARGA	71
THE DISENCHANTED SQUIRREL. By NETTA SYRETT	82
AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP. By ANDREW LANG	89



BENGER'S
FOOD
For INFANTS,
INVALIDS and
THE AGED.

BENGER'S FOOD has attained its great reputation not by extravagant or sensational advertisement, but by the constant recommendation of those who have used it, and of medical men who know its value.

The **BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL** says: 'Benger's Food has by its excellence established a reputation of its own.'

BENGER'S FOOD is sold in Tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.



"Grand Prix," Paris, 1900. Highest Possible Award.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS

Of Highest Quality, and Having
Greatest Durability, are Therefore
CHEAPEST.

Nos. for BANKERS.—Barrel Pens, 225, 226, 262. Slip Pens, 332, 366,
287, 166, 404. In fine, medium, and broad Points. The new turned-up Point, 1632.



BORD'S PIANOS

25 per cent. Discount for
Cash, or 14s. 6d. per month
(second-hand, 10s. 6d. per
month) on the Three Years'
System. — Lists free of

CHAS. STILES & CO., 74 & 76 Southampton Row, W.C. (Removed from
40 & 42 Southampton Row.) PIANOS EXCHANGED.

BECHSTEIN PIANOS

These magni-
ficent Pianos
for Hire on the
Three Years'
System, at ad-

vantageous prices and terms.—Lists and particulars free of CHAS. STILES & CO.,
74 & 76 Southampton Row, W.C. (Removed from 40 & 42 Southampton Row.)



From the Swedish Queen of Song,
The late Mlle. JENNY LIND.

Clairville Cottage, Old Brompton,
June 2nd, 1874.

'Sir,—I have much pleasure in confirming, as far as my
various extends, the testimony already so general in
favor of the Lozenges prepared by you.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Miss Doughty. JENNY LIND.



ALKARAM.—Of all Chemists, 2s. a Bottle.

ALKARAM.—Address, Dr. DUNBAR, care of
F. NEWBERRY & SONS (Established A.D. 1748),
27 & 29 Charterhouse Square, and 44 Charterhouse St.,
LONDON, E.C. Post free, 2s.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

NEW VOLUME BY MR. MERRIMAN.

On APRIL 19. Crown 8vo. 6s.

TOMASO'S FORTUNE; and other Stories.

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN,

Author of 'The Sowers,' 'The Vultures,' 'Barlasch of the Guard,' &c.

NEW EDITION OF MR. MERRIMAN'S 'FLOTSAM.'

On April 19. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. 6s.

FLOTSAM. SIXTH IMPRESSION.

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

NEW VOLUME BY THE AUTHOR OF 'DOWNY V. GREEN.'

NOW READY. Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d.

DWALA: a Romance. By GEORGE CALDERON

Author of 'The Adventures of Downy V. Green, Rhodes Scholar at Oxford.'

NEW NOVEL BY GRAHAM HOPE.

JUST PUBLISHED. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE GAGE OF RED AND WHITE.

By GRAHAM HOPE,

Author of 'A Cardinal and his Conscience,' 'The Triumph of Count Ostermann,' &c.

SHORTLY. With 24 Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

MRS. GEORGE BANCROFT'S LETTERS FROM ENGLAND IN 1846-49

A NATURALIST IN THE GUIANAS. By EUGENE ANDRÉ, F.R.G.S., M.S.A., F.L.S. With a Preface by Dr. J. SCOTT KELTIE, Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society. With 3 Coloured Plates, 23 Illustrations, including 3 Portraits of the Author and a Sketch Map. Demy 8vo. 14s. net.

PUNCH.—'A notable addition not only to geographical knowledge and incidents of personal adventure, but to rare information of hitherto unknown birds that swarm in the pathless forests of Venezuela.'

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE NEW TESTAMENT. By

Professor A. JÜLICHER. Translated by JANET FENNELL WARD. With a Preface by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. Demy 8vo. 16s.

GLASGOW HERALD.—'A real boon has been conferred upon English readers by this admirable translation . . . Mrs. Humphry Ward has frequently shown her deep interest in such subjects as Jülicher discusses here, and she has written a well-informed and very sympathetic prefatory note.'

HILL TOWNS OF ITALY. By EGBERTON R. WILLIAMS, Jun. With
24 Illustrations from Photographs and a Coloured Map, 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

BRITISH WEEKLY.—'A very beautiful and artistic work. . . Such a work is worth a hundred guide-books and must quicken the desire to travel.'

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO.'S LIST

OLD WEST SURREY:

Some Notes and Memories.

By GERTRUDE JEKYLL,

Author of 'Wood and Garden' &c.

With 380 Illustrations from Photographs by the Author. 8vo. 18s. net. [*In the press.*]

THE DREAD INFERNO: Notes for Beginners in the Study of Dante.
By M. ALICE WYLD. With Frontispiece. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

LECTURES ON EUROPEAN HISTORY, 1519-1648. By W. STUBBS, D.D., formerly Bishop of Oxford and Regius Professor of Modern History in the University. Medium 8vo. [*In April.*]

I. CHARLES V. (11 Lectures). II. THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF EUROPE FROM THE RESIGNATION OF CHARLES V. (11 Lectures). III. THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF EUROPE DURING THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR (10 Lectures). Also Two Supplementary Lectures: SURVEY OF THE REIGNS OF LOUIS XIII. AND PHILIP IV.; THE PEACE OF WESTPHALIA.

A TEXT-BOOK ON CERAMIC CALCULATIONS: with Examples. By W. JACKSON, A.R.C.S., Lecturer in Pottery and Porcelain Manufacture for the Staffordshire Education Committee and the Hanley Education Committee. Crown 8vo.

PRACTICAL SHIP BUILDING: a Treatise on the Structural Design and Building of Modern Steel Vessels. The Work of Construction, from the Making of the Raw Material to the Equipped Vessel, including Subsequent Upkeep and Repairs. By A. CAMPBELL HOLMS, Member of the Institution of Naval Architects and of the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Scotland; Surveyor to Lloyd's Register of Shipping. 2 vols. (Vol. I. TEXT, medium 8vo.; Vol. II. DIAGRAMS and ILLUSTRATIONS, oblong 4to.) 48s. net.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN STEAM CARRIAGES AND TRACTION ENGINES. By WILLIAM FLETCHER, M.Inst.Mech.E. With 250 Illustrations. 8vo. 15s. net.

COMBINED HAND-IN-HAND FIGURE-SKATING. By NANCY CLIFFE G. THOMPSON, F. LAURA CANNAN, and Viscount DONERAILE, Members of the Skating Club. 16mo. 2s. 6d. net.

LYCHGATE HALL: a Novel. By M. E. FRANCIS (Mrs. Francis Blundell). Crown 8vo. 6s. [*In the press.*]

OLD HENDRIK'S TALES. By Captain ARTHUR O. VAUGHAN. Crown 8vo. [*In the press.*]

* * This is a volume of animal stories collected by Captain Vaughan from the Hottentots during the late Boer War.

They are all unpublished except two, which were issued in LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE recently. The vein is somewhat that of Uncle Remus, and it is probable that the Uncle Remus legends and these have a common origin.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 89 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

MR. MURRAY'S NEW BOOKS.

COMPLETION OF THE DEFINITIVE EDITION OF

THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON. A New Text, Collated with the

Original MSS. and revised proofs, which are still in existence, with many hitherto Unpublished Additions. Edited by BRAMFLE H. COLLIERIDGE and ROWLAND B. PROTHERO, M.V.O. With Portraits and Illustrations. 12 vols. crown 8vo. 6s. each.

'It is our pleasure as well as our duty to record that Mr. Prothero's six goodly volumes form an edition of Byron's prose writings which add enormously to our intimate knowledge of one of the most remarkable figures in the literature of the past century, and that the editor's work has been performed with skill and judgment.'—*Athenaeum*.

'Editor and publisher alike may be proud of the edition which is now complete. Jaded reviewers have welcomed each successive volume . . . the more we see of Byron's letters, the greater is our astonishment, not only at his originality, but at the breadth of his literary knowledge . . . their brilliancy is conspicuous, and they range over a very wide field of human emotion.'—*Morning Post*.

MODERN POETS OF FAITH, DOUBT, AND PAGANISM,

AND OTHER ESSAYS. By the Hon. ARTHUR TEMPLE LYTTELTON, late Bishop of Southampton, Author of 'The Place of Miracles in Religion.' With a Memoir of the Author by the LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER. Portrait. Demy 8vo. 2s. net.

GODS AND FIGHTING MEN. The Story of the Tuatha de Danaan

and of the Fiansa of Ireland. Arranged and put into English by Lady GREGORY, Editor and Translator of 'Ochulain of Muirtheanne,' 'Poets and Dreamers,' &c. With a Preface by W. B. YEATS. Large crown 8vo. 6s. net.

'To say that Lady Gregory's new collection of Irish legends is worthy of her "Ochulain of Muirtheanne" is praise enough.'—*Daily Chronicle*.

'Lady Augusta Gregory has added another leaf to the crown of laurel she is winning by her studies in ancient Gaelic folk-lore and legend. Her "Gods and Fighting Men," just published, is as naively delightful, as mentally refreshing and invigorating as her previous books. . . . She is at heart a poet, and the limitless wealth of imagination of the Irish mind, its quaintness and simplicity, its gravity and peculiar humour have passed into her possession and inspired her pen to fine issues.'—*Yorkshire Post*.

TWO NEW 6s. NOVELS.

PHOEBE IN FETTERS. By Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS, Author of

'The Dream and the Man.' Crown 8vo. 6s.

'Most excellent art. . . . The writer has an excellent style, great knowledge of literature, and power of character drawing.'—*Morning Post*.

'An interesting work, appealing rather more to the intellect of a man of the world than the majority of even good novels.'—*Academy and Literature*.

'It is not often that a novel can attain the piquant while avoiding the questionable. Mrs. Baillie Reynolds has managed this beyond a doubt. . . . Sound, artistic, profoundly human, and therefore profoundly interesting. We predict for it a still greater success than that of "The Dream and the Man."'—*St. James's Gazette*.

HENRY BROCKEN. His Travels and Adventures in the Rich,

Strange, Scarce-Imaginable Regions of Romance. By WALTER J. DE LA MARE (WALTER RAMAL). Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE HOUSE OF QUIET. An Autobiography by J. T. SECOND

IMPRESSION. Demy 8vo. 6s. net.

'Has distinction and originality. . . . The very restraint of the story should rouse more sympathy than a hundred hysterical complaints over imaginary suffering.'—*St. James's Gazette*.

'An extremely clever, well-written, and interesting work . . . the whole work has a fascinating charm of style, and is packed with sensible and high-toned reflections.'—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY. The Story of a Mediæval Monastery. By the

Very Rev. DEAN HODGES, Principal of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Massachusetts. With Photogravure Illustrations and Plans. Square demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

'It is pleasant to have at one's command so simple and handy an account of the Abbey's history. Particularly interesting is the story of its foundation.'—*Globe*.

A NEW EDITION.

JOURNEY TO LHASA AND CENTRAL TIBET. By SARAT

CHANDRA DAS, C.I.E., of the Bengal Educational Service, Member of the Asiatic Society, Bengal, &c. With Map and Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

IRELAND IN THE NEW CENTURY. By the Right Hon. Sir

HORACE PLUNKETT, K.C.V.O., F.R.S., Vice-President of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland; Member of His Majesty's Privy Council in Ireland. Large crown 8vo. 6s. net.

'"Ireland in the New Century" is beyond doubt one of the most thoughtful and fruitful contributions to the Irish question that have been made by any writer during the last twenty years. We have here a book which, unlike so many others written on the same subject, is at once practical and theoretical, which enters into the life and character of the Irish people, and which suggests methods of helping them that have been tried and not found wanting in actual administration. . . . Let us, in conclusion, say that this is a book of real importance, which marks a promising stage in Irish development. It is also a book of considerable power and charm, but its merit above all is that it bears on it the stamp of sincerity.'—*Westminster Gazette*.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, W.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO.'S LIST.

The HISTORY of TWENTY-FIVE YEARS (1856-81).

By Sir SPENCER WALPOLE, K.C.B.,

Author of 'A History of England from 1815-58.'

Vols. I. and II. (1856-70). 8vo. 24s. net.

Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY in the *DAILY CHRONICLE*: 'These two volumes are full of vivid interest, and their interest does not depend absolutely and exclusively on the events which they describe, but is much enhanced by the author's style as a narrator, by the symmetry of his arrangement and by the picturesque touches which make his figures seem alive and his scenes full of movement. . . . I cannot close this review without adding that I think the volumes are entitled to welcome from America as well as from European readers, for I find in their pages no fairer or finer portraiture than those of such men as Abraham Lincoln and General Lee.'

SCOTSMAN.—'With this book when completed, and Mr. Morley's "Gladstone"—consulted with discretion—the young politician will be in a better position than he has ever been in before to understand the great men and events of our recent past. . . . This is the first instalment of a historical work of more than ordinary interest and value.'

DUCHESS SARAH:

Being the Social History of the Times of

SARAH JENNINGS, DUCHESS of MARLBOROUGH,

With Glimpses of her Life, and Anecdotes of her Contemporaries in the
Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.

Compiled and Arranged by One of her Descendants,

Mrs. ARTHUR COLVILLE.

With 10 Photogravure Plates and 2 other Illustrations. 8vo. 18s. net.

DAILY MAIL.—'It takes us behind the throne in six reigns, and there is not from first to last a dull page in its 400.'

NEW VOLUME OF DR. BRIGHT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

By the Rev. J. FRANCK BRIGHT, D.D.,

Master of University College, Oxford.

Period V. IMPERIAL REACTION—VICTORIA—1880-1901.

With Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

CHARLES II.

By OSMUND AIRY, LL.D., M.A.

NEW EDITION. With Photogravure Portrait. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d. net.

. This is a reprint of the letterpress of the volume in Messrs. Goupil's Series of *Illustrated Historical Monographs*.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 89 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

Messrs. LONGMANS & CO.'S

NEW BOOKS.

ENGLAND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

By JULIAN S. CORBETT,

Author of 'Drake and the Tudor Navy' &c.

2 vols. 8vo. 24s. net.

SCOTSMAN.—'Mr. Corbett has done an invaluable work. To say that he has thrown a new light on the history of the seventeenth century is to do him no more than justice. It is a light that shows many facts in new proportions. The book is an inspiring book, suggestive and pregnant with novel ideas. It is well written, luminous with the individuality of an original writer, and it is none the less readable for the healthy patriotism which inspires it.'

THE VERNEY MEMOIRS.

ABRIDGED AND CHEAPER EDITION.

MEMOIRS of the VERNEY FAMILY during the Seventeenth Century.

Compiled from the Papers and Illustrated by the Portraits at Claydon House, Bucks.

By FRANCES PARTHENOPE VERNEY and
MARGARET M. VERNEY.

With 24 Portraits. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 12s. net. [*Nearly ready*]

EIGHTY YEARS' REMINISCENCES.

By COLONEL ANSTRUTHER THOMSON.

With 29 Portraits and other Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. net.

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.—'Appeals to every lover of horse and hound, and abounds in anecdotes or recollections of the most celebrated hunts in England.'

THE SONS O' CORMAC.

Irish Legends.

By ALDIS DUNBAR.

With 8 Illustrations by MYRA LUXMOORE. Crown 8vo. 6s.

SCOTSMAN.—'These stories are highly palatable reading both for youngsters and for oldsters who have hearts susceptible of elegant romantic sentiments, and whose ears can appreciate the insinuating accents of the brogue. The book merits prosperity.'

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 89 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

ENGLAND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

By JULIAN S. CORBETT,

Author of 'Drake and the Tudor Navy' &c.

2 vols. 8vo. 24s. net.

. *This is an account of the rise of England as a Mediterranean Power from the Peace with Spain in 1604 to the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, showing how the revolution in naval warfare under Elizabeth enabled England to take a new place in European politics by action within the Straits, and dealing incidentally with the progress of naval strategy and organisation which led, through the tentative expeditions of James I. and Cromwell and the abortive occupation of Tangier, to the developed policy of William III. and Marlborough, and our final establishment at Gibraltar and Minorca.*

GLASGOW HERALD.

'Mr. Corbett is fortunate in the publication of this "Rise and Influence of British Power within the Straits" at a time when the surprising developments in the naval hostilities in the Far East are making everybody realise the value of the command of the sea in war.'

WESTERN MORNING NEWS.

'We take leave of our author with the earnest hope that not only will these volumes fall into the right hands—the navy men of the present and future—but that the labours of Mr. Corbett will bear fruit in stimulating a sound knowledge amongst seamen of the principles which, combined with sound diplomacy, have raised this empire to an unrivalled position amongst the nations of the world.'

SCOTSMAN.

'Mr. Corbett has done an invaluable work. To say that he has thrown a new light on the history of the seventeenth century is to do him no more than justice. It is a light that shows many facts in new proportions. The book is an inspiring book, suggestive and pregnant with novel ideas. It is well written, luminous with the individuality of an original writer, and it is none the less readable for the healthy patriotism which inspires it.'

MORNING POST.

'Mr. Julian Corbett has gained so wide a reputation as a naval historian that everything which he publishes on the subject of the British Navy is sure of a hearty welcome.'

UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE.

'Briefly, the substance of the book is a triumphant refutation of the arguments of those who recently advanced the opinion that it might be advisable, on strategic grounds, to withdraw from the Mediterranean.'

TIMES.

'Every Englishman will be the better informed, and most of us will be for the first time well-informed, concerning a most important chapter of our national history by the study of Mr. Corbett's volumes. Mr. Corbett is one of the most accomplished of our naval historians.'

MR. MARTIN HUME in the DAILY CHRONICLE.

'In many respects this is the best work that Mr. Corbett has given us. His view is broad and statesmanlike, and he does not allow himself to be swamped by his detail. It is a most inspiring story that he has to tell, and he narrates it with power and picturesqueness.'

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

NEW THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA.

By JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Popular Edition. 8vo. SIXPENCE net.

. *This edition will contain a letter, hitherto unpublished, by Cardinal Newman to Canon Flanagan in 1857, and containing in embryo the 'Apologia' itself.*

PRAYERS, PSALMS, AND LECTIONS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD. By the Rev. W. C. E. NEWBOLT, M.A. Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

THE OLD RIDDLE AND THE NEWEST ANSWER. By JOHN GERARD, S.J., F.L.S. Crown 8vo. 5s.

. *This is an inquiry as to how far modern science has altered the aspect of the problems of the Universe.*

THE MIND OF PETER, AND OTHER SERMONS. By MANDELL CREIGHTON, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., &c., sometime Bishop of London. Edited by LOUISE CREIGHTON. Crown 8vo. [*Nearly ready.*]

VISITATION CHARGES DELIVERED TO THE CLERGY AND CHURCHWARDENS OF THE DIOCESES OF CHESTER AND OXFORD. By WILLIAM STUBBS, D.D. Edited by E. E. HOLMES, Honorary Canon of Christ Church and Vicar of Sonning, formerly Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford. 8vo. [*Nearly ready.*]

THE COMMON HOPE. Firstfruits of Ministerial Experience in Thought and Life. Edited by the Rev. ROSLYN BRUCE, M.A., St. Anne's, Soho, with an Introduction by the Right Rev. the BISHOP OF STEPNEY. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

A DIALOGUE. By A. H. GILLES, Master of Dulwich College. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. net.

. *This dialogue, which deals mainly with the subject of religion, is intended partly to exemplify the position of Socrates at Athens, and to account for his unpopularity.*

Handbooks for the Clergy.

Edited by the Rev. ARTHUR W. ROBINSON, B.D., Vicar of All Hallows Barking by the Tower.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE: some Suggestions for the Study of the Relations between them. By the Rev. P. N. WAGGETT, M.A., of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, Cowley. 2s. 6d. net.

Simple Guides to Christian Knowledge.

Edited by FLORENCE ROBINSON, formerly of St. Hilda's Hall, Oxford.

THE STORY OF OUR LORD'S LIFE. By Mrs. H. H. MONTGOMERY. With 8 Coloured Illustrations after Gaudenzio Ferrari. 16mo. 2s. 6d. net.

THE EARLY STORY OF ISRAEL. By Mrs. J. S. THOMAS. With 7 full-page Plates, 13 Illustrations in the Text, and 4 Maps (2 Coloured). 16mo. 2s. 6d. net.

THE TEACHING OF THE CATECHISM. By BEATRICE WARD. With 8 Illustrations. 16mo. 2s. 6d. net.

. *Other Volumes in preparation.*

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 89 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST AND THE GREAT LAKE REGION OF NORTH AMERICA.

By PAUL FOUNTAIN.

8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

'It is a book full of inimitable attraction of first-hand experience and long familiarity with the wilderness and its inhabitants, human and animal.'

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

'Has all the freshness and independence that mark its two companions. . . this delightful and original book.'

ABERDEEN FREE PRESS.

'All who have the spirit of the Ishmaelite or wanderer in them will enjoy Mr. Fountain's account of his life in the lonely woods.'

FIELD.

'Marked with the same keen appreciation of Nature, the same love of exploration, the same vividness of description which characterised his former works, and now that we have read all three we hardly know which to praise most. . . Our author, who seems to have been travelling all his life, has some good stories to tell of "people he has met,"'

BRITISH CANADIAN REVIEW.

'Apart from the author's observations on natural history, the book is a valuable one as describing a phase of life in Canada and the Northern States which is now rapidly passing away.'

GLASGOW HERALD.

'A *mélange* of the most delightful gossip about the natural characteristics of the Great North-West, and about the birds and animals which were encountered in these early days, but which are now much less plentiful.'

BADMINTON MAGAZINE.

'This volume will be welcomed by all who are acquainted with the author's previous works on North and South America. Readers have recognised Mr. Fountain's remarkable familiarity with the country and with every phase of its life, and an explanation is here afforded.'

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

THE GREAT DESERTS AND FORESTS OF NORTH AMERICA.

With a Preface by W. H. HUDSON. 8vo. 9s. 6d. net.

THE GREAT MOUNTAINS AND FORESTS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

With Portrait and 7 Illustrations. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 89 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

NEW NOVEL BY MR. RIDER HAGGARD

'A surprise of the most welcome order. . . . It will afford to Mr. Haggard's readers all the keen and rare pleasure which a work of art, finely conceived and carried out with faultless fidelity to its ideal, can bestow.'—WORLD.

STELLA FREGELIUS:

A Mystical Story of Modern Life.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Crown 8vo. 6s.

ATHENÆUM.

'The sea scene on the east coast, when Morris single-handed rescues his Viking maiden from the foundering ship, is as good as any of Mr. Haggard's strongest work.'

QUEEN.

'The new story will find many readers, as dealing with one of the new applications of science. And the weird, but lovable, Stella Fregelius is a new kind of heroine.'

TO-DAY.

'Stella Fregelius attains a loftiness of conception never before reached by Mr. Rider Haggard. . . . If, as Matthew Arnold held, "the high seriousness which comes from absolute sincerity" is the supreme test of poetic excellence, then is there poetry most excellent in this fine novel by Mr. Rider Haggard.'

MORNING POST.

'It would be useless to approach such a story in a spirit of scepticism, but it is not difficult to abandon one's self to the spell of the author's imagination, and those who do so ungrudgingly are sure to find matter to entertain them and to move them in this volume.'

SCOTSMAN.

'The drama moves swiftly to a terrible and poignant close, under circumstances which only a Rider Haggard could conceive, and which he has pictured in these pages with quite remarkable vividness.'

LADIES' FIELD.

'This book breaks fresh ground; it deals with the problems of life and immortality, and is written throughout with sustained power.'

BOOKMAN.

'A strong and absorbing romance, a departure from Mr. Haggard's customary manner, but needing nothing of the excuse he makes for it.'

SATURDAY REVIEW.

'It is a remarkable conception which might easily be reduced to nonsense and bathos. It is handled by Mr. Haggard with ability which puts him as a novelist on a higher plane than that he has yet reached.'

GLASGOW HERALD.

'The book will make its strongest appeal to those who are interested in spiritualism and other occult phenomena, but it is thrilling enough to hold the interest of any reader who takes it up.'

LONGMANS, GREEN, & Co., 89 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

**MR. WEYMAN'S
NEW ROMANCE.**

**THE
LONG
NIGHT.**

**A STORY OF THE
ESCALADE
OF GENEVA
IN 1602.**

By

**STANLEY
WEYMAN.**

6s.

BYSTANDER.

'It represents the high-water mark of Mr. Weyman's achievements.'

GUARDIAN.

'The book may well be ranked among Mr. Weyman's best.'

WEEK'S SURVEY.

'The best novel Mr. Weyman has given us these many years.'

THE KING AND HIS NAVY AND ARMY.

'By far the best long story Mr. Weyman has yet written.'

ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

'The dénouement of "The Long Night" is delightful.'

BRITISH WEEKLY.

'The reader aches with excitement as the crisis approaches, all the more because he cannot, dare not, skip.'

BRISTOL TIMES.

'Mr. Stanley Weyman has long been known to us as the English Dumas, and his stories in that vein have won for him a throng of admirers.'

ATHENÆUM.

'It contains at least one character who is as finished a product as any of Mr. Weyman's many villains, and we think that Basterga, pedant, politician, scholar, and scoundrel, will be reckoned among his happiest creations.'

'C. K. S.' IN THE TATLER.

'Among the best novels of the year I count Mr. Stanley Weyman's story "The Long Night." . . . Once given a subject of this kind no living writer can surpass Mr. Weyman in his succession of dramatic episodes that hold one breathless until the final chapter. "The Long Night" will enhance Mr. Weyman's already great reputation as an exciting story writer.'

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

'One of the most romantic and pathetic tragedies we have ever read.'

DAILY NEWS.

'Mr. Wilkins stands at the head of the historical biographers of the day.'

QUEEN.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

A QUEEN OF TEARS:

Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark
and Norway, and Princess of Great
Britain and Ireland.

By W. H. WILKINS, M.A., F.S.A.

Author of 'The Love of an Uncrowned Queen' &c.

With Portraits (2 Photogravures) and
47 other Illustrations, 2 vols. 8vo. 36s.

. Caroline Matilda (1751-1775) was the youngest
sister of George III.

'Mr. Wilkins's two brightly written volumes make exceedingly fascinating reading.'—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

'The story of her misfortunes and errors as told by Mr. Wilkins is as good as a novel.'—GLASGOW HERALD.

DAILY MAIL.

'Fate, the great dramatist, weaves matchless plots which no romancist can conceive. The most boundless audacity of the playwright could not have imagined the six years of Caroline Matilda's life which are written in blood and tears across the page of history.'

ATHENÆUM.

'We congratulate Mr. Wilkins upon having once again left the beaten track. . . . In the present work, as in his life of Sophie Dorothea, the uncrowned Queen of George I., he has handled an unfamiliar subject with excellent judgment and literary skill, and has even added something to our store of historical knowledge.'

LADIES' FIELD.

'Mr. Wilkins has the rare gift of making history read like romance. The story he unfolds is romantic enough in itself, and he tells it in a style at once terse and lucid. His historical characters live and move, and the incidents are treated with an eye to dramatic effect. . . . The book is one of absorbing interest.'

THE WORLD.

'The researches of Mr. Wilkins in seventeenth and eighteenth century history are well known, and the present work will enhance the already high reputation that he possesses.'

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST.

'The story of Matilda's love for her Prime Minister is handled here in the dry light of historical inquiry and patient research, happily commingled with delicacy of style and lightness of touch worthy of the best romance writing.'

YORKSHIRE POST.

'The story is a long and sordid one, and it has been related by the author of this book with a skill and vividness that make it as fascinating as most novels. . . . This is understood to be the first book in the English language dealing fully with the story of Princess Matilda, and its value is enhanced by the inclusion of important despatches discovered by Mr. Wilkins two years ago in the State Paper Office. The work is a worthy companion volume to "The Love of an Uncrowned Queen."'

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

FAVOURITE FICTION.

RIDER HAGGARD.

STELLA FREGELIUS 6 0	ERIC BRIGHTYES. 3 6
PEARL-MAIDEN:	With 51 Illustrations
With 26 Illustrations. 6 0	NADA THE LILY.
LYSBETH. With 26 Illustrations ... 6 0	With 23 Illustrations 3 6
SHE. With 32 Illustrations 3 6	ALLAN'S WIFE.
ALLAN QUATERMAIN.	With 34 Illustrations 3 6
With 31 Illustrations 3 6	THE WITCH'S HEAD.
HEART OF THE WORLD.	With 16 Illustrations 3 6
With 15 Illustrations 3 6	MR. MERSON'S WILL.
JOAN HASTE. With 20 Illustrations 3 6	With 16 Illustrations 3 6
THE PEOPLE OF THE MIST.	DAWN. With 16 Illustrations ... 3 6
With 16 Illustrations 3 6	DR. THERNE 3 6
MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER.	BLACK HEART AND WHITE
With 24 Illustrations 3 6	HEART, and other Stories.
MAIWA'S REVENGE 1 6	With 33 Illustrations 3 6
COLONEL QUARITCH.	SWALLOW.
With Frontispiece and Vignette... 3 6	With 8 Illustrations 3 6
CLEOPATRA.	THE WORLD'S DESIRE.
With 29 Illustrations 3 6	By H. RIDER HAGGARD and
BEATRICE.	ANDREW LANG. With 27 Illus-
With Frontispiece and Vignette... 3 6	trations 3 6

STANLEY WEYMAN.

THE LONG NIGHT 6 0	THE RED COCKADE 6 0
THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF 3 6	SHREWSBURY. With 24 Illustrations 6 0
A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE 6 0	SOPHIA 6 0

CONAN DOYLE.

MICAH CLARKE.	THE REFUGEES.
With 10 Illustrations 3 6	With 25 Illustrations 3 6
THE CAPTAIN OF THE POLE-	THE STARK-MUNRO LETTERS ... 3 6
STAR, and other Tales 3 6	

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR.	MORE NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS:
JEKYLL and MR. HYDE. Sewed,	THE DYNAMITER. By ROBERT
1s.; cloth 1 6	LOUIS STEVENSON and FANNY
THE STRANGE CASE OF DR.	VAN DE GRIFF STEVENSON ... 3 6
JEKYLL and MR. HYDE; with	THE WRONG BOX. By ROBERT
other Fables. Bound in buckram,	LOUIS STEVENSON and LLOYD
with gilt top net 5 0	OSBOURNE 3 6
'Silver Library' Edition. Crown 8vo. 3 6	

E. CE. SOMERVILLE AND MARTIN ROSS.

SOME EXPERIENCES OF AN	AN IRISH COUSIN 6 0
IRISH R.M. With 31 Illustrations 6 0	THE REAL CHARLOTTE 3 6
ALL ON THE IRISH SHORE.	THE SILVER FOX 3 6
With 10 Illustrations 6 0	

EDNA LYALL.

DOREEN: the Story of a Singer ... 6 0	THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A
WAYFARING MEN:	SLANDER 1 0
A Story of Theatrical Life ... 6 0	
HOPE THE HERMIT:	<i>Presentation Edition.</i> With 20 Illus-
A Romance of Borrowdale ... 6 0	trations by LANCELOT SPEED... net 2 6

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 89 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

WORKS BY MRS. DE SALIS.

With 24 Plates, 16 of which are printed in colours. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

À LA MODE COOKERY: Up-to-Date Recipes.

SOUPS—FISH—ENTRÉES—POULTRY AND GAME—DRESSED VEGETABLES—SAUCES—ENTREMETS AND SWEETS—SAVOURIES AND HORS D'ŒUVRES—CAKES, &c.—INVALID COOKERY—MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES AND HOUSEHOLD HINTS—TERMS USED IN COOKING AND IN THE KITCHEN.

CAKES AND CONFECTIONS À LA MODE. Sixth Edition. 1s. 6d.

DOGS: a Manual for Amateurs. Second Edition. 1s. 6d.

DRESSED GAME AND POULTRY À LA MODE. Fourth Edition. 1s. 6d.

DRESSED VEGETABLES À LA MODE. Fifth Edition. 1s. 6d.

DRINKS À LA MODE. Second Edition. 1s. 6d.

ENTRÉES À LA MODE. Twelfth Edition. 1s. 6d.

FLORAL DECORATIONS. Second Edition. 1s. 6d.

GARDENING À LA MODE. Fcap. 8vo. Part I. Vegetables, 1s. 6d. Part II. Fruits, 1s. 6d.

NATIONAL VIANDS À LA MODE. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

NEW-LAID EGGS. Second Edition. 1s. 6d.

OYSTERS À LA MODE. Third Edition. 1s. 6d.

PUDDINGS AND PASTRY À LA MODE. Sixth Edition. 1s. 6d.

SAVOURIES À LA MODE. Eighteenth Edition. 1s. 6d.

SOUPS AND DRESSED FISH À LA MODE. Seventh Edition. 1s. 6d.

SWEETS AND SUPPER DISHES À LA MODE. Seventh Edition. 1s. 6d.

TEMPTING DISHES FOR SMALL INCOMES. Seventh Edition. 1s. 6d.

WRINKLES AND NOTIONS FOR EVERY HOUSEHOLD. Second Edition. 1s. 6d.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.; New York, and Bombay

JUST PUBLISHED. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

REMINDERS OF OLD TRUTHS.

By HANNAH B. PIPE.

. *This is a series of short chapters on practical religion and ethics, primarily addressed to young people and especially to girls of the middle and upper classes.*

Part I.—The Decalogue—The New Commandment—'Christian Perfection'—Little Children—Haman and St. Paul—The Temptation of Christ—The Calling of Andrew and Peter—I am the Way—I am the Truth—Sacrifice—A Living Sacrifice—Prayer—The Lord's Prayer—The Will of God—The Glory of God—The Severity of God—The Ministry of Reconciliation—The Fight of Faith—Miracles—The Word of Christ.

Part II. (*Domestic and other Relationships*).—Copies and Shadows of Heavenly Things—Family Life—Domestic Service—The Obligations of Relationship—Hospitality—Fasting—Stewardship—On Leaving School—Discontent—Unhappy Marriages—Wordsworth's 'Prelude'—Children's Questions—Day-dreams—Parents, Schoolmasters, and Laws—Ethics of Reproof—Order—Method—Manners—The Evening and the Morning.

Miss ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER in the *METHODIST RECORDER*: 'I would strongly urge all those who have anything to do with girls and their education to buy this book at once, and to give it into the hands of all those young persons committed to their charge. It is a book which no girl or woman could read without interest; and it is a book which no girl or woman could read without being the better for it in mind, morals, and manners.'

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.; New York, and Bombay.

THE SILVER LIBRARY.

'It is superfluous to praise the "Silver Library." It contains, perhaps, the best collection of cheap copyright classics accessible to the British public.'—BRITISH WEEKLY.

BIOGRAPHY.

BAGEHOT (W.).	1. 4.
Biographical Studies	3 6
PROUDE (J. A.).	
Life and Letters of Erasmus	3 6
Cæsar: a Sketch	3 6
Thomas Carlyle: a History of his Life.	
1794-1835. 2 vols.	7 0
1834-1881. 2 vols.	7 0
GLEIG (Rev. G. R.).	
Life of the Duke of Wellington. With Portraits	3 6
KÖSTLIN (J.).	
Life of Luther. With 63 Illustrations and 4 Facsimiles of MSS.	3 6
MARBOT (BARON de).	
Memoirs. Translated. 2 vols. ...	7 0
MARSHMAN (J. C.).	
Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock	3 6
TREVELYAN (Sir G. O.).	
The Early History of Charles James Fox	3 6

FICTION.

DOUGALL (L.).	
Beggars All	3 6
DOYLE (Sir A. CONAN).	
Micah Clarke: a Tale of Monmouth's Rebellion. With 10 Illustrations	3 6
The Captain of the 'Polestar,' and other Tales	3 6
The Refugees: a Tale of the Huguenots. With 35 Illustrations	3 6
The Stark Munro Letters	3 6
PROUDE (J. A.).	
The Two Chiefs of Dunboy: an Irish Romance of the Last Century	3 6
HAGGARD (H. R.).	
Allan Quatermain. With 20 Illustrations	3 6
Allan's Wife. With 34 Illus. ...	3 6
Beatrice. With Frontispiece and Vignette	3 6
Black Heart and White Heart, and other Stories. With 23 Illustrations	3 6
Cleopatra. With 29 Illustrations	3 6
Colonel Quaritch, V.C. With Frontispiece and Vignette	3 6
Dawn. With 16 Illustrations	3 6
Eric Brighteyes. With 51 Illus.	3 6

FICTION.

HAGGARD (H. R.).	1. 4.
Heart of the World. With 15 Illustrations	3 6
Joan Haste. With 20 Illustrations	3 6
Mr. Meeson's Will. With 16 Illustrations	3 6
Montezuma's Daughter. With 25 Illustrations	3 6
Nada the Lily. With 23 Illus.	3 6
She: a History of Adventure. With 52 Illustrations	3 6
Swallow: a Tale of the Great Trek. With 8 Illustrations	3 6
The People of the Mist. With 16 Illustrations	3 6
The Witch's Head. With 16 Illustrations	3 6
HAGGARD (H. R.) and Lang (A.).	
The World's Desire. With 27 Illustrations	3 6
HARTE (BRET).	
In the Carquinez Woods, and other Stories	3 6
HOPE (ANTHONY).	
The Heart of Princess Osa. With 9 Illustrations	3 6
LANG (A.).	
A Monk of Fife: a Story of the Days of Joan of Arc. With 15 Illus. ...	3 6
LEVETT-YEATS (S.).	
The Chevalier D'Aurillac	3 6
MERRIMAN (H. S.).	
Flotsam: a Story of the Indian Mutiny	3 6
PHILLIPS-WOLLEY (C.).	
Snap: a Legend of the Lorne Mountain. With 13 Illustrations ...	3 6
STEVENSON (R. L.).	
The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; with other Fables ...	3 6
STEVENSON (R. L.) and OSBOURNE (LI.).	
The Wrong Box	3 6
STEVENSON (R. L.) and STEPHENSON (FANNY VAN DE GRIFT).	
More New Arabian Nights—The Dynamiter	3 6
WEYMAN (STANLEY J.).	
The House of the Wolf: a Romance	3 6

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

THE SILVER LIBRARY.

'If my advice were asked as to what series of modern books would form the best nucleus of a good and inexpensive library, I think I should, without hesitation, recommend Messrs. Longmans' "Silver Library." Many of the most notably good books published in recent years are included in the series. They are strongly and elegantly bound, and they cost only 2s. 6d. each.'—DAILY MAIL.

HISTORY.

- BUCKLE (H. T.)** 2. 4.
History of Civilization in England. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. ... 10 6
- FROUDE (J. A.)**
English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century ... 3 6
The Council of Trent ... 3 6
The Divorce of Catherine of Aragon ... 3 6
The English in Ireland. 8 vols. 10 6
The History of England, From the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada. 13 vols. ... each 3 6
The Spanish Story of the Armada, and other Essays ... 3 6
Short Studies on Great Subjects. 4 vols. ... each 3 6
Selections from the Writings of James Anthony Froude. Edited by P. S. ALLEN, M.A. ... 3 6
- GREVILLE (C. C. F.)**
Journal of the Reigns of King George IV. King William IV. and Queen Victoria. 8 vols. ... each 3 6
- KAYE (Sir J.) and MALLESON (Colonel).**
History of the Indian Mutiny of 1857-8. 6 vols. ... each 3 6
- MACAULAY (Lord).**
Complete Works. 'Albany' Edition. With 13 Portraits. 13 vols. each ... 3 6
Vols. I.-VI. History of England from the Accession of James the Second.
Vols. VII.-X. Essays and Biographies.
Vols. XI.-XII. Sketches, Lays of Ancient Rome, &c., and Index.
- Essays, and Lays of Ancient Rome, &c.** With Portrait and 4 Illustrations to the 'Lays' ... 3 6
- MERIVALE (Dean).**
History of the Romans under the Empire. 8 vols. ... each 3 6
- SMITH (R. BOSWORTH).**
Carthage and the Carthaginians. With Maps, Plans, &c. ... 3 6

POPULAR SCIENCE.

- HELMHOLTZ (HERMANN von).** 4. 4.
Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects. With 66 Illustrations. 3 vols. ... each 3 6
- CLODD (E.).**
The Story of Creation: a Plain Account of Evolution. With 77 Illus. 3 6
- PROCTOR (R. A.).**
Leisure Readings. By R. A. PROCTOR, EDWARD CLODD, ANDREW WILSON, THOMAS FOSTER, and A. O. BASTYARD. With Illustrations ... 3 6
Light Science for Leisure Hours ... 3 6
Myths and Marvels of Astronomy ... 3 6
Nature Studies ... 3 6
Other Suns than Ours ... 3 6
Other Worlds than Ours ... 3 6
Our Place among Infinities: a Series of Essays contrasting our Little Abode in Space and Time with the Infinities around us ... 3 6
Pleasant Ways in Science ... 3 6
Rough Ways Made Smooth ... 3 6
The Expanse of Heaven ... 3 6
The Moon ... 3 6
The Orbs Around us ... 3 6
- STANLEY (Bishop).**
Familiar History of Birds With 160 Illustrations ... 3 6
- WOOD (Rev. J. G.).**
Out of Doors. With 11 Illus. ... 3 6
Petland Revisited. With 83 Illus. 3 6
Strange Dwellings. With 60 Illus. 3 6
- TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.**
- ARNOLD (Sir EDWIN).**
Seas and Lands. With 17 Illus. 3 6
- BAKER (Sir S. W.).**
Eight Years in Ceylon. With 6 Illustrations ... 3 6
Rifle and Hound in Ceylon. With 6 Illustrations ... 3 6
- BENT (J. T.).**
The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland. With 117 Illustrations ... 3 6

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 89 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

THE SILVER LIBRARY.

'A bookbuyer might order the whole "Silver Library" with absolute confidence that every volume would be worth preserving as first-rate English literature.'—INDEPENDENT.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

- BRASSEY (Lady).** 1. 4.
A Voyage in the 'Sunbeam.'
 With 60 Illustrations... 3 6
- FROUDE (J. A.).**
Oceana; or, England and her Colonies. With 9 Illustrations ... 3 6
- HOWITT (W.).**
Visits to Remarkable Places.
 With 80 Illustrations ... 3 6
- KNIGHT (E. F.).**
The Cruise of the 'Alerte':
 the Narrative of a Search for Treasure
 on the Desert Island of Trinidad. With
 2 Maps and 28 Illustrations ... 3 6
- The 'Falcon' on the Baltic:*
 a Coasting Voyage from Hammersmith
 to Copenhagen in a Three-Ton Yacht.
 With Map and 11 Illustrations ... 3 6
- Where Three Empires Meet:*
 a Narrative of Recent Travel in Kashmir,
 Western Tibet, Baluchistan, Gilgit. With
 a Map and 84 Illustrations ... 3 6
- LEES (J. A.) and (CLUTTER-
 BUCK (W. J.).**
*B.C. 1887. A Ramble in British
 Columbia.* With Maps and 78 Illus... 3 6
- NANSEN (F.).**
*The First Crossing of Green-
 land.* With 142 Illustrations and a Map 3 6
- STEPHEN (Sir LESLIE).**
The Play-Ground of Europe
 (The Alps). With 4 Illustrations ... 3 6

MENTAL, POLITICAL, AND ECONOMIC SCIENCE.

- BAGEHOT (W.).**
Economic Studies ... 3 6
- MACLEOD (H. D.).**
Elements of Banking ... 3 6
- MILL (J. S.).**
Political Economy ... 3 6
System of Logic ... 3 6

MISCELLANEOUS.

- BAGEHOT (W.).** 1. 4.
Literary Studies. With Portrait.
 2 vols. ... each 3 6
- BARING-GOULD (Rev. S.).**
*Curious Myths of the Middle
 Ages* ... 3 6
*Origin and Development of
 Religious Belief.* 2 vols. ... each 3 6
- BECKER (W. A.).**
*Charicles; or, Illustrations of the
 Private Life of the Ancient Greeks.*
 With 26 Illustrations ... 3 6
*Gallus; or, Roman Scenes in the
 time of Augustus.* With 26 Illustrations 3 6
- CHURCHILL (WINSTON S.).**
*The Story of the Malakand
 Field Force, 1897.* With 6 Maps and
 Plans ... 3 6
- CONYBEARE (Rev. W. J.) and
 HOWSON (Very Rev. J. S.).**
Life and Epistles of St. Paul,
 With 46 Illustrations... 3 6
- JEFFERIES (R.).**
Field and Hedgerow. With
 Portrait... 3 6
Red Deer. With 17 Illustrations 3 6
*The Story of My Heart: My
 Autobiography.* With Portrait ... 3 6
The Tollers of the Field. With
 Portrait from the East in Salisbury
 Cathedral ... 3 6
Wood Magic: a Fable. With
 Frontispiece and Vignette by R. V. B... 3 6
- LANG (A.).**
Angling Sketches. With 20
 Illustrations... 3 6
Cock Lane and Common-Sense 3 6
*The Book of Dreams and
 Ghosts* ... 3 6
*Custom and Myth: Studies of
 Early Usage and Belief* ... 3 6
Myth, Ritual and Religion.
 2 vols. ... 7 6
- MILNER (GEORGE).**
*Country Pleasures: the Chro-
 nicle of a Year chiefly in a Garden* ... 3 6
- ROSSETTI (MARIA F.).**
A Shadow of Dante ... 3 6

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 89 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
 New York, and Bombay.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY.
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION

APRIL 1904.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
NATURE'S COMEDIAN. By W. E. NORRIS	457
Chapters XIX., XX.	
MODDER RIVER.—II. By Captain A. O. VAUGHAN	475
IN ARCADEY. By BEN BOLT	488
A METAPHYSICAL PROBLEM. By P. LITTLEWOOD	498
A REBEL AT THE COURT OF LOUIS XIV.: THE LETTERS OF CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS. By DORA M. JONES	500
MADAME FÉLICIE. By M. E. FRANCIS	510
FEATHERED FORAGERS. By ALEXANDER INNES SHAND	523
AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP. By ANDREW LANG	534

Gold Medal,
Health Exhibition,
London.



BENGER'S
FOOD
FOR
INFANTS

INVALIDS and the AGED.
Delicious, Nutritive and Digestible.

BENGER'S FOOD is not only highly nutritive, but is most easily digested, and is so delicious that it is enjoyed by Infants, Invalids, Convalescents and the aged.

Benger's Food is sold in Tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

NOTES ON BOOKS

BEING
AN ANALYSIS OF THE WORKS
PUBLISHED DURING EACH QUARTER
BY

MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO.

No. CXCVI. FEBRUARY 29, 1904.

*** Copies of Notes on Books are forwarded free by post by Messrs. LONGMANS & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.; or 91 and 93 Fifth Avenue, New York, U.S.A.; or 32 Hornby Road, Bombay.*

CENTAUR Famous since 1876

From **£10-10s.** **CYCLES**

The Pioneers of Lightness,
Strength and Efficiency.

Catalogue free on receipt of postcard from
Centaur Cycle Co., Ltd.,
Coventry.

London: 21 HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

**A TINY BIT,
A LITTLE RUB,
A BIG SHINE**

IS THE WAY WITH

GLOBE METAL POLISH

RAIMES & CO., Ltd., Treleagar Road, Bow, London, E., and Stockton-on-Tees.



BORO'S PIANOS

CHAS. STILES & CO., 74 & 76 Southampton Row, W.C. (Removed from 40 & 42 Southampton Row.) PIANOS EXCHANGED.

25 per cent. Discount for Cash, or 14s. 6d. per month (second-hand, 10s. 6d. per month) on the Three Years' System. — Lists free of

BECHSTEIN PIANOS

These magnificent Pianos for Hire on the Three Years' System, at ad-

tagious prices and terms.—Lists and particulars free of CHAS. STILES & CO., & 76 Southampton Row, W.C. (Removed from 40 & 42 Southampton Row.)



No. CCLIII.]

Contents

[NOVEMBER 1903

PAGE

Nature's Comedian. Chapters IX., X. By W. E. NORRIS	1
'The Nemesis of Froude.' By A. L.	18
First o' May. By BEN BOLT	30
Young Russian and Young Englishman. By N. W. CLAYTON	37
The Fairy Pipers. By DUNCAN J. ROBERTSON	44
Old-fashioned Accomplishments. By CLEMENTINA BLACK	45
The Justice of the Mountains. By FRANCES MACNAB	52
Canada in the Sixties—III. By PAUL FOUNTAIN	58
On a Cuban Ingenio. By NARANJA AMARGA	71
The Disenchanted Squirrel. By NETTA SYRETT	82
At the Sign of the Ship. By ANDREW LANG	89

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
NEW YORK AND BOMBAY



The 'GOLLIWOGG' BOOK for 1903

THE

GOLLIWOGG'S CIRCUS.

WITH

Coloured Pictures by

FLORENCE K. UPTON.

Verses by

BERTHA UPTON.

Oblong 4to.

PRICE 6s.



(Reduced from the Coloured Plate.)

THE 'GOLLIWOGG' SERIES.

Oblong 4to. price 6s. each.

THE ADVENTURES OF TWO DUTCH DOLLS AND A 'GOLLIWOGG.'

With 31 Coloured Plates.

THE GOLLIWOGG AT THE SEA-SIDE.

With 31 Coloured Plates.

THE GOLLIWOGG'S AUTO-GO-CART.

With 31 Coloured Plates.

THE GOLLIWOGG'S BICYCLE CLUB.

With 31 Coloured Plates.

THE GOLLIWOGG'S AIR-SHIP.

With 31 Coloured Plates.

THE GOLLIWOGG IN WAR.

With 31 Coloured Plates.

THE GOLLIWOGG'S POLAR ADVENTURE.

With 31 Coloured Plates.

THE VEGE-MEN'S REVENGE.

With 31 Coloured Plates.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 89 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

Digitized by Google



By

E. E. JOMERVILLE M.F.H.

JOINT AUTHOR OF

"SOME EXPERIENCES OF AN IRISH R.M." &c. &c.

WITH 20 PLATES IN COLOUR

BY THE AUTHOR.

4to, size 15½ by 12½ inches. Cloth boards, 10/6 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

Digitized by Google

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE DRINK THE

RED WHITE & BLUE

DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.



Nothing Nicer

Try it You will be pleased

Helm Cocoa

leads in Quality
and Brain Power

It is Most Nutritious
and of

Exquisite Flavour

Helm Cocoa gives support
and Comfort

Wholesale St George's House
Eastcheap E C



No Breakfast Table
complete without

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious
and Economical.

DON'T COUGH *for*
KEATING'S LOZENGES
EASILY CURE
THE WORST COUGH.

One gives relief. An increasing
sale of over 80 years is a certain
test of their value. Sold in 13½d.
tins everywhere.

MEDOC—VIN ORDINAIRE.

Pure BORDEAUX, an excellent light Dinner Wine. The quality of this
wine will be found equal to wine usually sold at much higher prices.

ST. ESTEPHE.

SUPERIOR DINNER WINE, old in bottle. On comparison it will be
found very superior to wine usually sold at higher prices. The appreciation
this wine meets with from the constantly increasing number of customers it
procures us in London and the Provinces gives us additional confidence in
submitting it to those who like pure Bordeaux Wine.

3 Dozen Bottles or 6 Dozen Pints delivered Carriage Paid to any Railway Station, including Cases and Bottles.
All who know these Wines tell us there is no Claret sold in Great Britain to equal them in value.
General Price List Free by Post.

Owing to the increased Duty of 6d. per dozen, we very much regret to have to advance the price that amount.

JAMES SMITH & COMPANY, Wine & Spirit Merchants, Limited.
LIVERPOOL: 37 North John Street. **Manchester:** 26 Market Street.

Per Dozen Bots.	1/2 Bots.
14/6	8/3
17/6	9/9



No. CCLIV.]

Contents

[DECEMBER 1903

PAGE

Nature's Comedian. Chapters XI., XII. 97

By W. E. NORRIS.

A Turkish Redif. 116

By FRANCES MACNAB.

The Suspicions of Turkentine 122

By CHAS. FIELDING MARSH.

Parliament in the Making 137

By WILLIAM AULD.

An Unrecorded Incident 147

By 'RIMPIE.'

Restaurant-keeping in Paris 157

By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

Billy 163

By MAY KENDALL.

Taurus Intervenes 173

By W. H. RAINSFORD.

At the Sign of the Ship 183

By ANDREW LANG.

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

NEW YORK AND BOMBAY





THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

PART II.

By the Right Hon. Sir GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, Bart.

Author of 'The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay' &c.

With Map. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. net.

* * THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, Part I. 8vo. 13s. 6d. net.

STANDARD.

'Of the literary ability which was manifested in the "Life of Lord Macaulay" further proof may be found in "The History of the American Revolution."'

ACADEMY.

'Many pens have been busied over the story of the American Revolution, but Sir George Trevelyan's is certainly the one that has done best.'

MORNING POST.

'Sir George Trevelyan's bright, easy style, and the readiness with which he has found illustrations of his theme in material which more pedantic historians would consider outside the range of vision, give new life and fresh colour to the narrative.'

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

'We hardly know which part of this admirable narrative to select for special commendation. . . . A rich and varied narrative which ever and again takes fire from the heat and glow of the great controversy with which it deals. It is finely planned and admirably written—altogether a most instructive, warning, and illuminating piece of history, and, like all good history, written for our edification.'

TIMES.

'We feel as we read his vivid and pregnant pages . . . that, beneath the smooth and brilliant surface of his narrative, there is an organic structure of knowledge well digested and of reading well assimilated. Readers of "The Early History of Charles James Fox" are well acquainted with this gift which Sir George Trevelyan shares with his uncle. It is not less conspicuous, and it is perhaps still more skilfully displayed, on the larger canvas of "The American Revolution."'

DAILY CHRONICLE.

'If Sir George goes on as he has begun, his book will rank among the most effective and attractive literary productions of the age. . . . His pages are enlivened by many a flash of humour and many a brilliant portrait, and they should stimulate popular interest in a period of which most people are still woefully ignorant, and of which little account is taken in the historical curricula of our English schools and universities.'

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

WITH 20 PLATES IN COLOUR.

4to., size 15½ by 12½ inches. Cloth boards, 10/6 net.



By

E. C. JOMERVILLE M.F.H.

JOINT AUTHOR OF

"SOME EXPERIENCES OF AN IRISH R.M." &c. &c.

REFEREE.—'The drawings are humorous and full of movement and character.'

LAND AND WATER.—'Mr. Slipper's latest contribution to the lighter side of sport can be confidently recommended.'

SPORTING LIFE.—'The sketches are admirably drawn and brimful of humour. . . . The rhymes that accompany the spirited illustrations are quaintly Irish, altogether forming a most attractive gift-book for a sportsman, especially if he hails from the Emerald Isle.'

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

Digitized by Google

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE DRINK THE

RED WHITE & BLUE

DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.



Nothing Nicer
Try it You will be pleased
Helm Cocoa

leads in Quality
and Brain Power
It is Most Nutritious
and of
Exquisite Flavour
Helm Cocoa gives support
and Comfort

Wholesale St George's House
Eastcheap E C



Distinguished everywhere
for Delicacy of Flavour,

EPPS'S GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. COCOA

Superior Quality, and
Highly Nutritive Properties.



WITHOUT A
MOMENT'S WAITING.
Were there no other reason for buying an
'EVER-READY' ELECTRIC TORCH,
the fact that they provide a light instantly
would be sufficient. No. 1 Torch gives
6,000 flashes and costs 12/6. Its
usefulness is so great that every
body should have one. Write
for Illustrated List of
other Electric Novelties.

BRITISH MUTOSCOPE & BIOGRAPH CO., LTD.
(Dept. X), 15 & 19 St. Windmill St., LONDON, W.

MEDOC—VIN ORDINAIRE.

Pure BORDEAUX, an excellent light Dinner Wine. The quality of this
wine will be found equal to wine usually sold at much higher prices.

ST. ESTEPHE.

SUPERIOR DINNER WINE, old in bottle. On comparison it will be
found very superior to wine usually sold at higher prices. The appreciation
this wine meets with from the constantly increasing number of customers it
procures us in London and the Provinces gives us additional confidence in
submitting it to those who like pure Bordeaux Wine.

3 Dozen Bottles or 6 Dozen Pints delivered Carriage Paid to any Railway Station, including Cases and Bottles.

All who know these Wines tell us there is no Claret sold in Great Britain to equal them in value.
General Price List Free by Post.

Owing to the increased Duty of 6d. per dozen, we very much regret to have to advance the price that amount.

JAMES SMITH & COMPANY, Wine & Spirit Merchants, Limited.

LIVERPOOL: 37 North John Street.

Manchester: 26 Market Street.

SPOTTISWOODE & CO. LTD., PRINTERS, NEW-STREET SQUARE, LONDON.

Per Dozen Bots.	1/2 Bots.
14/6	8/3
17/6	9/9



No. CCLV.]

Contents

[JANUARY 1904

PRICE

Nature's Comedian.	Chapters XIII., XIV.	193
By W. E. NORRIS		
Marine Steam Turbines.		210
By ROBERT CROMIE		
The King's Nose		216
By MARGARET ARMOUR		
Some Scouts—but not Scouting		227
By Captain A. O. VAUGHAN		
Lament for Fionavar		242
By EVA GORE-BOOTH		
Humours of Eastern Travel		244
By LOUISA JEBB		
The Brown Puppy		252
By ELLEN ADA SMITH		
Rahel Varnhagen: the German Sibyl of the Nineteenth Century.		263
By MARY HARGRAVE		
At the Sign of the Ship		271
By ANDREW LANG		

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
NEW YORK AND BOMBAY





NEW HISTORICAL ROMANCE BY MR. H. C. BAILEY,

AUTHOR OF 'MY LADY OF ORANGE.'

THE MASTER OF GRAY:

A Story of the Days of Mary Queen of Scots.

PRICE SIX SHILLINGS.

DAILY MAIL.

'This romance belongs to the first rank of romances. It is a graphic, ingenious, and dramatic piece of work.'

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST.

'A downright good historical novel. There is a fine swing about it, and as a picture of the life of the time it is far ahead of much of the historical fiction of recent years.'

DAILY CHRONICLE.

'As good a piece of romance as we have read for some years. It is far above the average of historical fiction, and we can congratulate the author on having attained a high rank among the romancers of the day.'

DAILY NEWS.

'A story with a fine air of romance in it — martyrs and followers of Knox, Romanists, and gentlemen-at-arms appearing briskly in their turn. Lively dialogue, and an admirable suggestion of sixteenth-century manners. A thoroughly readable book.'

SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH.

'A brilliant study of a double-dyed traitor who all along believed in himself and exercised a personal charm which is represented as wellnigh irresistible. . . . Readers who like a clever and stirring story will find "The Master of Gray" of entrancing interest.'

GLASGOW OBSERVER.

'It might, perhaps, be too much to say that "The Master of Gray" is the best novel of the season; yet, at the moment, we cannot recall a better.'

LEEDS MERCURY.

'An historical novel which stands out from the crowded ranks of its fellows deserves attention. We turned the last page convinced that we were dealing with a conspicuous book, a book which, apart from literary merit, awakens interest, arrests thought, and haunts the imagination . . . from first to last the book has distinction, if not genius.'

PALL MALL GAZETTE.

'In the setting and animation of individual scenes there is admirable and genuine power, and in every detail of his work we find the disposition of the true artist. Mr. Bailey is an ambitious writer, and he possesses some qualities upon which ambition may justly build.'

DAILY TELEGRAPH.

'Mr. H. C. Bailey in "The Master of Gray" has gone straight to this mark. But he has achieved a still higher result, for his romance is not merely a fascinating and admirably woven tissue of plot and counter-plot, but it shows a fine power of delineating character. . . . The author is excellently equipped from a literary point of view, and he has put his powers to excellent use.'

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 89 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

'For a sporting friend a most excellent and inexpensive present.'
BOOKS OF TO-DAY.

BY THE JOINT AUTHOR OF
SOME EXPERIENCES OF AN
IRISH R.M.

SLIPPER'S A B C

OF FOXHUNTING.

BY
E. Æ. SOMERVILLE, M.F.H.

With Illustrations in Colour by the
Author.

4to cloth boards, 10s. 6d. net.



TRUTH.

'So spirited and humorous a series of drawings as those contained in "Slipper's A B C of Foxhunting" have not been published for a long while.'

PALL MALL GAZETTE.

'Will be welcomed as a treasure in all hunting circles, without distinction of age, sex, or country.'

SPECTATOR.

'Exceedingly strong and clever sketches of hunting adventure by that past-mistress of Irish humour, Miss E. Æ. Somerville . . . lovers of her inimitable gift will be delighted to find that she is as original, as free, and as full of fun and fancy with her pencil and brush as with her pen. . . . A better Christmas gift for those who love humour and sport we cannot imagine.'

COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

'Miss Somerville's drawings are as admirably vivacious as ever, and the rhymes explain the drawings as only they could be explained by an Irish-woman. No English hunting man can afford to lose the amusement provided by this talented Irish lady's pen and pencil.'

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 89 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

ENGLAND'S BEST VALUE!

**'BONGOLA'
TEA**

HAS NO EQUAL.

Distinguished everywhere
for Delicacy of Flavour,

**EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA**

Superior Quality, and
Highly Nutritive Properties.

**BUCHANAN
BLEND
SCOTCH WHISKY**

**DON'T COUGH *for*
KEATING'S LOZENGES
EASILY CURE
THE WORST COUGH.**

One gives relief. An increasing
sale of over 80 years is a certain
test of their value. Sold in 13jd.
tins everywhere.

Nothing Nicer
Try it You will be pleased
Helm Cocoa

leads in Quality
and Brain Power
It is Most Nutritious
and of

Exquisite Flavour
Helm Cocoa gives support
and Comfort

Wholesale St George's House
Eastcheap E C



MEDOC—VIN ORDINAIRE.

Pure BORDEAUX, an excellent light Dinner Wine. The quality of this
wine will be found equal to wine usually sold at much higher prices.

ST. ESTEPHE.

SUPERIOR DINNER WINE, old in bottle. On comparison it will be
found very superior to wine usually sold at higher prices. The appreciation
this wine meets with from the constantly increasing number of customers it
procures us in London and the Provinces gives us additional confidence in
submitting it to those who like pure Bordeaux Wine.

3 Dozen Bottles or 6 Dozen Pints delivered Carriage Paid to any Railway Station, including Cases and Bottles.

All who know these Wines tell us there is no Claret sold in Great Britain to equal them in value.

General Price List Free by Post.

Owing to the increased Duty of 6d. per dozen, we very much regret to have to advance the price that amount.

JAMES SMITH & COMPANY, Wine & Spirit Merchants, Limited.

VERPOOL: 37 North John Street.

Manchester: 26 Market Street.

SPOTTISWOODE & CO. LTD., PRINTERS, NEW-STREET SQUARE, LONDON.

Per Dozen
Bots. 14/6
1/2 Bots. 8/3

17/6 9/9



No. CCLVI.]

Contents

[FEBRUARY 1904

Nature's Comedian. Chapters XV., XVI. PAGE
281

By W. E. NORRIS

**Sikhim, the Land where the Rhododendrons
Grow** 300

By M. C. PAGET

Astrida's Lover 317

By F. WHISHAW

The Swimming Powers of Animals 326

By PAUL FOUNTAIN

Miss Fenella 333

By MAY KENDALL

A Gateway of Empire 354

By ESTHER HALLAM MOORHOUSE

At the Sign of the Ship 359

By ANDREW LANG

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

NEW YORK AND BOMBAY



'A PERFECT MINE OF ANECDOTE.'

—Pall Mall Gazette.

With 29 Portraits and other Illustrations.

2 vols. 8vo. 21s. net.

EIGHTY YEARS' REMINISCENCES

BY

Colonel ANSTRUTHER THOMSON.

FIELD.

'A most interesting book, full of the result of ripe experience.'

WORLD.

'Will assuredly be accorded a place of honour in every sportsman's library.'

SPORTING LIFE.

'The volume just published giving the reminiscences of Colonel John Anstruther Thomson for eighty years will be eagerly read by all fox-hunters.'

VANITY FAIR

'The accounts of many of his runs which the Colonel gives will be followed by his brother sportsmen with delight, and the two volumes should find their way at once to the club and the country house.'

YORKSHIRE POST.

'These two volumes contain a very remarkable autobiography. For plainness of speech, for variety of phases of English and Scottish life, and a dry, old-fashioned English humour we have not for many years read anything like it. He must be a hardened reader of hunting anecdotes and country-house experiences who is not obliged now and then to put down the book and enjoy a good laugh. . . . "Eighty Years' Reminiscences" should be given a place of honour in every country-house library.'

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

'Appeals to every lover of horse and hound. It is fully illustrated with portraits of many a famous sportsman or M.F.H., and abounds in anecdotes or recollections of the most celebrated hunts in England.'

NOTTINGHAM DAILY GUARDIAN.

'Full of anecdotes and reminiscences of glorious runs, delightful to hunting men, past and present, recalling many well-known and honoured names, affording delightful glimpses of bygone social conditions.'

COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

'Colonel Anstruther Thomson has told his life-story simply and well. He is never tedious; he has not fallen into the common error of authors of books on hunting—that of devoting whole pages to descriptions of runs which cannot interest the modern reader. He is always to the point and always entertaining.'

MORNING POST.

'This is a delicious book. . . . A rare representation of the life of a grand old sportsman who commanded Queen Victoria's escort in 1840, who was afterwards Master of something like half a dozen packs of hounds, and who last year was able to tell the King, in answer to his Majesty's question, that he went a-hunting still.'

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO, 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.
New York, and Bombay.

Digitized by Google

The Badminton Library

OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Edited by HIS GRACE THE (Eighth) DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G.
and A. E. T. WATSON.

ARCHERY. By C. J. LONGMAN, Col. H. WARREN, &c. 195 Illustrations and 2 Maps. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

ATHLETICS. By MONTAGUE SHEARMAN, &c. 51 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

BIG GAME SHOOTING. By C. PHILIPPS-WOLLEY, &c.

Vol. I. AFRICA and AMERICA. 77 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

Vol. II. EUROPE, ASIA, and the ARCTIC REGIONS. 73 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

BILLIARDS. By Major W. BROADFOOT, R.E., &c. 39 Illustrations and numerous Diagrams. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

COURSING AND FALCONRY. By HARDING COX, CHARLES RICHARDSON, and the Hon. GERALD LASCELLES. 76 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

CRICKET. By A. G. STEEL, the Hon. R. H. LITTLETON, W. G. GRACE, &c. 65 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

CYCLING. By the EARL OF ALBEMARLE and G. LACY HILLIER. 59 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

DANCING. By Mrs. LILLY GROVE, F.R.G.S., &c. 131 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

DRIVING. By the DUKE OF BEAUFORT, A. E. T. WATSON, &c. 65 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

FENCING, BOXING, AND WRESTLING. By WALTER H. POLLOCK, F. O. GROVE, C. PREVOOST, &c. 43 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

FISHING. By H. OHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL, H. A. FRANCIS, &c.

Vol. I. SALMON, TROUT, and GRAYLING. 188 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

Vol. II. PIKE and other COARSE FISH. 123 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

FOOTBALL. By MONTAGUE SHEARMAN, W. J. OAKLEY, G. O. SMITH, F. MITCHELL, &c. 54 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

GOLF. By HORACE HUTCHINSON, the Right Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P., &c. 90 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

HUNTING. By the DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G., MOWBRAY MORRIS, the Earl of SUFFOLK and BERKSHIRE, &c. 53 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

MOTORS AND MOTOR-DRIVING.

By ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH, the MARQUIS DE CHAPPAULOU-LAUBAT, the Hon. JOHN SCOTT-MONTAGU, &c. 149 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 9s. net; half-bound, 12s. net. (A Cloth Box for use when Motoring, price 2s. net.)

MOUNTAINEERING. By C. T. DENT, the Right Hon. J. BRYCE, Sir W. M. CONWAY, D. W. FREEMFIELD, &c. 104 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

POETRY (THE) OF SPORT. Selected by HEDLEY PERK. 106 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

RACING AND STEEPLECHASING. By the EARL OF SUFFOLK and BERKSHIRE, W. G. CRAVENS, ARTHUR COVENTRY, &c. 68 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

RIDING AND POLO. By ROBERT WEIR, J. MORAY BROWN, T. F. DALE, &c. 63 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

ROWING. By R. P. P. ROWE, C. M. PITMAN, P. W. SQUIRE, &c. 75 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

SEA FISHING. By JOHN BICKERDYKE, W. SENIOR, Sir H. W. GORE BOOTH, Bart., and A. O. HARMSWORTH. 197 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

SHOOTING. By LORD WALSHINGHAM, Sir RALPH PAYNE-GALLWEY, Bart., A. J. STUART-WORTLEY, &c.

Vol. I. FIELD and COVERT. 106 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

Vol. II. MOOR and MARSH. 66 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

SKATING, CURLING, TOBOGGANING, &c. By J. M. HEATHCOTE, O. G. TEBBUTT, T. MAXWELL WYTHAM, &c. 284 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

SWIMMING. By ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR and WILLIAM HENRY. 134 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

TENNIS, LAWN TENNIS, RACKETS, AND FIVES. By J. M. and O. G. HEATHCOTE, E. O. FLYDELL-BOUVIER, &c. 79 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

YACHTING. By Lord BRASSEY, the Earl of ONSLOW, Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN, Bart., &c.

Vol. I. CRUISING. CONSTRUCTION, RACING RULES, &c. 114 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

Vol. II. YACHTING IN AMERICA AND THE COLONIES, RACING, &c. 196 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. net; half-bound, 9s. net.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

ENGLAND'S BEST VALUE!

**'BONGOLA'
TEA**

HAS NO EQUAL.

TELL COOK

KEATING'S POWDER

**KILLS
BLACK BEETLES**

Tins Only

3:6:1

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1861.

Current Accounts. 3 per cent. Interest allowed on minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
Deposits. 5 per cent. Interest allowed on Deposit Accounts.
Advances made. Stocks and Shares bought and sold.
Apply C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary,
Southampton Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.

Distinguished everywhere
for Delicacy of Flavour,

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

Superior Quality, and
Highly Nutritive Properties.

**BUCHANAN
BLEND
SCOTCH WHISKY**

MEDOC—VIN ORDINAIRE.

Pure BORDEAUX, an excellent light Dinner Wine. The quality of this wine will be found equal to wine usually sold at much higher prices.

ST. ESTEPHE.

SUPERIOR DINNER WINE, old in bottle. On comparison it will be found very superior to wine usually sold at higher prices. The appreciation this wine meets with from the constantly increasing number of customers it procures us in London and the Provinces gives us additional confidence in submitting it to those who like pure Bordeaux Wine.

8 Dozen Bottles or 6 Dozen Pints delivered Carriage Paid to any Railway Station, including Cases and Bottles.
All who know these Wines tell us there is no Claret sold in Great Britain to equal them in value.
General Price List Free by Post.

Owing to the increased Duty of 6d. per dozen, we very much regret to have to advance the price that amount.

JAMES SMITH & COMPANY, Wine & Spirit Merchants, Limited.
LIVERPOOL: 37 North John Street. **Manchester:** 26 Market Street.

SPOTTISWOODE & CO. LTD., PRINTERS, NEW-STREET SQUARE, LONDON.

Per Dozen	1-1/2 Bots.
Bots.	
14/6	8/3

17/6	9/9
------	-----

AUG 13 1943

